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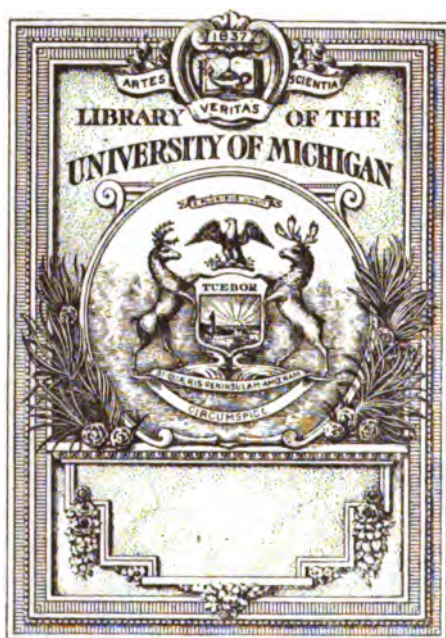
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F. J. Blaker

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

FOR
Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDOLYFFE.'

NEW SERIES.

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THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS
For Members of the English Church.

JULY, 1879.

PRINCESS SNOWDROP;
A MAGIC-PLAY FOR CHILDREN AT HOME.

CHARACTERS.

SNOWDROP; *step-daughter to the Queen.*

FLORIO; *son to the Queen.*

QUEEN.

RINALDO; *a courtier.*

DWARFS: (THREE, *here; but might be any number up to Seven; their speeches to be a little rearranged, at discretion. Courtiers may also be added, if wished, and guards).*

Scene: Royal Palace; Forest; Dwarfs' Hut.

Three years pass between Scenes 1 and 2 of Act III.

DRESSES.

Snowdrop in A. I., S. 1, 2, 3, must have a skirt which she can easily slip off, and show a neat underskirt. In A. III., S. 2 and 3, she is to be prettily dressed out. *Florio* in A. III., S. 2 and 3, may have a cap and feather, and should be dressed like a youth. There should be a marked difference between the Queen's disguises in A. II., S. 2, and A. III., S. 1. Dwarfs, according to fancy.

DIRECTIONS.

This piece may be acted entirely without carpenter's work or painted scenery. The end of the room chosen should be shut off by a folding-screen, behind which a pianoforte can be placed. Another folding-screen may be placed about half-way down, in A. I., S. 1 and 2, and A. II., S. 3; this will allow shrubs, boughs, &c., to be set beforehand, for the Forest in A. I., S. 3, and save removal of the furniture of the Dwarfs' Hut in A. II., S. 1 and 2. A few long poles, which may rest on the hindmost screen, with a blanket or sheet at top, will make the hut.

Snowdrop's coffin to be a few laths, covered in front and at the top with sheets of transparent gelatine, white or crimson, which may be obtained through a chemist. She will break through this with great effect.

The mirror should be a smallish glass; for A. III., S. 3, it must be covered with black paper, on which a large eye or horrid face is painted in white.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

Bedroom in the Palace: enter SNOWDROP, looking round timidly.

Snowdrop It is the room Mamma died in! Oh dear,
How changed it all looks, since I last was here!
So fine and grand,—and this strange mirror too!
It does not seem at all the place I knew.
The bed, the curtains, all are taken down;
I can't find even her dear dressing-gown:
Her picture too, which, when I was a child,
I used to fancy look'd at me and smiled . . .
Oh, there it is!

[Kneels before picture.]

O mother dear! why have you gone away?
Your child has been so wretched since that day!
O look and smile once more upon me, do;
I am so sad and lonely without you!

Enter FLORIO, shouting.

Florio Snowdrop! Snowdrop!
Come out, my pet, and play a bit! Just see
What lovely toys the Queen has brought for me!
—Why, what's the matter, darling? Tell me why
You're kneeling here, and what has made you cry?

Sn. O Florio, dear, I do not like to say!

Fl. You are my little wife, and must obey!

Sn. Well, if I must——: When first the Queen came here
She look'd so kind, and call'd me daughter dear;
But now that I'm not such a little thing
She scolds and naggs, and blames me to the King,
And beats my arms till they're all black and blue,
And, worse than all, won't let me play with you,
Or call her mother; and within her room
She orders me henceforth no more to come.
And so I ran in now to say good-bye.

Fl. Dear Snowdrop, look at me, and do not cry!
I'm sorry that my mother treats you ill;
I'm sure she cannot mean it!—but I still
Will be your brother and your husband too;
You love me still, and I will comfort you.

Sn. My father's ill, too: should he die, I fear
The Queen would only be the more severe.

Fl. You gloomy little woman! Never mind!
If a bear met you, he'd be sweet and kind!

Sn. (*alarmed*) What bear?—is it coming!—

Fl. O you little goose!
(*Aside*) I think a game of play would be of use:

Perhaps 'twill cheer her up, for she must fret;
 No dear good child her mother could forget
 So quickly.—

Snowdrop! Snowdrop dear, I say!

Come, sit by me, and we at Walpe* will play:

Some day we shall be happy: come along:

I'll begin Walpe, and you keep up the song.

Fl. Where are you going to?

Sn. To Walpe.

Both I to Walpe, you to Walpe; so, so, together we go.

Fl. Have you got a husband? how do you call your husband?

Sn. Cham.

Both My husband Cham, your husband Cham, I to Walpe, you to Walpe; so, so, together we go.

Fl. Have you got a child? how do you call your child?

Sn. Grild.

Both My child Grild, your child Grild, my husband Cham, your husband Cham, I to Walpe, you to Walpe; so, so, together we go.

Fl. Have you got a cradle? how do you call your cradle?

Sn. Hippodadle.

Both My cradle Hippodadle, your cradle Hippodadle, my child Grild, your child Grild, my husband Cham, your husband Cham, I to Walpe, you to Walpe; so, so, together we go.

Fl. Have you got a man? how do you call your man?

Sn. Do-as-well-as-you-can.

Both My man Do-as-well-as-you-can, your man Do-as-well-as-you-can, my cradle Hippodadle, your cradle Hippodadle, my child Grild, your child Grild, my husband Cham, your husband Cham, I to Walpe, you to Walpe; so, so, together we go!

[They run out laughing, and then run in again in a fright.]

Sn. The Queen! The Queen! O where now shall we hide?

Fl. Hush! here; behind this table, side by side.

[They hide behind the dressing-table.]

SCENE 2.

The same place: enter the QUEEN.

Queen Well! I'm not doing badly, as times go:

The poor old King is sadly ill, I know;

And death must come for husband and for king;

But if their wives survive them, that's the thing!

The boy,—he's very well;—but I don't mean

He should be King, whilst I can be the Queen;

* See Grimm's *Fairy Legends*. The dialogue should be spoken smartly, and increasing in pace to the end.

I'll keep young master Florio well in hand,
 As tight as any master in the land !
 But for that nasty ill-conditioned cub,
 Now the King's ill, I'll give her nose a scrub !
 I've been too kind : but now her back shall bleed :
 Miss Princess Snowdrop ! pretty child, indeed !
 I hear the courtiers say so ; but to me
 Her wax-faced Sunday doll would prettier be.
 —So ! Looking-glass ! Sweet glass ! Now tell me true,
 (I'm sure it must be, when I look at you),

Of all the lovely girls that are

Am I the loveliest by far ?

Glass sings * You are very beautiful, my Queen !

But in this room is one much more beauti—beauti—beautiful !

Qu. You nasty thing ! What's that I hear you say ?

I'll smash you into rags for this, some day !

Who can it be ?

[*Hunts about and discovers the children.*]

Heigh ! mice within the cupboard ?—Go along,

Florio !

[*They run out.*]

I'll make you sing another song,

Miss Princess Snowdrop ! and you'll quickly see

Which will be Queen of Beauty, you or me !

(*Calls*) Rinaldo !

Enter RINALDO.

Rinaldo (kneels) Most powerful sovereign, and most beauteous

Queen !

The like of whom on earth is nowhere seen !

What are your orders ? name them, and they're done

Before they're spoken.

Qu.

Not so ill begun !

Rise and attend.

Rin.

Attention's self am I :—

No schoolboy more, who sees his master by ;

No mouse who spies the cat . . . excuse me, please !

Who could speak reason, who such beauty sees ?

I am your dog, your slave !

Qu.

Well, so you were

When I came here : it then was all your care

If the Princess walk'd out, to keep close by

And drive away the dogs, who made her cry.

You did your duty well : but, for all that,

I wish some dog had carried off some brat !

Rin. Ha ! Florio, Madam ?

Qu.

No, my clumsy friend !

* *The answers of the Glass should be sung in recitative, and accompanied by a few bars on the pianoforte.*

Do you not see how things some day will end?
When the King dies, the Princess will be Queen,
Unless some faithful friend comes in between.
Now do you see?—And, then, that horrid child
Plays with my Florio, and drives him wild,
And whines for her Mamma, and makes a fuss,
And grins behind my back, I know she does.

Rin. I'll put her down the well, Ma'am, if you wish.

Qu. She'll be pull'd up! they'll fancy her a fish.

Rin. Ah, ladies are so quick! some better plan
Perhaps you'll find.

Qu. I rather think I can!
Look to that window, and my orders mark.
—Beyond the fences of the castle-park
There is a black, black, forest, where the day
Between high trees can hardly find a way:—
So tangled and so pathless, that no man
Can say he ever cross'd it:—and what lies
In or beyond the wood, no creature knows.
And I have also heard,—attend, Rinaldo!
—But I hope heartily it is not true,
Heartily,—do you hear?—that bloody bears
And hunger-roaring lions in the wood
Wander and howl for meat.

Rin. But surely you,
My gracious Queen, would not have me go too?

Qu. O, not at all, of course!—Only, last night
I dreamt I saw you walk, just past my sight,
Within the wood, like this (*Imitates a nurse leading a child*): and
presently

You came back all alone, and I was by:
And a child's little frock, all stain'd and red
I saw within your hand, and so I said
Dreaming, *Thanks, gallant Lord Rinaldo!* and I took
This necklace off, and all its jewels shook,
And gave it you! [*Gives him a necklace.*]

Rin. Enough, my gracious Queen!
Before this night, what shall be, shall have been! [*Exit.*]

SCENE 3.

Evening: Forest: enter RINALDO, FLORIO, SNOWDROP.

Rin. to Fl. See! now we're at the fences of the park!
You hardly can reach home before 'tis dark:
You must return, my Prince.

Fl. Well, if 'tis so,—

Although indoors unwillingly we go,
It is so pleasant in the wood to be,
And pick fat blackberries, and climb a tree!—
Come, Snowdrop!

Rin. No; the child with me must stay.

Sn. O do not leave me, Florio dear, I pray!

Fl. No, no, dear Snowdrop; I'm your little knight,
And all the dragons in the world I'd fight
To save you from their clutches, I'm so strong.
—So, let her go, Rinaldo!—Come along!

Rin. I say again, the child with me shall stay;
The Queen commanded, and you must obey.
She'll take a little walk within the wood,
And come to supper with you, if she's good.

Fl. (*struggling to take her*). No, no, I say!

Sn. Yes, yes, dear Florio! See!

[*Taking Rinaldo's hand.*]

I know you will be very kind to me;
And I'll be good as good.

Fl. No, no, I say!

Sn. Our mother orders, and we must obey.
Kiss me, dear Florio, and go nicely home,
And keep some supper for me when I come.

Fl. Darling, good-bye: of course I will! good-bye!

(*Exit FLORIO. The others walk round the stage, and return towards the front.*)

Sn. Where are you taking me, Rinaldo, say?
How dark the wood grows! Have you lost your way?
Why do you look so grave, and touch your knife?
Sure, no wild beasts are here, to hurt our life!

Rin. What was that noise?

Sn. Rinaldo, you're afraid!

I see you tremble.

Rin. No, my pretty maid!

There's nothing here to dread! you're safe with me;
Sit down and rest beneath this hawthorn tree:
Or, there's a mossy couch for you to sleep,
While robins come, and bring you leaves, and peep,
Just like the Children in the Wood, my dear. . . .

Sn. (*frightened*) The children in the wood?

Rin. No, no, don't fear!

I did not mean that. . . .

[*Begins to draw his dagger.*]

Sn. O! what would you do!

I do not like that knife! O let me go!
I'm sure the Queen my mother never said
That you should hold that thing so near my head,

Or treat me cruelly ; and I have tried
 To be a good child all day,—have I not tried ?
 I am not ten years old ! O do not kill me !
 Have pity on me, Sir, and do not kill !
 O let me say my prayers first, if you will !

[*Kneels.*]

Rin. This is too terrible ! What should I do ?

Child ! Snowdrop ! Princess ! I will tell you true !—

It was the Queen who bade me take you here,
 And kill you in the wood ! She hates you so !
 Some sign of death, too, I must bring, my dear,
 Or she may kill me too.

[*Threatens her with dagger.*]

Sn. O let me go !

I'll hide among the trees, and no one know !

Here, take my frock (*Pulls off skirt and gives it to him*), and, going
 through the wood,

Shoot some wild thing, and stain it with the blood,

And show it to the Queen ! and in the trees

I'll make a little nest where no one sees,

And live with the kind birds and robins red.

Rin. (aside) Poor thing ! 'Twill not be long before she's dead !

A hundred horrid bears and lions grim

Are waiting now to tear her limb from limb :—

It is more mercy, thus !

[*Flourishes dagger over her.*]

Sn.

O ! spare me ! spare me !

[*She catches his knee.*]

I am not ten years old ; I'm such a child

To die ! O pity me, and let me go !

[*RINALDO gradually puts up the dagger and moves a little aside.*]

I'm sure my mother will not leave me so

In this dark wood.

[*Looks round and up.*]

O mother ! mother dear !

I look about ; I see you nowhere near !

O do you love me as I do love you,

Or have you there in heaven too much to do ?

You will not let your little daughter die,

But come yourself, or send an angel by,

To take me past the lions and the bears

And hold me close and wipe away my tears,

And carry to some cottage, safe to be,

And you will come again and live with me !

[*She runs off.*]

Rin. Poor thing ! I'll take this back, and say, 'tis done !

'Twill be no lie : she will be dead and gone

Before I've left the wood.

[*A roar and a scream are heard behind.*]

—Ah ! there it is !

[*Puts his hands over his ears, and exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE 1.

Dwarfs' Hut in the Forest. Enter SNOWDROP.

Sn. Here I am safe ! I'm sure my mother dear
 Has watch'd me through the wood, and brought me here.
 How the bear thunder'd ! and how strange to see
 Him running from a little girl like me !
 How nice it all does look !
 Let me see ! There are three little tables, and three little plates, and
 three, no, six ! little knives and forks, and three little mugs, and
 three little everythings !
 I am so hungry ; surely I may taste
 Some of these dainties on the tables placed.
 They must be kind, good-natured folks, I think,
 Who've such nice things for eating and for drink.

[Eats and drinks a little from each table.]

It is a darling house ! The more I look
 The more I take a fancy to that nook
 Where all the little beds in order lie,
 And the hearth blazes cheerfully close by.
 How white and warm they look, and full of sleep !
 It can't be wrong, if into one I creep.

This is too small :

And this is too small :

This is the nicest of them all !

[Lies down.]

Good-night, Mamma ! If you can look at me
 'Twill be a cosy little thing you'll see !

O dear ! delicious !

[Snores. Enter DWARFS.]

1 Dwarf Well ! here we are alone ! I wonder why
 We heard that crying in the wood close by !

2 Dw. 'Twas an odd noise indeed : it haunts me still :
 Perhaps it was some Fairy taken ill.

3 Dw. Perhaps it was a dragon.

1 Dw. Never fear !

And yet, I wish we had some comrades here !

2 Dw. Some one has been touching my chair !

3 Dw. Some one has been touching my table !

1 Dw. Some one has been touching my plate !

2 Dw. Some one has been touching my jug !

3 Dw. Some one has been touching my knife !

1 Dw. Some one has been touching my fork !

2 Dw. Some one has been drinking my milk !

3 Dw. *(Begins to cry.)*

1 Dw. Some one has been eating my bread and butter !

2 Dw. Some one has been rumpling my bed !

3 Dw. And mine !

1 *Dw.* (*screams out*) And some one is lying in my bed !

[*They run and look : great astonishment.*]

2 *Dw.* You lovely little thing, all white and pink !

It must have come from Heav'n straight down, I think !

3 *Dw.* What is it made of ?

2 *Dw.* O, don't touch it, dear !

Look ! It's alive !

[*SNOWDROP wakes.*]

My beauty ! do not fear !

You're among friends : Stand up, and look about,

And tell us what you are : I do not doubt

You've come to make us happy, and live here,

And keep our house, and share in our good cheer :

And we'll make you as happy as we can.

1 *Dw.* Say what you are ! Perhaps you are a man ?

3 *Dw.* I daresay you're a fairy, or a king !

Sn. O no, indeed, I'm no such splendid thing !

Have you not heard of little girls and boys ?

2 *Dw.* Yes, they are things that tease and make a noise !

1 *Dw.* Within this wood we've always lived alone,

And the great world to us is quite unknown.

But yet we always wish'd some friends to find :

Will you not be our friend ? you look so kind.

[*SNOWDROP rises and comes forward : she may stand on a little chair or footstool.*]

Sn. The snow fell white before her
While my mother sewing stood
One day by the black black casement
Framed of the ebony wood.

With the needle she prick'd her finger,
And a drop of blood forth sprung :
And then she look'd through the window,
And pray'd for a daughter young.

'Her cheeks as blood should be crimson ;
'Her skin as white as the snow ;
'And as ebony black the ringlets
'That over her shoulders go.'

—And my name is little Snowdrop !
Now look at me well, and say
If I am not just such a darling
As my mother long'd for that day ?

[*The DWARFS come round and admire her and kiss her hands.*]

SCENE 2.

Dwarfs' Hut: enter QUEEN, dressed as a pedler woman, her face muffled: she looks about.

Qu. Well! 'Tis a paltry hole! When I return,
If I can't do my will, I'll make them burn
Rinaldo in a barrel full of tar,
For lying first, then bringing me so far!
A frock the traitor fetch'd me from the wood,
Red with that nasty creature's nasty blood,
And swore that he had left the odious brat,
Dead as a door-nail: but he lied, that's flat!
For when I went to ask my magic glass,
The answer made me feel myself an ass—
(As I'm alone, so much I may confess,)
Declaring that Miss Snowdrop's loveliness
Was greater far than mine—than mine, the Queen!
But now I'll see if this shall long be seen;
And which is strongest of us, she or I.
—I know she must be hidden somewhere nigh. *[Looks about.]*
I smell her out, as dogs scent out a hare: *(Sees a child's hat)*
—Sly little puss! I know now where you are!
But I've a charming toy here *(Takes poisoned comb out of basket)* that,
I guess,
Will make a fine end of your loveliness!
(Drawls) If any nice little girl is anywhere about here, won't she just
come out, and look what good old Mother Trotaway has to show her!

*Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cap,
My dainty duck, my dear—a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any comb for your head,
Of the newest and finest wear—a?*

(Natural voice) No: she don't come: perhaps she can't make out
What these fine poet's verses are about!
She never read her Shakespeare!—But I'll try
Another spider's trick to catch my fly.
(Whisperingly) Snowdrop! Snowdrop, dear! I've got such a nice
present for you from somebody!

Enter SNOWDROP, peeping out.

Sn. From whom, good mother! Florio, did you say?

Qu. O yes, my darling child! just come this way:
See what a lovely comb he sends you, girl,
Made of pure gold and set with Indian pearl!

He sent it with his love and kisses, dear,
So let me put it in ; you need not fear.

Sn. O no, I must not, mother, I'm afraid ;
For the kind dwarfs who shelter me, forbade
That I should speak to any one who came,
Or go outside the door.

Qu. Why, that's a shame !
But I am sure you have more sense than they !
Your mother orders, and you must obey.

Sn. My mother ?

Qu. Yes ! I saw her in the sky !
I heard her voice quite clear, and that is why
I've come so far to find you in the wood.

Sn. O mother dear, you are so kind and good !
She always thinks of me ; and Florio, too,
To send me such a lovely comb by you !

[*The DWARFS are heard outside.*]

Qu. Come close and quick, my beauty ! Kneel down there,
I'll put it neatly in your nice brown hair.

[*She puts in the comb : SNOWDROP falls down : exit QUEEN.*]

Enter DWARFS.

1 *Dw.* O dear, O dear, our lovely Snowdrop's dead !

2 *Dw.* Just see this golden comb that's in her head !
There's something horrid here !

3 *Dw.* O pray don't touch !

1 *Dw.* O yes, I must, I love the child so much !
I'll take it out.

2 *Dw.* Look how her colour plain
Comes back ! The beauty, she is our's again !

[*She is seen reviving.*]

SCENE 3.

Bedroom in the Palace. QUEEN and FLORIO.

Qu. So ! Florio, boy ! what makes you look so glum ?

Fl. Madam, the new white pony has not come !
You promised it to-day, if I was good ;
And then I mean to ride across the wood,
And seek my lovely Snowdrop, who, you say,
Must in that forest have quite lost her way.
I hope the darling child is safe and well !

Qu. O my dear boy, it is too sad to tell !
For now I know that when she went away
A savage bear made the poor thing his prey,
And ate her quickly up, with bearish pains,
And not the least least bit of her remains.

Fl. Not the least little bit! O Snowdrop, dear,
 I'd give myself up, whole, to see you here!
 —You cruel woman! Now I know 'tis you
 Have sent her to the wood, and kill'd her too.
 I see you looking at that wicked glass
 Which tells you everything that comes to pass!
 You are a witch, you are! and when I'm grown,
 I'll sit with darling Snowdrop on the throne,
 And have you burn'd, you frightful witch! Good-bye!
 I'll not have you for mother more, not I!

[*Exit.*

Qu. He'd make a pretty king, poor silly boy!
 We'll have him back again, I know, with joy,
 As soon as the white pony comes from grass.
 —But now once more to my dear looking-glass.
 Now, mirror, precious mirror, tell me true—

Of all the lovely girls that are,
 Am I the loveliest by far?

Glass O no, no, no, not by any means, my Queen!
 For down in the wood where the little Dwarfs are,
 Lives Snowdrop, lovelier by far!

Qu. Death and hobgoblins! Well! I never did!
 —You nasty glass, that won't do what you're bid!
 —Yet I can't do without the thing, somehow. . . .
 What can have happened? (*Scratches her head.*)

O, I guess it now!

She seem'd quite poison'd by the comb, and dead;
 But the Dwarfs took her up, and shook her head,
 And then the comb fell out, and she revived!
 —Next time shall be more artfully contrived!
 I'll take the glass with me, and see her safe:—
 Then Florio as he likes may fume and chafe.
 Rinaldo!

Enter RINALDO.

Ugh! I've not yet kill'd the rat!

Rin. She must have nine lives then, the nasty cat!

Qu. No nonsense, sir: prepare your things and come;
 I'll try to find the girl again at home.
 Look at this apple!—One side, ruddy red;
 Whoever eats of this, at once is dead.
 The other half, such is my magic skill,
 To him who touches it can do no ill.
 This time I will be sure the deed is done!
 So take that mirror with you, and be gone.

Rin. My beauteous Queen, your word shall be obey'd! [*Exit QUEEN.*
 (*Alone*)—The fearful witch! She makes one quite afraid!

ACT III. SCENE 1.

Dwarfs' Hut : SNOWDROP comes out and looks around.

Sn. This is a pleasant spot ! The woodlark here
Sits on his bough, and peeps, and has no fear,
And sings a sweet wild music of his own,
And makes me happy when I'm quite alone.
Dear little one ! dear brown one ! bird of birds,
Whose song is sweeter than the sweetest words !
—Ah ! there you are ! you darling, come to me !
Or let me come and kiss you in the tree :
Or stay while I my favourite hymn repeat,
And then come down and hop about my feet.

O how should I climb up the sky
To find out my mother ?
Each bird to its fellow may fly ;
But I have no other !
O why from her child did she flee,
And leave me so lonely ?
One moment her face I would see :
O one moment only !

Sweet bird, hid away in the sky,
But whose music is clearer
The more the wings mount up on high
And the heavens are nearer :—
Fly on to my mother above,
Say, ' Do not forget me !
' But send a bright Angel of love
' Beside thee to set me.'

Enter QUEEN, disguised as an old Nurse.

Qu. Is that my little darling's voice I hear ?

Sn. O nurse, dear nurse ! and is it you ? Come near !
Where have you been these many years, since I
Was left alone, and almost wish'd to die ?

Qu. I'll tell you all, and why I went, some day ;
And you will tell me why you came away,
And in this pretty cottage live, my sweet.
Now let me give you something nice to eat.

[Offers poisoned apple.]

Sn. O what a beauty ! Is it mine to keep ?
I'll put it by until I go to sleep ;
For then the little boys who live with me,
And are so kind, will have come in, you see,
And they can have a bit.

Qu.

No, dearest child !

'Tis all for you :—Bless me !—why, then you smiled
Just like your mother ! How I wish, that she
Could see you here again once more with me !

Sn. I often think of her, dear nurse, and then
I wonder if she thinks of me again !

—But I can't be so greedy, as to chew
All this fine apple !—You must take some too.

Qu. You darling ! well ; it shall be as you wish.

[She cuts the apple in halves.]

Sn. Dear nurse, do let me fetch you out a dish.

Qu. O never mind ! It is so lovely red !

[Both eat : SNOWDROP falls down : QUEEN jumps for joy.]

—Now then at last the creature's really dead !!!

No more have I her beauty to endure !

[Touches SNOWDROP.]

Dead as roast mutton ! that I'm very sure !

Rinaldo !

Enter RINALDO.

Bring me here the glass ! Though now
I hardly care to question it, I vow !

There, lay the body down ! she's dead at last ;

And mind the apple in her hand is fast.

Now, hold the glass : you need not stare nor fear !

Listen ! and you shall hear, what you shall hear !

Of all the lovely girls that are,
Am I the loveliest by far ?

Glass

Of all the lovely girls that are,
Thou, Queen, art loveliest by far !

Rin. I always said you were !

Qu. Enough ! enough !

My friend, don't let me hear again such stuff !

[They look tenderly at each other.]

Thank you, good glass ! No more I ask to-day !

Back to the palace straight, without delay.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE 2.

*Dwarfs' Hut : in near foreground, SNOWDROP in her coffin, with lights
and flowers : enter DWARFS.*

1 *Dw.* 'Twas this day three years, if I reckon well,
That on our life the worst misfortune fell !

When, coming in from work within the fold,

We found our sweetest Snowdrop dead and cold,

And poison'd by some foul magician's skill :—

O that we had him here, to work our will !

2 *Dw.* It was the Queen ! such jealous spite and rage
Could only be a woman's, I engage !

But 'tis no use our wrath and tears to shed :
They cannot bring back Snowdrop from the dead.
How fair she lies beneath the crystal sheet !
Sure, death is hardly death, that looks so sweet !

3 *Dw.* But are you sure her soul has fled away ?
I sometimes think she smiled !

1 *Dw.* Nay, brother, nay !
'Tis magic art that keeps her lovely thus.
And long and ever she is lost to us.

2 *Dw.* O sad and gloomy day ! Then let us now
Go round, as ever, and before her bow,
And lay our flowers upon this flower's bier ;
Dear in her life : and in her death as dear.

1 *Dw.* As some fair flower the scythe has mown, she lies
And veils the beauty of her violet eyes.
With snowdrops now we dress our Snowdrop's bier ;
Dear in her coming, in her going, dear.

*[They lay the flowers on the bier : a short piece of slow music
may be played.]*

Dwarfs Snowdrop !

Snowdrop !

Dear Snowdrop !

[FLORIO rushes in.]

Fl. Snowdrop ! What was that cry ? My Snowdrop ! Say !
How many years I've waited for this day,
And roved o'er stormy seas and deserts drear,
And now I come, and find the darling—here !

Dwarfs Too late !

Too late !

Too late !

Fl. What means that cry ?

1 *Dw.* In one word, she is dead.

Fl. O, in that one word everything is said !
Too young, too fair, by such a fate to fall !
And yet, e'en now, she is my all in all !
O, she cannot be dead ! The life-blood pure
Roses her lovely lips : she breathes, I'm sure !
One kiss, my love !

2 *Dw.* No, Florio ! 'Tis too true !
Three years ago she died, and what you view
Is only magic art. She often said
She loved you well, and fear'd you must be dead,
Or else you must have come and found her here :
Once dear, with you, she said, is always dear !

Child, against whom I did so much amiss,
 My only hope, I turn :—Snowdrop! Forgive!
Sn. I am the Queen! May I not bid her live?
 We now are happy, Florio, are we not?
 O let past days and sins be then forgot!
 She has sinn'd :—yet in my heart a whisper clear—
If ye forgive not other men,—I hear.
 She has sinn'd, and done her worst to punish us,
 But her own self much more, in sinning thus.
 —O, for my mother's sake, who was so sweet,
 I spare this mother, kneeling at our feet!
 In solitude she now may weep the past,
 And find repentance and content at last.
 —My Florio! All the plotting of your mother
 Has only bound us nearer to each other!
 Her worst she did: but now the Powers above
 Crown her with lovelessness, and us with love :—
 Why then look backward, and old griefs renew?
 —She made amends for all, in giving you!

[SNOWDROP kisses FLORIO; he leads her to the throne, putting
 the crown on her head. The DWARFS shout—

Long live Queen Snowdrop! Long live the Queen!

Fl. (Respectfully) Long live the Queen!

[A stanza of the National Anthem may be played or sung behind.

CURTAIN FALLS.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

CHAPTERS ON EARLY CHURCH HISTORY.

BY CECILIA MACGREGOR.

CHAPTER XII.

ANTONINUS was succeeded by his adopted son, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus; he shared the imperial dignity with an adopted brother, Lucius Verus, so that the world saw for the first time two emperors. To the name of Antoninus, which he bore in consequence of his adoption, Marcus Aurelius joined that of Philosopher, because he had from his early years applied himself to the study of philosophy.

With the exception of a few letters which were found in the recently-discovered remains of Fronto, the only work of Marcus which has come down to us is a volume composed in Greek; a kind of common-place book in which he put down from time to time his thoughts and feelings upon moral and religious subjects, together with remarkable maxims which he had culled from writers distinguished for wisdom and virtue. The greatest blot on his memory is the way in which he

treated the Christians, and it is the more difficult to understand the reason of his conduct as it is altogether at variance with his general principles as laid down in his "Meditations." "See" wrote he, "that you devote yourself zealously as a Roman and a man of energy to every work that you may have on hand with scrupulous and unfeigned dignity of character, with love of the human race, independence, and a strict adherence to justice, and withdraw your thoughts from the affairs of life—you will withdraw yourself as if you were preparing to perform the last act of life." The pride of Stoic philosophy was wounded by the teaching of the Gospel, and revenged itself by persecution.

Alas! under Marcus the Christians probably suffered more than under any former emperor, if we except Nero. The following decree, which was ordered to be read by the officers and magistrates of the empire, will show in how severe and bitter a spirit they were treated:— 'We have learnt that those who in these days call themselves Christians break the ordinances and the laws. These arrest, and if they refuse to sacrifice to our gods punish them by different tortures, in such a manner however, that justice shall be combined with severity, and that the punishment cease with the crime.'

The persecution extended to Asia also, and in the year 167 Smyrna was distinguished by the martyrdom of her holy Bishop Polycarp. Smyrna was already celebrated, as we may remember, as the first of the seven cities of Ionia that entered its claim as the birthplace of Homer, in memory of whom there was a library and a portico, which they called *Homereum*, with a temple and the statue of Homer adjoining it. It has been styled the chief city of Asia, both for beauty and greatness, the most splendid, the metropolis of Asia, and the ornament of Ionia. But the greatest honour to which it could lay claim consisted in its being the birth-place of S. Polycarp, the seat of his episcopal charge, and, as we have said, the scene of his martyrdom and death.

S. Polycarp, the last of the Apostolic Fathers, is generally allowed to be the Angel or Bishop commended by our Lord in the Revelation; he was ordained by the Apostles themselves, more especially S. John, 'receiving the government of the Church from those who had been eye witnesses and ministers of our Lord, and he continually taught what he had been taught by them.' S. Ignatius, when passing to his martyrdom at Antioch particularly recommended to S. Polycarp the inspection and oversight of his Church at Antioch, knowing him to be truly an apostolical man, who would use all his care and fidelity in that matter.

Among the many holy disciples whom S. Polycarp formed we may mention S. Irenæus; he was placed by his parents, who were Christians, under the care of S. Polycarp, and he became afterwards a great ornament to the Church as well as a terror to her enemies. S. Theodoret speaks of S. Irenæus as the light of the Gauls of the west, while Tertullian describes him as the most diligent searcher of doctrine. It

was by holy precepts and good example that S. Polycarp cultivated the rising genius in his pupil, who on his part listened with insatiable ardour to the teaching of his master, engraving his lessons so deeply in his heart that they retained their freshness even in his old age.

Towards the end of the reign of Antoninus Pius, Polycarp visited Rome, for the purpose partly of fixing the day on which Easter was to be kept; S. Anicetus having strongly remonstrated against the practice of keeping the Christian Easter on the day of the Jewish Passover. The custom of the Western Church was to celebrate it always on Sunday, while the Asiatic Church kept it always on the fourteenth day of the first month, upon whatever day of the week it might fall, conformably with the custom of the Jews, professing in this practice to follow the tradition of S. John. Each side claimed apostolic authority for their usage, the latter that of S. John and the former that of their predecessors; but this difference, which in the days of Victor forty years later, very nearly produced a schism in the Church, broke no bonds of love between S. Polycarp and S. Anicetus.

After S. Polycarp and S. Anicetus had conferred a little together they resolved that on such a matter a difference might well be allowed. Although S. Polycarp could not persuade S. Anicetus to observe the custom of Asia because he felt bound to do exactly as those who had gone before, nor could S. Anicetus persuade S. Polycarp to give up his custom, yet in token of the great regard which S. Anicetus had for the aged Bishop of Smyrna he allowed S. Polycarp to consecrate the holy Eucharist in his presence. Thus S. Polycarp parted from S. Anicetus in peace, a peace which was shared on this subject by all the Churches, those which continued to celebrate Easter on the fourteenth day of the month as well as others. It was not until the Council of Nicæa that Easter was kept by all Christendom on the same day.

During his stay at Rome S. Polycarp met the heretic Marcion, who asked the Bishop if he knew him, to which he replied, 'I know thee for the eldest son of Satan.' S. Polycarp's custom when he heard any heresy raised against the Church was to close his ears and to exclaim, 'Oh! Good God, to what times hast Thou reserved me,' and whether he was sitting or standing he lost no time in escaping from the place. Many of those who had lapsed from the faith, having been perverted by Valentinus and Marcion, were brought again into the fold of the Church by S. Polycarp while he was in Rome. In the celebrated Epistle from the Church of Smyrna to that of Philadelphia and all the Churches of the world, touching the martyrdom of the Holy Bishop Polycarp, it says that he was the seal of this persecution, because he had the glory of putting an end to it with his own blood.

Amongst those who suffered in this persecution, displaying much courage, was a youth named Germanicus. The pro-consul exhorted him to take pity upon his youth, but he without a word rushed in among the beasts. Irritated and surprised by such heroic courage the people

cried out with one voice, 'Down with the Atheists, let them seek for Polycarp.' It was reserved for an imprudent and timid man named Quintus Phrygias to dim in some degree the glory of the Christian name, for he presented himself to the pro-consul and led others to follow his example, but when he saw the beasts and heard their growls he turned pale with fright, and allowed himself to be persuaded by the solicitations of the pro-consul to swear by the fortunes of Cæsar, and to offer sacrifices. Wherefore, says the Church, we do not approve of those who offer themselves to the judges.

The clamours of the people at last reached the holy Polycarp, who was not much moved by them, for he continued to celebrate the daily Eucharist and to offer frequent prayer, which had been his custom for so many years. His first intention was to remain in the town, but at last he yielded to the prayers of a great many, and with his usual calmness retired with a few others to a farm not far distant. Here his occupation, night and day, consisted in praying, according to his custom, for all the Churches.

Three days before he was apprehended, S. Polycarp had a vision in his sleep. He thought he saw his pillow all on fire, from which he understood that he was to be burnt alive; thus almost foretelling the event that was presently to take place, and declaring plainly to those around him that it would be necessary for him to give up his life in the flames for Christ's sake. As the pursuit was still continued, S. Polycarp moved to another country-house, where he was soon followed by those who sought him. Not finding the object of their search, they stopped two servants, and one of them having torture applied promised to tell all.

Having arrived at the house towards the evening they found the saint resting in an upper chamber, from which he might easily have saved himself had he wished by the flat roof peculiar to the Oriental style of building; but he now refused, saying, 'The will of the Lord be done.' S. Polycarp advanced to meet his persecutors, and spoke calmly to them, without losing any of his usual mildness; so that those who did not know him before, thought they beheld a miracle, so astonished were they at his gravity and the firmness of his countenance. S. Polycarp's gentle manner and air full of majesty, with the gentleness of his words, inspired them with so much respect that, surprised and thrown off their guard, they were at a loss to imagine what reason the magistrates could have had for taking an old man so full of merits and years.

Thus leaving them in their astonishment, S. Polycarp had food and drink placed before them, as much as they required, praying them to allow him to retire for an hour so as to pray at liberty. This his persecutors could not refuse, and the saint continued praying for not one hour but two, with such fervour that all those who heard him were astonished, and severally regretted that they had come to take so

holy and old a man. But now the moment had come when it was necessary for him to travel over the steep and painful way leading him to glory. S. Polycarp was conducted to the town mounted on an ass, until he was met by Herod and his father, Nicetas, who gave the Bishop a seat in their carriage.

Herod was an officer charged with the administration of the police, and using the opportunity his office afforded, he, with his father and others, sought by gentle words to melt the obstinacy of Polycarp. 'What harm,' said they, 'can there be in saving yourself by calling Cæsar "Lord" and sacrificing to him?' The pagans applied to their Cæsar the name of Lord in a way that was only applicable to God. So eagerly did they press him, that being much importuned by the impious propositions which they made, after having patiently listened, S. Polycarp cried, at last, with all the vehemence with which his zeal could inspire him, 'No, I will not follow any of your advice.' Failing therefore to persuade him those who had taken him thrust him with so much violence out of the carriage that the fall injured one of his legs. Yet not moved from his steadfastness, and as if he had suffered nothing, S. Polycarp walked briskly on in the midst of the soldiers towards the amphitheatre, where the noise was so great that it was almost impossible to hear what was going on.

As he entered, a voice came from heaven which said, "Courage, Polycarp — be firm." No one saw him who spake, but the Christians who were present heard the voice. S. Polycarp advanced, and as soon as it was known that he was taken, there arose a great tumult. When taken before the pro-consul the question was asked him if he were Polycarp? to which the saint answered 'Yes.' The magistrate then exhorted him to respect his age, and asked him if he thought he should be able to endure torments the very sight alone of which made the strongest youth tremble. 'What difficulty can you have in swearing by the fortunes of the Emperor? Follow my advice, and renounce your superstition; swear by the fortunes of Cæsar; return to thy senses and say, Down with the Atheists!'—meaning the Christians.

Polycarp looked at all the number of infidels who were assembled in the amphitheatre severely, and then stretching out his hands and raising his eyes towards heaven he exclaimed, 'Down with the Atheists!' The holy martyr used these words in a different sense to that of the pro-consul; by Atheists or impious, one meant the Christians, the other the Gentiles. One would have exterminated from the face of the earth the worshippers of the true God, and the other, asked God that there should be no more idolators, but that all should be converted to Him and to His religion.

Pressed again by the pro-consul to swear by the fortunes of Cæsar, and to blaspheme Jesus Christ, S. Polycarp replied, 'These eighty and six years have I served Him and He has never done me any harm, how then could I blaspheme my King and my Saviour?'

In spite of this answer, so worthy of an aged Bishop, the disciple of the Apostles, the pro-consul would not give himself up as vanquished; on the contrary, he repeated his request with still greater force. 'If you think,' replied the saint, 'that it will redound to your honour that I should swear by what you are pleased to call the fortunes of Cæsar, and if you pretend not to know who I am, I will tell you—I am a Christian. If you desire to know what this doctrine is, give me a day and you shall hear it.' The pro-consul having desired him to give his reasons to the people, the saint replied that he was quite ready to render honour to the magistrates appointed by God as long as they did no injustice, 'but the people are incompetent judges before whom to justify myself.'

'I have beasts,' said the pro-consul, 'before whom I shall expose you if you do not change.'

'Let them come then,' said S. Polycarp, 'for we shall not change good into evil; it is only good to pass from evil to good.'

The pro-consul replied, 'I shall cause you to be consumed by fire if you despise the beasts, and do not change you mind.'

Polycarp answered, 'You speak of a fire which burns one hour and the next is extinguished, because you do not know about the fire of the judgment to come, and the eternal torments which are reserved for the wicked. But now why do you delay? Bring against me that which pleases you.'

These words, full of courage and joy, were spoken with a face beaming with such heavenly grace, that the pro-consul himself was struck with admiration; however, he gave up the attempt to persuade him, and sent his herald to proclaim three times in the middle of the Stadium, 'Polycarp confesses that he is a Christian!'

Thus S. Polycarp dared to confess Christ before men, and dying became immortal, fearing not to lose his life so that he might gain his heavenly crown.

'His was the saint's high faith,
And quenchless hope's pure glow,
And perfect charity which laid
The world's fell tyrant low.'

If S. Polycarp had not shown the same impatience to die as S. Ignatius, he at least manifested an equal courage before his persecutors. Most noble athlete, running thus thy race for an incorruptible crown in a cause better and more enduring far than that for which the gladiators strove, yet a short time before had thy Master said, 'Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess before My Father which is in heaven. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'

After Polycarp had confessed he was a Christian, an indescribable rage filled the Jews and Pagans who lived at Smyrna, and a great cry went up from them, 'This is the teacher of Asia, the father of the Christians,

the destroyer of our gods, he who has taught so many people not to offer sacrifice to them or to adore them ;' and when they had thus cried, they asked Philip to let out a lion against him.

On his declining to allow this because the combats of the beasts were over, they clamoured with one voice that Polycarp should be burnt alive ; and thus the vision which the saint saw on his pillow was to be fulfilled.

The people then ran in crowds to the shops and baths to collect wood and shavings ; when the pile was completed, Polycarp proceeded to take off his clothes.

As the executioners were securing S. Polycarp by nails to the stake, he said to them, 'Leave me thus. He who gives me strength to suffer the flames will grant me also to remain firm upon the stake without the precaution of your nails.' They were then content to tie him.

So, as a noble victim chosen from all the flock to be offered to God as a holocaust, S. Polycarp raised his eyes to heaven and made the following prayer :—' Father of Thy well-beloved Son, Jesus Christ, by Whom we have been given the grace to know Thee, God of the Angels and Powers, God of all Creatures, and of the nations of the Just who live in Thy Presence, I return thanks to Thee that Thou wilt give me a place in the number of Thy Martyrs, in the Cup of Christ unto the resurrection to Eternal life both of soul and body in the incorruption of the Holy Ghost I praise Thee, I bless Thee, I glorify Thee with the everlasting and heavenly Jesus Christ, Thy well-beloved Son, to whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost be glory for ever and ever. Amen.'

When S. Polycarp had finished his prayer, those who were in charge set fire to the wood, and on this bursting into a great flame, a surprising miracle appeared to those who were privileged to see it, and who were preserved to declare the fact to others ; for the flames spread themselves all round the martyr like an arch, or as a sail of a vessel filled with the wind, while S. Polycarp remained in the middle, not like burning flesh, but like gold or silver in the furnace, and a sweet perfume like incense exhaled from the pyre. This has been accounted for by the supposition that aromatic woods were used in the composition of the pile, but it must not be forgotten that in those days miraculous interpositions of various kinds were said to be frequent in the Church.

The profane, seeing that S. Polycarp's body could not be consumed by the flames, commanded the Confeator, an officer whose duty it was to give the last blow to savage and unruly beasts in the amphitheatre, to plunge a sword into his body—as soon as this was done there flowed from the wounds such an abundance of blood that the fire was extinguished. The tired and saddened watchers by that never-to-be-forgotten pyre knew full well that the spirit of their holy Bishop was even now holding converse with the angels in heaven.

Nicetas warned the pro-consul not to give the Christians his body, for fear that they should abandon the Crucified to adore S. Polycarp. It was the Jews who suggested to the Gentiles such ideas, being ignorant

that it would be impossible to abandon Jesus Christ, who died to save the world, to adore another in His place. 'We adore Him because He is the Son of God; but the martyrs we love as His disciples, and as the imitators of their Master, because of their invincible affection for their King and Saviour.'

The centurion, seeing the eagerness of the Jews, caused his body to be placed in the midst of the fire and burned. The faithful then gathered up his remains, more precious than gold and jewels, and conducted them to a suitable place, giving them honourable burial; here they afterwards sought to meet, and in gladness and joy to celebrate his martyrdom, both in commemoration of those who had wrestled before, and for the instruction of those who might be called upon to suffer; and thus were instituted the *Memoriæ Martyrum*, or solemn anniversary commemorations of the martyrs, which were kept in the Primitive Church.

S. Polycarp, it is supposed, was about one hundred years old when he laid down his life for Christ, for those eighty-six years which he himself speaks of wherein he had served Christ cannot be said to commence from his birth, but from his baptism or new birth, at which time we cannot well suppose him to have been less than sixteen or twenty years old.

The Smyrniotes did not escape a dreadful retribution for the injustice done to their fellow citizen. Within ten years after his death an earthquake laid Smyrna [with all her glory in a heap of ruins, and buried a vast number of her inhabitants under them. Her stately houses were thrown down, her splendid temples ruined, her traffic spoiled, her marts laid waste, and so many lives lost that the orator Aristides, the contemporary of S. Polycarp, professes himself 'unable to describe it.'

In the reign of Marcus Aurelius the city was rebuilt A.D. 181. The remains of the amphitheatre in which Polycarp suffered are still to be seen at Smyrna: his tomb is said to be in a little chapel on the side of a mountain to the south-east of the city. It is solemnly visited by the Greeks upon his festival or day of martyrdom, and for the repair of his tomb travellers were wont to cast a few coins into an earthen jar that was left for that purpose.

The most considerable work which remains to us of S. Polycarp, is his Epistle to the Philippians, which in the time of S. Jerome was still read in the churches of Asia.

In imitation of the Apostolic writings and of all the great men of those sacred times, it contains instructions for the faithful of all ranks and conditions, and is very polemic in its character, waging bitter war against the 'new doctrines' and their professors.

MAGNUM BONUM; OR, MOTHER CAREY'S BROOD.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXX.

AS WHEEL OFF AS AYE WAGGING.

By the advice, or rather by the express desire, of her trustees, Mrs. Brownlow remained at Belforest, while they accepted an offer of renting the London house for the season. Mr. Wakefield declared that there was no reason that she should contract her expenditure; but she felt as if everything she spent beyond her original income, except of course the needful outlay on keeping up the house and gardens, were robbery of Elvira, and she therefore did not fill up the establishment of servants nor of horses, using only for herself the little pair of ponies which had been turned out in the park.

No one had perhaps realised the amount of worry that this arrangement entailed. As Barbara said, if they could have gone away at once and worked for their living like sensible people in a book, it would have been all very well—but this half-and-half state was dreadful. Personally it did not affect Babie much, but she was growing up to the part of general sympathiser, and for the first time in their lives there was a pull in contrary directions by her mother and Armine.

Every expenditure was weighed before it was granted. Did it belong rightly to Belforest estate or to Caroline Brownlow? And the claims of the Church and parish at Woodside were doubtful. Armine, under the influence of Miss Parsons, took a wide view of the dues of the parish, thought there was a long arrear to be paid off, and that whatever could be given was so much out of the wolf's mouth.

His mother, with 'Be just before you are generous' ringing in her ears, referred all to the Colonel, and he had long had a fixed scale of the duties of the property as a property, and was only rendered the more resolute in it by that vehemence of Armine's which enhanced his dislike and distrust of the family at the Vicarage.

'Bent on getting all they could while they could,' he said, quite unjustly as to the Vicar, and hardly fairly by the sister, whose demands were far exceeded by those of her champion.

The claims of the cottages for repair, and of the school for sufficient enlargement and maintenance to obviate a School Board, were acknowledged; but for the rest, the Colonel said, 'his sister was perfectly at liberty. No one could blame her if she threw her balance at the bank into the sea. She would never be called to account; but since she asked him whether the estate was bound to assist in pulling the Church

to pieces, and setting up a fresh curate to bring in more absurdities, he could only say what he thought !' &c.

These thoughts of his were of course most offensive to Armine, who set all down to sordid Puritan prejudice, could not think how his mother could listen, and when Babie stood up for her mother, went off to blend his lamentations with those of Miss Parsons, whose resignation struck him as heroic. 'Never mind, Armine, it will all come in time. Perhaps we are not fit for it yet. We cannot expect the world's justice to understand the outpouring of the saints' liberality.'

Armine repeated this interesting aphorism to Barbara, and was much disappointed that the shrewd little woman did not understand it, or only so far as to say, 'But I did not know that it was saintly to be liberal with other people's money.'

He said Babie had a prejudice against Miss Parsons ; and he was so far right that the Infanta did not like her, thought her a humbug, and sorely felt that for the first time something had come between herself and Armine.

Allen was another trouble. He did not agree to the retrenchments, in which he saw no sense, and retained his horse and groom. Luckily he had retained only one when going abroad, and at this early season he needed no more. But his grievous anxiety and restlessness about Elvira did not make him by any means insensible to the effects of a reduced establishment in a large house, and especially to the handiwork of the good woman who had been left in charge, when compared with that of the 80% cooks who had been the plague of his mother's life.

No one, however, could wonder at his wretchedness, as day after day passed without hearing from Elvira, and all that was known was that she had left Mrs. Evelyn and gone to stay with Lady Flora Folliott, a flighty young matron, who had been enraptured with her beauty at a *table d'hôte* a year ago, and had made advances not much relished by the rest of the party.

No more was to be learnt till Lucas found a Saturday to come down. Before he could say three words he was cross-examined. Had he seen Elvira ?

'Several times.'

'Spoken to her ?'

'Yes.'

'What had she said ?'

'Asked him to look at a horse.'

'Did she know he was coming home ?'

'Yes.'

'Had she sent any message ?'

'Well—yes. To desire that her Algerine costume should be sent up. Whew !' as Allen flung himself out of the room. 'How have I put my foot in it, mother ?'

'You don't mean that that was all ?'

'Every jot! What, has she not written? The abominable little elf! I'm coming.' And he shrugged his shoulders as Allen, who had come round to the open window, beckoned to him.

He was absolutely grappled by a trembling hand, and a husky voice demanded 'What message did she really send? I can't stand foolery.'

'Just that, Allen—to Emma. Really just that. You can't shake more out of me. You might as well expect anything from that Chinese lantern. Hold hard. 'Tis not I——'

'Don't speak! You don't know her! I was a fool to think she would confide to a mere buffoon,' cried poor Allen, in his misery. 'Yet if they were intercepting her letters——'

Wherewith he buried himself in the depths of the shrubbery, while Jock, with a long whistle, came back through the library window to his mother, observing—

'Intercepted! Poor fellow! Hardly necessary, if possible, though Lady Flora might wish to catch her for Clanmacnalty. Has the miserable imp really vouchsafed no notice of any of you?'

'Not the slightest; and it is breaking Allen's heart.'

'As if a painted little marmoset were worth a man's heart! But Allen has always been infatuated about her, and there's a good deal at stake, though if he could only see it in the right light he is well quit of such a bubble of a creature. I wouldn't be saddled with it for all Belforest.'

'Don't call her any more names, my dear! I only wish any one would represent to her the predicament she keeps Allen in. He can't press for an answer, of course; but it is cruel to keep him in this suspense. I wonder Mrs. Evelyn did not make her write.'

'I don't suppose it entered her mind that the little wretch (I beg your pardon) had not done it of her own accord, and with those Folliotts there's no chance. They live in a perpetual whirl, enough to distract an Archbishop. Twenty-four parties a week at a moderate computation.'

'Unlucky child!'

'Wakefield is heartily vexed at her having run into such hands,' said Jock; 'but there is no hindering it; no one has any power, and even if he had, George Gould is a mere tool in his wife's hands.'

'Still Mr. Wakefield might insist on her answering Allen one way or the other. Poor fellow! I don't think it would cost her much, for she was too childish ever to be touched by that devotion of his. I always thought it a most dangerous experiment, and all I wish for now is that she would send him a proper dismissal, so that his mind might be settled. It would be bad enough, but better than going on in this way.'

'I'll see him,' said Jock, 'or may be I can do the business myself, for, strange to say, the creature doesn't avoid me, but rather runs after me.'

'You meet her in society?'

'Yes, I've not come to the end of my white kids yet, you see. And mother, I came to tell you of something that has turned up. You know the Evelyns are all dead against my selling out. I dined with Sir James on Tuesday, and found next day it was for the sake of walking me out before Sir Philip Cameron, the Cutteejung man, you know. He is sure to be sent out again in the autumn, and he has promised Sir James that if I can get exchanged into some corps out there, he will put me on his staff at once. Mother!'

He stopped short, astounded at the change of countenance that for a moment she could neither control nor conceal, as she exclaimed, 'India!' but rallying at once she went on. 'Sir Philip Cameron! My dear boy, that's a great compliment. How delighted your uncle will be!'

'But you, mother!'

'O yes, my dear, I shall, I will, like it. Of course I am glad and proud for my Jock! How very kind of Sir James!'

'Isn't it? He talked it over with me as if I had been Cecil, and said I was quite right not to stay in the Guards; and that in India, if a man has any brains at all and reasonable luck, he can't help getting on. So I shall be quite and clean off your hands, and in the way of working forward, and perhaps of doing something worth hearing of. Mother, you will be pleased then?'

'Shall I not, my dear, dear Jockey! I don't think you could have a better chief. I have always heard that Sir Philip was such a good man.'

'So Mrs. Evelyn said. She was sure you would be satisfied. You can't think how kind they were, making the affair quite their own,' said Jock, with a little colour in his face. 'They absolutely think it would be wrong to give up the service.'

'Yes; Mrs. Evelyn wrote to me that you ought not to be thrown away. It was very kind and dear, but with a little of the aristocratic notion that the army is the only profession in the world. I can't help it; I can't think your father's profession unworthy of his son.'

'She didn't say so!'

'No, but I understood it. Perhaps I am touchy; I don't think I am ungrateful. They have always made you like one of themselves.'

'Yes, so much that I don't like to run counter to their wishes when they have taken such pains. Besides, there are things that can be thought of, even by a poor man, as a soldier, which can't in the other line.'

This speech, made with bent head, rising colour, and hand playing with his mother's fan, gave her, all unwittingly on his part, a keen sense that her Jock was indeed passing from her; but she said nothing to damp his spirits, and threw herself heartily into his plans, announcing them to his uncle with genuine exultation. To this the Colonel fully

responded, telling Jock that he would have given the world thirty years ago for such a chance, and commending him for thus getting off his mother's hands.

'I only wish the rest of you were doing the same,' he said; 'but each one seems to think himself the first person to be thought of, and has the last.'

The Colonel's wish seemed in course of fulfilment, for when Lucas went a few days later to his brother Robert's rooms, he found him collecting testimonials for his fitness to act as Vice-principal to a European college at Yokohama for the higher education of the Japanese.

'Mother has not heard of it,' said Jock.

'She need not till it is settled,' answered Bobus. 'It will save her trouble with her clerical friends if she only knows too late for a protest.'

Jock understood when he saw the stipulations against religious teaching and recognised in the Principal's name an essayist whose negations of faith had made some stir. However, he only said, 'It will be rather a blow.'

'There are limits to all things,' replied Bobus. 'The truest kindness to her is to get afloat away from the family raft as speedily as possible. She has quite enough to drag her down.'

'I should hope to act the other way,' said Jock.

'Get your own head above water first,' said Bobus. 'Here's some good advice gratis, though I've no expectation of your taking it. Don't go in for study in the old quarters! Go to Edinburgh or Paris or anywhere you please, but cut the connection, or you'll never be rid of loafers for life. Wherever mother is, all the rest will gravitate. Mark me, Allen is spoilt for anything but a walking gentleman, Armine will never be good for work, and how many years do you give Janet's Athenian to come to grief in? Then will they return to the domestic hearth with a band of small Grecians, while Dr. Lucas Brownlow is reduced to a *rotifer* or wheel animal, circulating in a trap collecting supplies, with "*sic vos non vobis*" for his motto.'

Jock looked startled. 'How if there be no such *rotifer*?' he said. 'You don't really think there will be nothing to depend on when we are both gone?'

'When?'

'Yes, I've a chance of getting on Cameron's staff in India.'

'Oh, that's all right, old fellow! Why, you'll be my next neighbour.'

'But about mother? You don't seriously think Ali and Army will be nothing but dead weights on her?'

'Only as long as there's anybody to hold them up,' said Bobus, perceiving that his picture had taken an effect the reverse of what he intended. 'They have no lack of brains, and are quite able to shift for themselves and mother too, if only they have to do it, even if she were a pauper, which she isn't.'

But it was with a less lightsome heart that Jock went to his quarters to prepare for a fancy ball, where he expected to meet Elvira, though whether he should approach her or not would depend on her own caprice.

It was a very splendid affair. A whole back garden had been transformed into a vast pavilion, containing an Armida's garden, whose masses of ferns and piles of gorgeous flowers made delightful nooks for strangers who left the glare of the dancing-room, and the quaint dresses harmonised with the magic of the gaslight and the strange forms of the exotica.

The simple scarlet of the young guardsman was undistinguished among the brilliant character-groups which represented old fairy tales and nursery rhymes. There were the 'White Cat and her Prince,' 'Puss-in-Boots and the Princess,' 'Little Snowflake and her Bear,' and behold here was the loveliest Fatima ever seen, in the well-known Algerine dress, mated with a richly-robed and turbaned hero, whose beard was blue, though in ordinary life red, inasmuch as he was Lady Flora's impecunious and not very reputable Scottish peer of a brother. That lady herself, in a pronounced bloomer, represented the little old woman of doubtful identity, and her husband the pedlar, whose 'name it was Stout;' while not far off the Spanish lady, in garments gay, as rich as may be, wooed her big Englishman in a dress that rivalled Sir Nicolas Blount's.

There was a pretty character quadrille, and then a general *mêlée*, in which Jock danced successively with Cinderella and the fair equestrian of Banbury Cross, and lost sight of Fatima, till, just as he was considering of offering himself to little Bo-peep, he saw her looking a good deal bored by the Spanish lady's Englishman.

Tossing her head till the coins danced on her forehead, she exclaimed, 'Oh, there's my cousin; I must speak to him!' and sprang to her old companion as if for protection. 'Take me to a cool corner, Jock,' she said, 'I am suffocating.'

'No wonder, after waltzing with a mountain.'

'He can no more waltz than fly! And he thinks himself irresistible! He says his dress is from a portrait of his ancestor, Sir Somebody; and Flora declares his only ancestor must have been the Fat Boy! And he thought I was a Turkish Sultana! Wasn't it ridiculous? You know he never says anything but "Exactly."'

'Did he intone it so as to convey all this?'

'He is a little inspired by his ruff and diamonds. Flora says he wants to dazzle me, and will have them changed into paste before he makes them over to his young woman. He has just tin enough to want more, and she says I must be on my guard.'

'You want no guard, I should think, but your engagement.'

'What are you bringing that up for? I suppose you know how Allen wrote to me!' she pouted.

'I know that he thought it due to you to release you from your promise, and that he is waiting anxiously for your reply. Have you written?'

'Don't bore so, Jock,' said Elvira, pettishly. 'It was no doing of mine, and I don't see why I should be teased.'

'Then you wish me to tell him that he is to take your silence as a release from you.'

'I authorise nothing,' she said. 'I hate it all.'

'Look here, Elvira,' said Jock, 'do you know your own mind? Nobody wants you to take Allen. In fact, I think he is much better quit of you; but it is due to him, and still more to yourself, to cancel the old affair before beginning a new one.'

'Who told you I was beginning a new one?' asked she, pertly.

'No one can blame you, provided you let him loose first. It is considered respectable, you know, to be off with the old love before you are on with the new. Nay, it may be only a superstition.'

'Superstition!' she repeated in an awed voice that gave him his cue, and he went on,—'Oh, yes, a lady has been even known to come and shake hands with the other party after he had been hanged to give back her troth, lest he should haunt her.'

'Allen isn't hung,' said Elvira, half-frightened, half-cross. 'Why doesn't he come himself?'

'Shall he?' said Jock.

'My dear child, I've been running madly up and down for you!' cried Lady Flora, suddenly descending on them, and carrying off her charge with a cursory nod to the Guardsman, marking the difference between a detrimental and even the third son of a millionaire.

He saw Elvira no more that night, and the next post carried a note to Belforest.

'May 31st.'

'DEAR ALLEN,—I don't know whether you will thank me, but I tried to get a something definite out of your tricky Elf, and the chief result, so far as I can understand the elfish tongue, is, that she sought no change, and the final sentence was, "Why doesn't he come himself?" I believe it is her honest wish to go on, when she is left to her proper senses; but that is seldom. You must take this for what it is worth from the buffoon.'

'J. L. B.'

Allen came, full of hope, and called the next morning. Miss Menella was out riding. He got a card for a party where she was sure to be present, and watched the door, only to see her going away on the arm of Lord Clanmacnalty to some other entertainment. He went to Mr. Folliott's door, armed with a note, and heard that Lady Flora and Miss Menella were gone out of town for a few days. So it went on, and he turned upon Jock, with indignation at having been summoned to be thus deluded. The undignified position added venom to the smart of the disregarded affection and the suspense as to the future, and Jock had much to endure after every disappointment, though

Allen clung to him rather than to any one else because of his impression that Elvira's real preference was unchanged (such as it was), and that these failures were rather due to her friends than to herself.

This became more clear through Mrs. Evelyn. Her family had connections in common with the Dowager Lady Clanmacnalty, and the two ladies met at the house of their relation. Listening in the way of duty to the old Scottish Countess's profuse communications, she heard what explained a good deal.

Did she know the Spanish girl who was with Flora—a handsome creature and a great heiress? Oh, yes; she had presented her. Strange affair! Flora understood that there was a deep plot for appropriating the young lady and her fortune.

'She had been engaged to Mr. Brownlow long before her claims were known,' began Mrs. Evelyn.

'Oh, yes! It was very ingeniously arranged, only the discovery was made too soon. I have it on the best authority. When the girl came to stay with Flora, her aunt asked for an interview—such a nice sensible woman—so completely understanding her position. She said it was such a distress to her not to be qualified to take her niece into society, yet she could not take her home, living so near, to be harassed by this young man's pursuit.'

'I saw Mrs. Gould myself,' said Mrs. Evelyn. 'I cannot say I was favourably impressed.'

'Oh, we all know she is not a lady; never professes it, poor thing; but she is quite aware that her niece must move in a different sphere, and all she wants is to have her guarded from that young Brownlow. He follows them everywhere. It is quite the business of Flora's life to avoid him.'

'Perhaps you don't know that Mrs. Brownlow took that girl out of a farm-house, and treated her like a daughter, merely because they were second or third cousins. The engagement to Allen Brownlow was made when the fortune was entirely on his side.'

'Precaution or conscience, eh?' said the old lady, laughing. 'By the bye, you were intimate with Mrs. Brownlow abroad. How fortunate for you that nothing took place while they had such expectations! Of no family, I hear; of quite low extraction. A parish doctor *he* was, wasn't he?'

'A distinguished surgeon.'

'And *she* came out of some asylum or foundling hospital!'

'Only the home for officers' daughters,' said Mrs. Evelyn, not able to help laughing. 'Her father, Captain Allen, was in the same regiment with Colonel Brownlow, her husband's brother. I assure you the Menellas and Goulds have no reason to boast.'

'A noble Spanish family,' said the dowager. 'One can see it in every gesture of the child.'

It was plain that the old lady intended Mr. Barnes's hoards to repair

the ravages of dissipation on the never very productive estates of Clan-macnalty, and that while Elvira continued in Lady Flora's custody, there was little chance of a meeting between her and Allen. The girl seemed to be submitting passively, and no doubt her new friends could employ tact and flattery enough to avoid exciting her perverseness. No doubt she had been harassed by Allen's exaction of response to his ardent affection, and wearied of his monopoly of her. Maiden coyness and love of liberty might make her as willing to elude his approach as her friends could wish.

Once only, at a garden party, did he touch the tips of her fingers, but no more. She never met his eye, but threw herself into eager flirtation with the men he most disliked, while the lovely carnation was mounting in her cheek, and betraying unusual excitement. It became known that she was going early in July into the country with some gay people who were going to give a series of fêtes on some public occasion, and then that she was to go with Lady Clanmacnalty and her unmarried daughter to Scotland, to help them entertain the grouse-shooting party.

Allen's stay in London was clearly of no further use, as Jock perceived with a sensation of relief, for all his pity could not hinder him from being bored with Allen's continual dejection, and his sighs over each unsuccessful pursuit. He was heartily tired of the part of confidant, which was the more severe, because, whenever Allen had a fit of shame at his own undignified position, he vented it in reproaches to Jock for having called him up to London; and yet, as long as there was a chance of seeing Elvira, he could not tear himself away, was wild to get invitations to meet her, and lived at his club in the old style of expense.

Bobus was brief with Allen, and ironical on Jock's folly in having given the summons. For his own part he was much engrossed with his appointment, going backwards and forwards between Oxford and London, with little time for the concerns of any one else; but the evening after this unfortunate garden party, when Jock had accompanied his eldest brother back to his rooms, and was endeavouring, by the help of a pipe, to endure the reiteration of mournful vituperations of destiny in the shape of Lady Flora and Mrs. Gould, the door suddenly opened, and Bobus stood before them with his peculiarly brisk, self-satisfied air, in itself an aggravation to any one out of spirits.

'All right,' he said, 'I didn't expect to find you in, but I thought I would leave a note for the chance. I've heard of the very identical thing to suit you, Ali, my boy.'

'Indeed,' said Allen, not prepared with gratitude for his younger brother's patronage.

'I met Bulstrode at Balliol last night, and he asked if I knew of any one (a perfect gentleman he must be, that matters more than scholarship) who would take a tutorship in a Hungarian Count's

family. Two little boys, who live like princes, tutor the same, salary anything you like to ask. It is somewhere in the mountains, a feudal castle, with capital sport.'

'Wolves and bears,' cried Jock, starting up with his old boyish animation. 'If I wasn't going pig-sticking in India, what wouldn't I give for such a chance. The tutor will teach the young ideas how to shoot, of course.'

'Of course,' said Bobus. The Count is a diplomate, and there's not a bad chance of making oneself useful, and getting on in that line. I should have jumped at it, if I hadn't got the Japs on my hands.'

'Yes, you,' said Allen languidly.

'Well, you can do quite as well for a thing like this,' said Bobus, 'or better, as far as looking the gentleman goes. In fact, I suspect as much classics as Mother Carey taught us at home would serve their countships' turn. Here's the address. You had better write by the first post to-morrow, for one or two others are rising at it; but Bulstrode said he would wait to hear from you. Here's the letter with all the details.'

'Thank you. You seem to take a good deal for granted,' said Allen, not moving a finger towards the letter.

'You won't have it?'

'I have neither spirits nor inclination for turning bear leader, and it is not a position I wish to undertake.'

'What position would you like?' cried Jock. 'You could take that rifle you got for Algeria, and make the Magyars open their eyes. Seriously, Allen, it is the right thing at the right time. You know Miss Ogilvie always said the position was quite different for an English person among these foreigners.'

'Who, like natives, are all the same nation,' quietly observed Allen.

'For that matter,' said Jock, 'wasn't it in Hongarie that the beggar of low degree married the king's daughter? There's precedent for you, Ali!'

Allen had taken up the letter, and after glancing it slightly over said—

'Thanks, vice-principal, but I won't stand in the light of your other aspirants.'

'What can you want better than this?' cried Jock. 'By the time the law business is over, one may look in vain for such a chance. It is a new country too, and you always said you wanted to know how those fellows with long-tailed names lived in private life.'

Both brothers talked for an hour, till they hoped they had persuaded him that even for the most miserable and disappointed being on earth, the Hungarian Castle might prove an interesting variety, and they left him, at last, with the letter before him, undertaking to write and make further inquiries.

The next day, however, just as Jock was about to set forth, intending as far as might be to keep him up to the point, Bobus made his appearance, and scornfully held out an envelope. There was the letter, and therewith these words :—

‘On consideration, I recur to my first conclusion, that this situation is out of the question. To say nothing of the injury to my health and nerves from agitation and suspense, rendering me totally unfit for drudgery and annoyance, I cannot feel it right to place myself in a situation equivalent to the abandonment of all hope. It is absurd to act as if we were reduced to abject poverty, and I will never place myself in the condition of a dependent. This season has so entirely knocked me up that I must at once have sea air, and by the time you receive this, I shall be on my way to Ryde for a cruise in the *Petrel*.’

‘His health!’ cried Bobus, his tone implying three notes, scarcely of admiration.

‘Well, poor old Turk, he is rather seedy,’ said Jock. ‘Can’t sleep, and has headaches! But ’tis a regular case of having put him to flight!’

‘Well, I’ve done with him,’ said Bobus, ‘since there’s a popular prejudice against flogging, especially one’s elder brother. This is a delicate form of intimation that he intends doing the *dolos* at mother’s expense.’

‘The poor old chap has been an ornamental appendage so long, that he can’t make up his mind to anything else,’ said Jock.

‘He is no worse off than the rest of us,’ said Bobus.

‘In age, if in nothing else.’

‘The more reason against throwing away a chance. The yacht too! I thought there was a Quixotic notion of not dipping into that Elf’s money. I’m sure poor mother is pinching herself enough.’

‘I don’t think Ali knows when he spends money more than when he spends air,’ returned Jock. ‘The *Petrel* can hardly cost as much in a month as I have seen him get through in a week, protesting all the while that he was living on absolutely nothing.’

‘I know. You may be proud to get him down Oxford Street under thirty shillings, and he never goes out in the evening much under half that.’

‘Yes, he told me selling my horses was shocking bad economy.’

‘Well, it was your own doing, having him up here,’ said Bobus.

‘I wonder how he will go on when the money is really not there.’

‘Precisely the same,’ said Bobus; ‘there’s no cure for that sort of complaint. The only satisfaction is that we shall be out of sight of it.’

‘And a very poor one,’ sighed Jock, ‘when mother is left to bear the brunt.’

‘Mother can manage him much better than we can,’ said Bobus; ‘besides, she is still a youngish woman, neither helpless nor destitute; and as I always tell you, the greatest kindness we can do her, is to look out for ourselves.’

Bobus himself had done so effectually, for he was secure of a hand-

some salary, and his travelling expenses were to be paid, when, early in the next year, he was to go out with his principal to confer on the Japanese the highest possible culture in science and literature without any bias in favour of Christianity, Buddhism, or any other sublime religion.

Meantime he was going home to make his preparations, and pack such portions of his museum as he thought would be unexampled in Japan. He had fulfilled his intention of only informing his mother after his application had been accepted ; and as it had been done by letter, he had avoided the sight of the pain it gave her and the hearing of her remonstrances, all of which he had referred to her maternal dislike of his absence, rather than to his association with the principal, a writer whose articles she kept out of reach of Armine and Barbara.

The matter had become irrevocable and beyond discussion, as he intended, before his return to Belforest, which he only notified by the post of the morning before he walked into luncheon. By that time it was a *fait accompli*, and there was nothing to be done but to enter on a lively discussion on the polite manners and customs of the two-sworded nation, and the wonderful volcanoes he hoped to explore.

Perhaps one reason that his notice was so short was that there might be the less time for Kencroft to be put on its guard. Thus, when, by accident of course, he strolled towards the lodge, he found his cousin Esther in the wood, with no guardians but the three youngest children, who had coaxed her, in spite of the heat, to bring them to the slopes of wood strawberries on their weekly half holiday.

He had seen nothing, but had only been guided by the sound of voices to the top of the sloping wooded bank, where, under the shade of the oak-trees, looking over the tall spreading brackens, he beheld Essie in her pretty gipsy hat and holland dress, with all her bird-like daintiness, kneeling on the moss far below him, threading the scarlet beads on bents of grass, with the little ones round her.

'I heard a chattering,' he said, as, descending through the fern, he met her dark eyes looking up like those of a startled fawn ; 'so I came to see whether the rabbits had found tongues. How many more are there? No, thank you,' as Edmund and Lina answered his greeting with an offer of very moist-looking fruit, and an ungrammatical

'Only us.'

'Then *us* run away. They grow thick up that bank, and I've got a prize here for whoever keeps away longest. No, you shan't see what it is. Any one who comes asking questions will lose it. Run away, Lina, you'll miss your chance. No, no, Essie, you are not a competitor.'

'I must, Robert ; indeed I must.'

'Can't you spare me a moment when I am come down for my last farewell visit ?'

'But you are not going for a good while yet.'

'So you call it, but it will seem short enough. Did you ever hear of minutes seeming like diamond drops meted out, Essie!'

'But, you know, it is your own doing,' said Essie.

'Yes, and why, Essie? Because misfortune has made such an exile as this the readiest mode of ceasing to be a burthen to my mother.'

'Papa said he was glad of it,' said Esther, 'and that you were quite right. But it is a terrible way off!'

'True! but there is one consideration that will make up to me for everything.'

'That it is for Aunt Caroline!'

'Partly, but do you not know the hope which makes all work sweet to me?' And the look of his eyes, and his hand seeking hers, made her say

'O don't, Robert, I mustn't.'

'Nay, my queen, you were too duteous to hearken to me when I was rich and prosperous. I would not torment you then, I meant to be patient; but now I am poor and going into banishment, you will be generous and compassionate, and let me hear the one word that will make my exile sweet.'

'I don't think I ought,' said the poor child under her breath. 'Oh, Robert, don't you know I ought not.'

'Would you, if that ugly cypher of an ought did not stand in the way?'

'O don't ask me, Robert; I don't know.'

'But I do know, my queen,' said he. 'I know my little Essie better than she knows herself. I know her true heart is mine, only she dares not avow it to herself; and when hearts have so met, Esther, they owe one another a higher duty than the filial tie can impose.'

'I never heard that before,' she said, puzzled, but not angered.

'No, it is not a doctrine taught in schoolrooms, but it is true and universal for all that, and our fathers and mothers acted on it in their day, and will give way to it now.'

Esther had never been told all her father's objections to her cousin. Simple prohibition had seemed to her parents sufficient for the gentle, dutiful child. Bobus had always been very kind to her, and her heart went out enough to him in his trouble to make coldness impossible to her. Tears welled into her eyes with perplexity at the new theory, and she could only falter out—

'That doesn't seem right for me.'

'Say one word and trust to me, and it shall be right. Yes, Esther, say the word, and in it I shall be strong to overcome everything, and win the consent you desire. Say only that, with it, you would love me.'

'If?' said Esther.

It was an interrogative *if*, and she did not mean it for 'the one

word,' but Bobus caught at it as all he wanted. He meant it for the fulcrum on which to rest the strong lever of his will, and before Esther could add any qualification, he was overwhelming her with thanks and assurances so fervent, that she could interpose no more doubts, and yielded to the sweetness of being able to make any one so happy, above all, the cousin whom most people thought so formidably clever.

Edmund interrupted them by rushing up, thus losing the prize, which was won by the last comer, and proved to be a splendid *bonbon* : but there was consolation for the others, since Bobus had laid in a supply as a means of securing peace.

He would fain have waited to rivet his chains before manifesting them, but he knew Essie too well to expect her to keep the interview a secret ; and he had no time to lose, if, as he intended, though he had not told her so, he was to take her to Japan with him.

So he stormed the castle without delay, walked to Kencroft with the strawberry gatherers, found the Colonel superintending the watering of his garden, and, with effrontery of which Essie was unconscious, led her up, and announced their mutual love, as though secure of an ardent welcome.

He did, mayhap, expect to surprise something of the kind out of his slowly-moving uncle, but the only answer was a strongly accentuated 'Indeed ! I thought I had told you both that I would have none of this foolery. Esther, I am ashamed of you. Go in directly.'

The girl repaired to her own room to weep floods of tears over her father's anger, and the disobedience that made itself apparent as soon as she was beyond the spell of that specious tongue. There were a few tears too for his disappointment ; but when her mother came up in great displeasure, the first words were—

'O, mamma, I could not help it !'

'You could not prevent his accosting you, but you might have prevented his giving all this trouble to papa. You knew we should never allow it.'

'Indeed, I only said if !'

'You had no right to say anything. When a young lady knows a man is not to be encouraged, she should say nothing to give him an advantage. You could never expect us to let you go to a barbarous place at the other end of the world with a man of as good as no religion at all.'

'He goes to church,' said Essie, too simple to look beyond.

'Only here, to please his mother. My dear, you must put this out of your head. Even if he were very different, we should never let you marry a first cousin, and he knows it. It was very wrong in him to have spoken to you.'

'Please don't let him do it again,' said Esther, faintly.

'That's right, my dear,' with a kiss of forgiveness. 'I am sure you are too good a girl really to care for him.'

'I wish he would not care for me,' sighed poor Essie, wearily. 'He always was so kind, and now they are in trouble I couldn't vex him.'

'Oh, my dear, young men get over things of this sort half-a-dozen times in their lives.'

Essie was not delighted with this mode of consolation, and when her mother tenderly smoothed back her hair, and bade her bathe her face and dress for dinner, she clung to her and said—

'Don't let me see him again.'

It was a wholesome dread, which Mrs. Brownlow encouraged, for both she and her husband were annoyed and perplexed by Robert's cool reception of their refusal. He quietly declared that he could allow for their prejudices, and that it was merely a matter of time, and he was provokingly calm and secure, showing neither anger nor disappointment. He did not argue, but having once shown that his salary warranted his offer, that the climate was excellent, and that European civilisation prevailed, he treated his uncle and aunt as unreasonably prejudiced mortals, who would in time yield to his patient determination.

His mother was as much annoyed as they were, all the more because her sister-in-law could hardly credit her perfect innocence of Robert's intentions, and was vexed at her wish to ascertain Esther's feelings. This was not easy; the poor child was so unhappy and shamefaced, so shocked at her involuntary disobedience, and so grieved at the pain she had given. If Robert had been set before her with full consent of friends, she would have let her whole heart go out to him, loved him, and trusted him for ever, treating whatever opinions were unlike hers as manly idiosyncrasies beyond her power to fathom. But she was no Lydia Languish to need opposition as a stimulus. It rather gave her tender and dutiful spirit a sense of shame, terror, and disobedience; and she thankfully accepted the mandate that sent her on a visit to her married sister for as long as Bobus should remain at Belforest.

He did not show himself downcast, but was quietly assured that he should win her at last, only smiling at the useless precaution, and declaring himself willing to wait, and make a home for her.

But this matter had not tended to make his mother more at ease in her enforced stay at Belforest, which was becoming a kind of gilded prison.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SLACK TIDE.

THERE is such a thing as slack tide in the affairs of men, when a crisis seems as if it would never come, and all things stagnate. The Law Courts had as yet not concerned themselves about the will, vacation time had come and all was at a stand-still, nor could any steps be taken for Lucas's exchange till it was certain into what part

of India Sir Philip Cameron was going. In the meantime his regiment had gone into camp, and he could not get away until the middle of September, and then only for a few days. Arriving very late on a Friday night, he saw nobody but his mother over his supper, and thought her looking very tired. When he met her in the morning, there was the same weary harassed countenance, there were worn marks round the dark wistful eyes, and the hair, whitened at Schwabenbach, did not look as incongruous with the face as hitherto.

No one else except Barbara had come down to prayers, so Jock's first inquiry was for Armine.

'He is pretty well,' said his mother; 'but he is apt to be late. He gets overtired between his beloved parish work, and his reading with Bobus.'

'He is lucky to get such a coach,' said Jock. 'Bob taught me more mathematics in a week than I had learnt in seven years before.'

'He is terribly accurate,' said Babie.

'Which Army does not appreciate?' said Jock.

'I'm afraid not,' said his mother. 'They do worry each other a good deal, and this Infanta most of all, I'm afraid.'

'O no, mother,' said Babie. 'Only it is hard for poor Army to have two taskmasters.'

'What! the Reverend Petronella continues in the ascendant?'

Bobus here entered, with a face that lightened, as did everyone's, at sight of Lucas.

'Good morning. Ah! Jock! I didn't sit up, for I had had a long day out on the moors; we kept the birds nearer home for you. There are plenty, but Grimes says he has heard shots towards River Hollow, and thinks some one must have been trespassing there.'

'Have you heard anything of Elvira? à propos to River Hollow,' said his mother.

'Yes,' said Jock. 'One of our fellows has been on a moor not far from where she was astonishing the natives, conjointly with Lady Anne McNalty. There were bets which of three men she may be engaged to.'

'Pending which,' said his mother, 'I suppose poor Allen will continue to hover on the wings of the *Petrel*?'

'And send home mournful madrigals by the ream,' said Bobus. 'Never was petrel so tuneful a bird!'

'For shame, Bobus; I never meant you to see them!'

'Twas quite involuntary! I have trouble enough with my own pupil's effusions. I leave him a bit of Latin composition, and what do I find but an endless doggerel ballad on What's his name!—who hid under his father's staircase as a beggar, eating the dogs' meat, while his afflicted family were searching for him in vain;—his favourite example.'

'St. Alexis,' said Babie; 'he was asked to versify it.'

'As a wholesome incentive to filial duty and industry,' said Bobus. 'Does the Parsoness mean to have it sung in the school?'

'It might be less dangerous than "the fox went out one moonshiny night,"' said their mother, anxious to turn the conversation. 'Mr. Parsons brought Mr. Todd of Wrexham in to see the school just as the children were singing the final catastrophe when the old farmer "shot the old fox right through the head." He was so horrified that he declared the schools should never have a penny of his while they taught such murder and heresy.'

'Served them right,' said Jock, 'for spoiling that picture of domestic felicity when "the little ones picked the bones oh!" How many guns shall we be, Bobus?'

'Only three. My uncle has a touch of gout, the Monk has got a tutorship, Joe is gone back to his ship, but the mighty Bob has a week's leave, and does not mean a bird to survive the change of owners.'

'Doesn't Armine come?'

'Not he!' said Bobus. 'Says he doesn't want to acquire the taste, and he would knock up with half a day.'

'But you'll all come and bring us luncheon?' entreated Jock. "You will, mother! Now, won't you? We'll eat it on a bank like old times when we lived at the Folly, and all were jolly. I beg your pardon, Bob; I didn't mean to turn into another poetical brother on your hands, but enthusiasm was too strong for me! Come, Mother Carey, do!'

'Where is it to be?' she asked, smiling.

'Out by the Long Hanger would be a good place,' said Bobus, 'where we found the *Epipactis grandiflora*.'

'Or the heathery knoll where poor little mother got into a scrape for singing profane songs by moonlight,' laughed Jock.

'Ah! that was when hearts were light,' she said; 'but at any rate we'll make a holiday of it, for Jock's sake.'

'Ha! what do I see?' exclaimed Jock, who was opposite the open window. 'Is that Armine, or a Jack-in-the-Green?'

'Oh!' half sighed Barbara. 'It's that harvest decoration!' And Armine, casting down armfuls of great ferns, and beautiful trailing plants, made his entrance through the open window, exchanging greetings, and making a semi-apology for his late appearance as he said—

'Mother, please desire Macrae to cut me the great white orchids. He won't do it unless you tell him, and I promised them for the Altar vases.'

'You know, Army, he said cutting them would be the ruin of the plant, and I don't feel justified in destroying it.'

'Macrae's fancy,' muttered Armine. 'It is only that he hates the whole thing.'

'Unhappy Macrae! I go and condole with him sometimes,' said

Bobus. 'I don't know which are most outraged—his Freekirk or his horticultural feelings !'

'Babie,' ordered Armine, who was devouring his breakfast at double speed, 'if you'll put on your things, I've the garden donkey-cart ready to take down the flowers. You won't expect us to luncheon, mother !'

Barbara, though obedient, looked blank, and her mother said—

'My dear, if I went down and helped at the Church till half-past twelve, could not we all be set free ? Your brothers want us to bring their luncheon to them at the Hanger.'

'That's right, mother,' cried Jock ; 'I've half a mind to come and expedite matters.'

'No, no, Skipjack !' cried Bobus ; 'I had that twenty stone of solid flesh whom I see walking up to the house to myself all yesterday, and I can't stand another day of it unmitigated !'

Entered the tall heavy figure of Rob. He reported his father as much the same and not yet up, delivered a note to his aunt, and made no objection to devouring several slices of tongue and a cup of cocoa to recruit nature after his walk ; while Bobus reclaimed the reluctant Armine from cutting scarlet geraniums in the ribbon beds to show him the scene in the Greek play which he was to prepare, and Babie tried to store up all the directions, perceiving from the pupil's roving eye that she should have to be his memory.

Jock saw that the note had brought an additional line of care to his mother's brow, and therefore still more gaily and eagerly adjured her not to fail in the Long Hanger, and as the shooting party started, he turned back to wave his cap, and shout, 'Sharp two !'

Two o'clock found three hungry youths and numerous dead birds on the pleasant thymy bank beneath the edge of the beech wood, but gaze as they might through the clear September air, neither mother, brother, nor sister was visible. Presently, however, the pony-carriage appeared, and in it a hamper, but driven only by the stable-boy. He said a gentleman was at the house, and Mrs. Brownlow was very sorry that she could not come, but had sent him with the luncheon.

'I shall go and see after her,' said Jock ; and in spite of all remonstrance, and assurance that it was only a form of Parsonic tyranny, he took a draught of ale and a handful of sandwiches, sprang into the carriage, and drove off, hardly knowing why, but with a yearning towards his mother, and a sense that all that was unexpected boded evil. Leaving the pony at the stables, and walking up to the house, he heard sounds that caused him to look in at the open library window.

On one side of the table stood his mother, on the other Dr. Demetrius Hermann, with insinuating face, but arm upraised as if in threatening.

'Scoundrel!' burst forth Jock. Both turned, and his mother's look of relief and joy met him as he sprang to her side, exclaiming, 'What does this mean? How dare you?'

'No, no!' she cried, breathlessly, clinging to his arm. 'He did not mean—it was only a gesture!'

'I'll have no such gestures to my mother.'

'Sir, the honoured lady only does me justice. I meant nothing violent. Zat is for you English military whose veapon is zie horse-ship.'

'As you will soon feel,' said Jock, 'if you attempt to bully my mother. What does it mean, mother dear?'

'He made a mistake,' she said, in a quick, tremulous tone, showing how much she was shaken. 'He thinks me a quack doctor's widow, whose secret is matter of bargain and sale.'

'Madame! I offered most honourable terms.'

'Terms, indeed! I told you the affair is no empirical secret to be bought.'

'Yet madame knows that I am in possession of a portion of zie discovery, and that it is in my power to pursue it further, though, for family considerations, I offer her to take me into confidence, so that all may profit in unison,' said the Greek, in his blandest manner.

'The very word *profit* shows your utter want of appreciation,' said Mrs. Brownlow, with dignity. 'Such discoveries are the property of the entire faculty, to be used for the general benefit, not for private, selfish profit. I do not know how much information may have been obtained, but if any attempt be made to use it in the charlatan fashion you propose, I shall at once expose the whole transaction, and send my husband's papers to the *Lancet*.'

Hermann shrugged his shoulders and looked at Lucas, as if considering whether more or less reason could be expected from a soldier than from a woman. It was to him that he spoke.

'Madame cannot see zie matter in zie light of business. I have offered freely to share all that I shall gain, if I may only obtain the data needful to perfect zie discovery of zie learned and venerated father. I am met wit anger I cannot comprehend.'

'Nor ever will,' said Caroline.

'And,' pursued Dr. Hermann, 'when, on zie oder hand, I explain that my wife has imparted to me sufficient to enable me to perfectionate the discovery, and if the reserve be continued, it is just to demand compensation, I am met with indignation even greater. I appeal to zie captain. Is this treatment such as my proposals merit?'

'Not quite,' said Jock. '*That* is to be kicked out of the house, as you shortly will be, if you do not take yourself off.'

'Sir, your amiable affection for madame leads you to forget, as she does, zie claim of your sister.'

'No one has any claim on my mother,' said Jock.

'Zie moral claim—zie claim of affection,' began the Greek; but Caroline interrupted him—

'Dr. Hermann is not the person fitly to remind me of these. They have not been much thought of in Janet's case. I mean to act as justly as I can by my daughter, but I have absolutely nothing to give her at present. Till I know what my own means may prove to be I can do nothing.'

'But madame holds out zie hope of some endowment. I shall be in a condition to be independent of it, but it would be sweet to my wife as a token of pardon. I could bear away a promise.'

'I promise nothing,' was the reply. 'If I have anything to give—even then all would depend on your conduct and the line you may take. And above all, remember, it is in my power to frustrate and expose any attempt to misuse any hints that may have been stolen from my husband's memoranda. In my power, and my duty.'

'Madame might have spared me this,' sighed the Athenian. 'My poor Janette! She will not believe how her husband has been received.'

He was gone. Caroline dropped into a chair, but the next moment she almost screamed—

'Oh, we must not let him go thus! He may revenge it on her! Go after him, get his address, tell him she shall have her share if he will behave well to her.'

Jock fulfilled his mission according to his own judgment, and as he returned his mother started up.

'You have not brought him back!'

'I should rather think not!'

'Janet's husband! Oh, Jock, it is very dreadful! My poor child!'

She had been a little lioness in face of the enemy, but she was trembling so helplessly that Jock put her on a couch and knelt with his arm round her, while she laid her head on his strong young shoulder.

'Let me fetch you some wine, mother darling,' he said.

'No, no—to feel you is better than anything,' putting his arm closer—

'What was it all about, mother?'

'Ah! you don't know, yet you went straight to the point, my dear champion.'

'He was bullying you, that was enough. I thought for a moment the brute was going to strike you.'

'That was only gesticulation. I'm glad you didn't knock him down when you made in to the rescue.'

She could laugh a little now.

'I should like to have done it. What did he want? Money, of course!'

'Not solely. I can't tell you all about it; but Janet saw some memoranda of your father's, and he wants to get hold of them.'

'To pervert them to some quackery?'

'If not, I do him great injustice.'

'Give them up to a rogue like that! I should guess not! It will be some little time before he tries again. Well done, little mother!'

'If he will not turn upon her.'

'What a speculation he must have thought her.'

'Don't talk of it, Jock; I can't bear to think of her in such hands.'

'Janet has a spirit of her own. I should think she could get her way with her subtle Athenian. Where did he drop from?'

'He overtook me on my way back from the Church, for indeed I did not mean to break my appointment. I don't think the servants knew who was here. And Jock, if you mention it to the others, don't speak of this matter of the papers. Call it, as you may with truth, an attempt to extort money.'

'Very well,' he gravely said.

'It is true,' she continued, 'that I have valuable memoranda of your father's in my charge, but I am not at liberty to tell you more.'

'Of course I am. So the mother was really coming, like a good little Red-riding-hood, to bring her sons' dinner into the forest, when she met with the wolf! Pray, has he eaten up the two kids at a mouthful?'

'No, Miss Parsons had done that already. They are making the Church so beautiful, and it did not seem possible to spare them, though I hope Armine may get home in time to get his work done for Bobus.'

'Is not he worked rather hard between the two? He does not seem to thrive on it.'

'Jock, I can say it to you. I don't know what to do. The poor boy's heart is in these Church matters, and he is so bitterly grieved at the failure of all his plans, that I cannot bear to check him in doing all he can. It is just what I ought to have been doing all these years; I only saw my duties as they were being taken away from me, and so I deserve the way Miss Parsons treats me.'

'What way?'

'You need not bristle up. She is very civil; but when I hint that Armine has study and health to consider, I see that in her eyes I am the worldly obstructive mother who serves as a trial to the hero.'

'If she makes Armine think so——'

'Army is too loyal for that. Yet it may be only too true, and only my worldliness that wishes for a little discretion. Still, I don't think a sensible woman, if she were ever so good and devoted, would encourage his fretting over the disappointment, or lead him to waste his time when so much depends on his diligence. I am sure the

focus of her mind must be distorted, and she is twisting his the same way.'

'And her brother follows suit?'

'I think they go in parallel grooves, and he lets her alone. It is very unlucky, for they are a constant irritation to Bobus, and he fancies them average specimens of good people. He sneers, and I can't say but that much of what he says is true, but there is the envenomed drop in it which makes his good sense shocking to Armine, and I fear Babie relishes it more than is good for her. So they make one another worse, and so they will as long as we are here. It was a great mistake to stay on, and your uncle must feel it so.'

'Could you not go to Dieppe, or some cheap place?'

'I don't feel justified in any more expense. Here the house costs nothing, and our personal expenditure does not go beyond our proper means; but to pay for lodging elsewhere would soon bring me in excess of it, at least as long as Allen keeps up the yacht. Then poor Janet must have something, and I don't know what bills may be in store for me, and there's your outfit, and Bobus's.'

'Never mind mine.'

'My dear, that's fine talking, but you can't go like Sir Charles Napier, with one shirt and a bit of soap.'

'No, but I shall get something for the exchange. Besides, my kit was costly even for the Guards, and will amply cover all that.'

'And you have sold your horses?'

'And have been living on them ever since! Come, won't that encourage you to make a little jaunt, just to break the spell?'

'I wish it could, my dear, but it does not seem possible while those bills are such a dreadful uncertainty. I never know what Allen may have been ordering.'

'Surely the Evelyns would be glad to have you.'

'No, Jock, that can't be. Promise me that you will do nothing to lead to an invitation. You are to meet some of them, are you not?'

'Yes, on Thursday week, at Roland Hampton's wedding. Cecil and I and a whole lot of us go down in the morning to it, and Sydney is to be a bridesmaid. What are you going to do now, mother?'

'I don't quite know. I feel regularly foolish. I shall have a headache if I don't keep quiet, but I can't persuade myself to stay in the house lest that man should come back.'

'What! not with me for garrison?'

'O nonsense, my dear. You must go and catch up the sportsmen.'

'Not when I can get my Mother Carey all to myself. You go and lie down in the dressing-room, and I'll come as soon as I have taken off my boots and ordered some coffee for you.'

He returned with the step of one treading on eggs, expecting to find her half asleep; but her eyes were glittering, and there were red spots on her cheeks, for her nerves were excited, and when he came in she

began to talk. She told him, not of present troubles, but of the letters between his father and grandmother, which, in her busy, restless life, she had never before looked at, but which had come before her in her preparations for vacating Belforest. Perhaps it was only now that she had grown into appreciation of the relations between that mother and son, as she read the letters, preserved on each side, and revealing the full beauty and greatness of her husband's nature, his perfect confidence in his mother, and a guiding influence from her which she herself had never thought of exerting. Does not many an old correspondence thus put the present generation to shame?

Jock was the first person with whom she had shared these letters, and it was good to watch his face as he read the words of the father whom he remembered chiefly as the best of playfellows. He was of an age and in a mood to enter into them with all his heart, though he uttered little more than an occasional question, or some murmured remark when anything struck him. Both he and his mother were so occupied that they never observed that the sky clouded over and rain began to fall, nor did they think of any outer object till Bobus opened the door in search of them.

'Halloo, you deserter!'

'Hush! Mother has a headache.'

'Not now, you have cured it.'

'Well, you've missed an encounter with the most impudent rascal I ever came across.'

'You didn't meet Hermann?'

'Well, perhaps I have found his match; but you shall hear. Grimes said he heard guns, and we came on the scoundrel in Lewis Acre, two brace on his shoulder.'

'The vultures are gathering to the prey,' said his mother.

'I'm not arrived at lying still to be devoured!' said Bobus. 'I gave him the benefit of a doubt, and sent Grimes to warn him off; but the fellow sent his card—his card forsooth, "Mr. Gilbert Gould, R.N.,"—and information that he had Miss Menella's permission.'

'Not credible,' said Jock.

'Mrs. Lisette's more likely,' said his mother. 'I think he is her brother.'

'I sent Grimes back to tell him that Miss Menella had as much power to give leave as my old pointer, and if he did not retire at once, we should gently remove his gun and send out a summons.'

'Why did you not do so at once?' cried Jock.

'Because I have brains enough not to complicate matters by a personal row with the Goulds,' said Bobus, 'though I could wish not to have been there, when the keepers would infallibly have done so. Shall I write to George Gould, or will you, mother?'

'Oh dear,' sighed Caroline, 'I think Mr. Wakefield is the fittest person, if it signifies enough to have it done at all.'

'Signifies!' cried Jock. 'To have that rascal loafing about! I wouldn't be trampled upon while the life is in me!'

'I don't like worrying Mr. Gould. It is not his fault, except for having married such a wife, poor man.'

'Having been married by her, you mean,' said Bobus. 'Mark me, she means to get that fellow married to that poor child, as sure as fate.'

'Impossible, Bobus! His age!'

'He is a good deal younger than his sister, and a prodigious swell.'

'Besides, he is her uncle,' said Jock.

'No, no, only her uncle's wife's brother.'

'That's just the same.'

'I wish it were!' But Jock would not be satisfied without getting a Prayer-book, to look at the table of degrees.

'He is really her third cousin, I believe,' said his mother, 'and I'm afraid that is not prohibited.'

'Is he a ship's steward?' said Jock, looking at the card with infinite disgust.

'A paymaster's-assistant, I believe.'

'That would be too much. Besides, there's the Scot!'

'I don't think much of that,' said Jock. 'The mother and sister are keen for it, but Clanmacnalty is in no haste to marry, and by all accounts the elf carries on promiscuously with three or four at once.'

'And she has no fine instinct for a gentleman,' added Bobus. 'It is who will spread the butter thickest!'

'A bad look out for Belforest,' said Jock.

'It can't be much worse than it has been with me,' said his mother.

'That's what that little ass, Armine, has been presuming to din into your ears,' said Bobus; 'as if the old women didn't prefer beef and blankets to your coming poking piety at the poor old parties.'

'By the bye,' cried Caroline, starting, 'those children have never come home, and see how it rains!'

Jock volunteered to take the pony carriage and fetch them, but he had not long emerged from the park in the gathering twilight before he overtook two figures under one umbrella, and would have passed them had he not been hailed.

'You demented children! Jump in this instant.'

'Don't turn!' called Armine. 'We must take this,' showing a parcel which he had been sheltering more carefully than himself or his sister.

'It is cord and tassels for the banner. They sent wrong ones,' said Barbara, 'and we had to go and match it. They would not let me go alone.'

'Get in, I say,' cried Jock, who was making demonstrations with the 'national weapon' much as if he would have liked to lay it about their shoulders.

'Then we must drive on to the Parsonage,' stipulated Armine.

'Not a bit of it, you drenched and foolish morsel of humanity. You are going straight home to bed. Hand us the parcel. What will you give me not to tie this cord round the Reverend Petronella's neck?'

'Thank you, Jock, I'm so glad,' said Babie, referring probably to the earlier part of his speech. 'We would have come home for the pony carriage, but we thought it would be out.'

'Take care of the drip,' was Armine's parting cry, as Babie turned the pony's head, and Jock strode down the lane. He meant merely to have given in the parcel at the door, but Miss Parsons darted out, and not distinguishing him in the dark began, 'Thank you, dear Armine; I'm so sorry, but it is in the good cause and you won't regret it. Where's your sister? Gone home? But you'll come and have a cup of tea and stay to evensong?'

'My brother and sister are gone home, thank you,' said Jock, with impressive formality and a manly voice that made her start.

'Oh, indeed. Thank you, Mr. Brownlow. I was so sorry to let them go; but it had not begun to rain, and it is such a joy to dear Armine to be employed in the service.'

'Yes, he is mad enough to run any risk,' said Jock.

'Oh, Mr. Brownlow, if I could only persuade you to enter into the joy of self-devotion, you would see that I could not forbid him! Won't you come in and have a cup of tea?'

'Thank you, no. Good night.' And Miss Parsons was left rejoicing at having said a few words of reproof to that cynical Mr. Robert Brownlow, while Jock tramped away, grinning a sardonic smile at the lady's notions of the joys of self-sacrifice.

He came home only just in time for dinner, and found Armine enduring, with a touching resignation learnt in Miss Parsons' school, the sarcasm of Bobus for having omitted to prepare his studies. The boy could neither eat, nor entirely conceal the chills that were running over him; and though he tried to silence his brother's objurgations by bringing out his books afterwards, his cheeks burnt, he emitted little grunting coughs, and at last his head went down on the lexicon, and his breath came quick and short.

The Harvest Festival day was perforce kept by him in bed, blistered and watched from hour to hour to arrest the autumn cold, which was the one thing dreaded as imperilling him in the English winter which he must face for the first time for four years.

And Miss Parsons, when impressively told, evidently thought it was the family fashion to make a great fuss about him.

Alas! why are people so one-sided and absorbed in their own concerns as never to guess what stumbling-blocks they raise in other people's paths, nor how they make their good be evil spoken of?

Babie confided her feelings to Jock when he escorted her to Church in the evening, and had detected a melancholy sound in her voice which made him ask if she thought Armine's attack of the worst sort.

'Not particularly, except that he talks so beautifully.'

Jock gave a small sympathetic whistle at this dreadful symptom, and wondered to hear that he had been able to talk.

'I didn't mean only to-day, but this is only what he had made up his mind to. He never expects to leave Belforest, and he thinks—oh, Jock!—he thinks it is meant to do Bobus good.'

'He doesn't go the way to edify Bobus.'

'No, but don't you see? That is what is so dreadful. He only just reads with Bobus because mother ordered him; and he hates it because he thinks it is of no use, for he will never be well enough to go to college. Why, he had this cold coming yesterday, and I believe he is glad, for it would be like a book for him to be very bad indeed, bad enough to be able to speak out to Bobus without being laughed at.'

'Does he always go on in this way?'

'Not to mother; but to hear him and Miss Parsons is enough to drive one wild. They went on such a dreadful way yesterday that I was furious, and so glad to get away to Kenminster; only after I had set off, he came running after me, and I knew what that would be.'

'What does she do? Does she blarney him?'

'Yes, I suppose so. She means it, I believe; but she does flatter him so that it would make me sick, if it didn't make me so wretched! You see he likes it, because he fancies her goodness itself; and so I suppose she is, only there is such a lot of clerical shop'—then, as Jock made a sound as if he did not like the slang in her mouth—'Ay, it sounds like Bobus; but if this goes on much longer, I shall turn to Bobus's way. He has all the sense on his side!'

'No, Babie,' said Jock, very gravely. 'That's a much worse sort of folly!'

'And he will be gone before long,' said Barbara, much struck by a tone entirely unwonted from her brother. 'Oh, Jock, I thought reverses would be rather nice and help one to be heroic, and perhaps they would, if they would only come faster, and Armine could be out of Miss Parsons' way; but I don't believe he will ever be better while he is here. I think!—I think!' and she began to sob, 'that Miss Parsons will really be the death of him if she is not hindered!'

'Can't he go on board the *Petrel* with Allen?'

'Mother did think of that,' said Babie, 'but Allen said he wasn't in spirits for the charge, and that cabin No. 2 wasn't comfortable enough. Jock was not the least surprised at this selfishness, but he said—'

'We will get him away somehow, Infanta, never fear! And when you have left this place, you'll be all right. You'll have the Friar, and he is a host in himself.'

'Yes,' said Babie, ruefully, 'but he is not a brother after all. Oh, Jock! mother says it is very wrong in me, but I can't help it.'

'What is wrong, little one?'

'To feel it so dreadful that you and Bobus are going! I know it is

honour and glory, and promotion, and chivalry, and Victoria crosses, and all that Sydney and I used to care for ; but, oh ! we never thought of those that stayed at home.'

'You were a famous Spartan till the time came,' said Jock, in an odd husky voice.

'I wouldn't mind so much but for mother,' said poor Barbara, in an apologetic tone ; 'nor if there were any stuff in Allen ; nor if dear Army were well and like himself ; but, oh dear ! I feel as if all the manhood and comfort of the family would be gone to the other end of the world.'

'What did you say about mother ?'

'I beg your pardon, Jock, I didn't mean to worry you. I know it is a grand thing for you. But mother was so merry and happy when we thought we should all be snug with you in the old house, and she made such nice plans. But now she is so fagged and worn, and she can't sleep. She began to read as soon as it was light all those long summer mornings to keep from thinking ; and she is teasing herself over her accounts. There were shoals of great horrid bills of things Allen ordered coming in at Midsummer, just as she thought she saw her way ! Do you know, she thinks she may have to let our own house and go into lodgings.'

'Is that you, Barbara !' said a voice at the Parsonage wicket. 'How is our dear patient ?'

'Rather better to-night, we think.'

'Tell him I hope to come and see him to-morrow. And say the vases are come. I thought your mother would wish us to have the large ones, so I put them in the Church. They are 3*l*.'

Babie thought Jock's face was dazed when he came among the lights in Church, and that he moved and responded like an automaton, and she could hardly get a word out of him all the way home. There, they were sent for to Armine, who was sufficiently better to want to hear all about the services, the procession, the wheat-sheaf, the hymns, and the sermons. Jock stood the examination well till it came to even-song, when, as his sister had conjectured, he knew nothing, except one sentence, which he said had come over and over again in the sermon, and he wanted to know whence it came. It was, 'Seekest thou great things for thyself.'

Even Armine only knew that it was in a note in the *Christian Year*, and Babie looked out the reference, and found that it was Jeremiah's rebuke to Baruch for self-seeking amid the general ruin.

'I liked Baruch,' she said. 'I am sorry he was selfish.'

'Noble selfishness, perhaps,' said Armine. 'He may have aimed at saving his country and coming out a glorious hero, like Gideon or Jephtha.'

'And would that have been self-seeking too, as well as the commoner thing !' said Babie.

'It is like a bit of New Testament in the midst of the Old,' said Armine. 'They that are great are called Benefactors—a good *sort* of greatness, but still not the true Christian greatness.'

'And that?' said Babie.

'To be content to be faithful *servant* as well as faithful soldier,' said Armine, thoughtfully. 'But what had it to do with the harvest?'

He got no satisfaction, Babie could remember nothing but Jock's face, and Jock had taken the Bible, and was looking at the passages referred to. He sat for a long time resting his head on his hand, and when at last he was roused to bid Armine good-night, he bent over him, kissed him, and said, 'In spite of all, you're the wise one of us, Army boy. Thank you.'

(*To be continued.*)

HERIOT'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'NELLIE'S MEMORIES,' 'WOODED AND MARRIED,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE COTTAGE AT FROGNAL.

'Whose soft voice
Should be the sweetest music to his ear.'

BETHUNE.

THE journey was accomplished with less difficulty and fatigue than Mildred had dared to expect.

Dr. Heriot's attentions were undemonstrative but unceasing. For a greater part of the way Mildred lay back amongst her snug wrappings, talking little, but enjoying to the full the novelty of being the object of so much care and thought. 'He is kind to everybody, and now he has taken all this trouble for me,' she said to herself; 'it is so like him—so like his goodness.'

They were a very quiet party. Dr. Heriot was unusually silent, and Polly sat watching the scenery and flying mile-stones with half-dreamy absorption. When darkness came on, she nestled down by Mildred's side. From his corner of the carriage, Dr. Heriot secretly peered at the faces before him, under the guttering oil-lamp. Mildred's eyes had closed at last from weariness; her thin cheek was pressed on the dark cushion. In spite of the worn lines, the outline of the face struck him as strangely fair; a fine nature was written there in indelible characters; even in the abandonment of utter weariness, the mouth had not relaxed its firm sweet curve; a chastened will had gradually smoothed the furrows from the brow; it was as smooth and open as a sleeping child, and yet youth had no part there; its tints and roundness had long ago fled.

How had it been that Polly's piquant charms had blinded him? As he looked at her now, half-lovingly, half-sadly, he owned that she could not be otherwise than pretty in his eyes, and yet the illusion was dispelled; but even as the thought passed through his mind, Polly's dark eyes unclosed.

'Are we near London? oh, how tired I am!' she said, with a weary, petulant sigh. 'I cannot sleep like Aunt Milly; and the darkness and the swinging make me giddy. One can only see great blanks of mist and rushing walls, and red eyes blinking everywhere.'

Dr. Heriot smiled over the girl's discontent. 'You will see the lights of the station in another ten minutes. Poor little Heartsease. You are tired and cold and anxious, and we have still a long drive before us.'

'It has not been so long after all,' observed Mildred, cheerfully. She did not feel cold or particularly tired; pleasant dreams had come to her; some thoughtful hand had drawn the fur-lined rug round her as she slept. As they jolted out of the light station and into the dark Euston Road beyond, she sat thoughtful and silent, reviewing the work that lay before her.

It was late in the evening when the travellers reached the little cottage at Frognal. Roy had taken a fancy to the place, and had migrated thither the previous summer, in company with a young artist named Dugald.

It was a low, old-fashioned house, somewhat shabby-looking by daylight, but standing back from the road, with a pleasant strip of garden lying round it, and an invisible walk formed of stunted, prickly shrubs, which had led its owner to give it the name of 'The Hollies.'

Roy had fallen in love with the straggling lawn and mulberry-trees, and beds of old-fashioned flowers. He declared the peonies, hollyhocks, and lupins, and small violet-and-yellow pansies reminded him of Warcop Vicarage; for it was well known that Mr. Delaware claved with fondness to the flowers of his childhood, and was much given to cultivate all manner of herbs, to be used medicinally by the poor of the neighbourhood.

A certain long, low room, with an out-of-the-way window, was declared to have the north light, and to be just the thing for a studio, and was shared conjointly by the young artists, who also took their frugal meals together, and smoked their pipes in a dilapidated arbour overlooking the mulberry-tree.

Mildred knew that Herbert Dugald was at the present moment in Mentone, called thither by the alarming illness of his father, and that his room had been placed at Roy's disposal. The cottage was a large one, and she thought there would be little difficulty in accommodating Polly and herself; and as Mrs. Madison had no other lodgers, they could count on a tolerable amount of quiet and comfort; and in spite

of the quaintness and homeliness of the arrangements, they found this to be the case.

Dr. Heriot had telegraphed their probable arrival, so they were not unexpected. Mrs. Madison, an artist's widow herself, welcomed them with unfeigned delight; her pleasant, sensible Scotch face broadened with smiles as she came forward to meet them.

'Eh, he's better, poor lad, though I never thought to say it,' she said, answering Mildred's anxious look. 'He would not let me write, as I wished, for fear of alarming his father, he said; but as soon as the letter was posted, he made me telegraph for his brother; he arrived last evening.'

'Richard!' ejaculated Mildred, feeling things were worse than even she had expected; but at that moment Richard appeared, gently closing the door behind him.

'Hush! he knows you are here;—you, I mean, Aunt Milly,' perceiving Polly now, with some surprise; 'but we must be very careful. Last night I thought we should have lost him. Ah, Dr. John, how good of you to bring them! Come in here; we expected you, you see, Aunt Milly,' and he led them into poor Roy's sitting-room.

There was a blazing fire in the studio; the white china tiles reflected a pleasant glow and heat; the heavy draperies that veiled the cross-lights looked snug and dark; tea was on the little round table; a large old-fashioned couch stood inviting near. Richard took off Mildred's bonnet and hung it on an empty easel; Polly's furs found a place on a wonderfully carved oak chest.

There was all the usual lumber belonging to a studio. Richard, in an interval of leisure, had indeed cleared away a heterogeneous rubbish of pipes, boxing-gloves, and foils, but the upper part of the room was a perfect chaos of portfolios, books, and musical instruments, the little square piano literally groaned under the dusty records; still there was a wide space of comfort round the tiled fire-place, where all manner of nursery tales leaped into existence under the kindling flame with just enough confusion to be quaint and picturesque.

Neither Mildred nor Polly found fault with the suit of armour and the carved chair, that was good for everything but to sit upon; the plaster busts and sham bronzes struck them as beautiful; the old red velvet curtain had an imposing effect, as well as the shreds and scraps of colour introduced everywhere. Roy's velvet coat and gold-tasselled smoking-cap lay side by side with an old Venetian garment, stiff with embroidery and dirt. Polly touched it caressingly as she passed.

Mildred's eyes had noted all these surroundings while she sat down on the couch where Roy had tossed for so many, many days, and let Richard wait on her; but her anxious looks still mutely questioned him.

'You shall go in and see him directly you are rested and have had some tea,' said Richard, busily occupying himself with the little black kettle. 'He heard your ring, and made a sign to me to come to you;

he has been wishing for you all night, poor fellow ; but it was his own fault, telegraphing to me instead.'

'You look fagged, Cardie ; and no wonder—it must have been dreadful for you alone.'

'Mrs. Madison was with me. I would not have been without her ; she is a capital nurse, whatever Rex may say. At one time I got alarmed ; the pain in the side increased, and the distressed breathing was painful to hear, the pulse reaching to a great height. I fancied once or twice that he was a little light-headed.'

'Very probably,' returned Dr. Heriot, gravely, placing himself quietly between Mildred and the fire, as she shielded her face from the flame. 'I cannot understand how such a state of things should be. I always thought Roy's a tolerably sound constitution ; nothing ever seemed to give him cold.'

'He has never been right since he was laid up with his foot,' replied Richard, with a slight hesitation in his manner. 'He did foolish things, Mrs. Madison told me : took long walks after painting-hours in the fog and rain, and on more than one occasion forgot to change his wet things. She noticed he had a cold and cough, and tried once or twice to dissuade him from venturing out in the damp, but he only laughed at her precautions. I am afraid he has been very reckless,' finished Richard with a sigh, which Dr. Heriot echoed. Alas ! he understood too well the cause of Roy's recklessness.

Polly had been shrinking into a corner all this time, her cheeks paling with every word ; but now Dr. Heriot, without apparently noticing her agitation, placed her in a great arm-chair beside the table, and insisted that she should make tea for them all.

'We have reason to be thankful that the inflammation has subsided,' he said, gravely. 'From what Richard tells us he has certainly run a great risk, but I must see him and judge for myself.' And as Richard looked doubtfully at Mildred, he continued, decidedly, 'You need not fear that my presence will harass or excite him, if he be as ill as you describe. I will take the responsibility of the act on myself.'

'It will be a great relief to my mind, I confess,' replied Richard, in a low voice. 'I like Dr. Blenkinsop, but still a second opinion would be a great satisfaction to all of us ; and then, you know him so well.'

'Are you sure it will not be a risk,' whispered Polly, as he stood beside her. She slid a hot little hand into his as she spoke, 'Heriot, are you sure it will be wise !'

'Trust me,' was his sole reply ; but the look that accompanied it might well reassure her, it was so full of pity for her and Roy ; it seemed to say that he so perfectly understood her, that as far as in him lay he would take care of them both.

Poor Polly ! she spent a forlorn half-hour when the others had left ; strange terrors oppressed her ; a gnawing pain, for which she knew no words, fevered and kept her restless.

What if Roy should die? What if the dear companion of her thoughts, and hopes, should suddenly be snatched from them in the first fervour of youth? Would she ever cease to reproach herself that she had so misunderstood him? Would not the consequences of his unhappy recklessness (ah, they little knew how they stabbed her there), lie heavily on her head, however innocent she might own herself?

Perhaps in his boyish way he had wooed her, and she had failed to comprehend his wooing. How many times he had told her that she was dearer to him than Olive and Chriss, that she was the sunshine of his home, that he cared for nothing unless Polly shared it; and she had smiled happily over such evidence of his affection.

Had she ever understood him?

She remembered once that he had brought her some trinket that had pleased his fancy, and insisted on her always wearing it for his sake, and she had remonstrated with him on its costliness.

'You must not spend all your money on me, Rex. It is not right,' she had said to him more seriously than usual; 'you know how Aunt Milly objects to extravagance; and then it will make the others jealous, you know. I am not your sister—not your real sister, I mean.'

'If you were, I should not have bought you this,' he had answered laughing, and clasping it with boyish force on her arm. 'Polly, what a child you are! when will you be grown up?' and there was an expression in his eyes that she had not understood.

A hundred such remembrances seemed crowding upon her. Would other girls have been as blind in her place? Would they not have more rightly interpreted the loving looks and words that of late he had lavished upon her? Doubtless in his own way he had been wooing her, but no such thought had entered her mind, never till she had heard his bitter words, 'You are Heriot's now, Polly,' had she even vaguely comprehended his meaning.

And now she had gone near to break his heart and her own too, for if Roy should die, she verily believed that hers would be broken by the sheer weight of remorseful pity. Ah, if he would only live, and she might care for him as though he were her own brother, how happy they might be still, for Polly's heart was still loyal to her guardian. But this suspense was not to be borne, and, unable to control her restlessness any longer, Polly moved with cautious steps across the room, and peeped fearfully into the dark passage.

She knew exactly where Roy's room was. He had often described to her the plan of the cottage. Across the passage was a little odd-shaped room, full of cupboards, which was Mrs. Madison's sitting-room. The kitchen was behind, and to the left there was a small garden-room where the young men kept their boots, and all manner of miscellaneous rubbish, in company with Mrs. Madison's geraniums and cases of stuffed birds.

A few winding, crooked stairs led to Roy's room; Mr. Dugald's was a few steps higher; beyond, there was a perfect nest of rooms hidden down a dark passage; there were old musty cupboards everywhere; a clear scent of dry lavender pervaded the upper regions; a swinging lamp burnt dimly in a sort of alcove leading to Roy's room. As Polly groped her way cautiously, a short, yapping sound was distinctly audible, and a little black-and-tan terrier came from somewhere.

Polly knelt down and coaxed the creature to approach: she knew it was Sue, Roy's dog, whom he had rescued from drowning; but the animal only whined and shivered, and went back to her lair, outside her master's door.

'Sue is more faithful to him than I,' thought the girl with a sigh. The studio seemed more cheerful than the dark, cold passage. Sue's repulse had saddened her still more. When Dr. Heriot returned some time afterwards, he found her curled up in the great arm-chair, with her face buried in her hands, not crying as he feared, but with pale cheeks and wide distended eyes that he was troubled to see.

'My poor Polly,' smoothing her hair caressingly.

Polly sprang up.

'Oh, Heriot, how long you have been. I have been so frightened; is he—will he live?' the stammering lips not disguising the terrible anxiety.

'There is no doubt of it; but he has been very ill. No, my dear child, you need not fear I shall misunderstand you,' as Polly tried to hide her happy face, every feature quivering with the joyful relief. 'You cannot be too thankful, too glad, for he has had a narrow escape. Aunt Milly will have her hands full for some time.'

'I thought if he died that it would be my fault,' she faltered, 'and then I could not have borne it.'

'Yes—yes—I know,' he returned, soothingly; 'but now this fear is removed, you will be our Heartsease again, and cheer us all up. I cannot bear to see your bright face clouded. You will be yourself again, Polly, will you not?'

'I will try,' she returned, lifting up her face to be kissed like a child. She had never but once offered him the most timid caress, and this maidenly reserve and shyness had been sweet to him; but now he told himself it was different. Alas! he knew her better than she knew herself, and there was sadness in his looks, as he gently bade her good-night. She detained him with some surprise, 'Where are you going, Heriot? you know there is plenty of room; Richard said so.'

'I shall watch in Roy's room to-night,' he replied. 'Richard looks worn out, and Aunt Milly must recruit after her journey. I shall not leave till the middle of the day to-morrow, so we shall have plenty of time to talk. You must rest now.'

'Are you going away to-morrow,' repeated Polly, looking blank. 'I—I had hoped you would stay.'

'My child, that would be impossible; but Richard will remain for a few days longer. I will promise to come back as soon as I can.'

'But—but if you leave me—oh, you must not leave me, Heriot,' returned the girl with sudden inexplicable emotion; 'what shall I do without you?'

'Have I grown so necessary to you all at once?' he returned, and there was an accent of reproach in his voice. 'Nay, Polly, this is not like your sensible little self; you know I must go back to my patients.'

'Yes, I know; but all the same I cannot bear to let you go; promise me that you will come back soon—very soon—before Roy gets much better.'

'I will not leave you longer than I can help,' he replied earnestly, distressed at her evident pain at losing him, but steadfast in his purpose, to leave her unfettered by his presence. 'Now, sweet one, you must not detain me any longer, as to-night I am Roy's nurse,' and with that she let him leave her.

There was a bright fire in the room where Mildred and she were to sleep. When Mrs. Madison had lighted the tall candlesticks on the mantelpiece, and left her to finish her unpacking, Polly tried to amuse herself by imagining what Olive would think of it all.

It was a long, low room, with a corner cut off. All the rooms at The Hollies were low and oddly shaped, but the great four-post bed, with the moreen hangings, half filled it.

As far as curiosities went, it might have resembled either the upper half of a pawnbroker's window, or a mediæval corner in some shop in Wardour Street, such a medley of odds and ends were never found in one room. A great, black, carved wardrobe, which Roy was much given to rave about in his letters home, occupied one side; two or three spindle-legged and much dilapidated chairs, dating from Queen Anne's time, with an oaken chest, filled up all available space; but wardrobe, mantelpiece, and even washstand, served as receptacles for the mere breakable objects.

Peacocks' feathers and an Indian canoe were suspended over the dim little oblong glass. Underneath, a Japanese idol smiled fiendishly; the five senses, and sundry shepherdesses in China, danced round him like wood-nymphs round a satyr; a tea-pot, a hunting watch, and an emu's egg garnished the toilet table; over which hung a sampler, worked by Mrs. Madison's grandmother; two little girls, in wide sashes, with a long-eared dog, simpered in woolwork; a portrait of some Madison deceased, in a short-waisted tartan satin, and a velvet hat and feathers, hung over them.

The face attracted Polly in spite of the grotesque dress and ridiculous head-gear—the feathers would have enriched a hearse; under the funeral plumes smiled a face still young and pleasant, it gave one

the impression of a fresh healthy nature; the ruddy cheeks and buxom arms, with plenty of soft muscle, would have become a dairymaid.

'I wonder,' mused the girl, with a sort of sorrowful humour, 'who this Clarice was—Mrs. Madison's grandmother or great-grandmother most likely, for of course she married, that broad, smiling face could not belong to an old maid; she was some squire or farmer's wife most likely, and he bought her that hat in London when they went up to see the Green Parks, and St. James's, and Greenwich Hospital, and Vauxhall,—she had a double chin, and got dreadfully stout, I know, before she was forty. And I wonder,' she continued, with unconscious pathos, 'if this Clarice liked the squire, or farmer, or whatever he may be, as I like Dr. Heriot. Or if, when she was young, she had an adopted brother who gave her pain; she looks as though she never knew what it was to be unhappy or sorry about anything.'

Polly's fanciful musings were broken presently by Mildred's entrance; she accosted the girl cheerfully, but there was no mistaking her pale, harassed looks.

'It is nearly twelve, you ought not to have waited for me, my dear; there was so much to do—and then Richard kept me.'

'Where is Richard?' asked Polly, abruptly.

'He has gone to bed; he is to have Mr. Dugald's room. Dr. Heriot is sitting up with Roy.'

'Yes, I know. Oh, Aunt Milly, he says there is no doubt of his living, the inflammation has subsided, and with care he has every hope of him.'

'Thank God! He will tell his father so; we none of us knew of his danger till it was past, and so we were saved Richard's terrible suspense; he has been telling me about it. I never saw him more cut up about anything—it was a sharper attack than we believed.'

'Could he speak to you, Aunt Milly?'

'Only a word or two, and those hardly audible; the breathing is still so oppressed that we dare not let him try—but he made me a sign to kiss him, and once he took hold of my hand; he likes to see us there.'

'He did not mind Dr. Heriot then?' and Polly turned to the fire to hide her sudden flush, but Mildred did not notice it.

'He seemed a little agitated I thought, but Dr. Heriot soon succeeded in calming him; he managed beautifully. I am sure Roy likes having him, though once or twice he looked pained—at least, I fancied so; but you have no idea what Dr. Heriot is in a sick-room,' and Mildred paused in some emotion.

She felt it was impossible to describe to Polly the skilful tenderness with which he had tended Roy; the pleasant cordiality which had evaded awkwardness, the exquisite sympathy that dealt only with present suffering; no, it could only be stored sacredly in her memory, as a thing never to be forgotten.

The girl drooped her head as Mildred spoke.

'I am finding out more every day what he is, but one will never come to the bottom of his goodness,' she said, humbly. 'Aunt Milly, I feel more and more how unworthy I am of him,' and she rested her head against Mildred and wept.

There was a weary ring in Mildred's voice as she answered her.

'He would not like to hear you speak so despairingly of his choice; you must make yourself worthy of him, dear Polly.'

'I will try—I do try, till I get heartsick over my failures. I know when he is disappointed, or thinks me silly, he gives me one of his quiet looks that seem to read one through and through, and then all my courage goes. I do so long to tell him sometimes that he must be satisfied with me just as I am, that I shall never get wiser or better, that I shall always be Polly and nothing more.'

'Only his precious little Heartsease!'

'No,' she returned, sighing, 'I fear that has gone too. I feel so sore and unhappy about all this—Does he—does Roy know I am here?'

'No, no, not yet; he is hardly strong enough to bear any excitement. It will be very dull for you, my child, for you will not even have my company.'

'Oh, I shall not mind it—not much I mean,' returned Polly, stoutly.

But, nevertheless, her heart sank at the prospect before her; she would not see him perhaps for weeks, she would only see Mildred by snatches, she would be debarred from Dr. Heriot's society; it was a dreary thought for the affectionate girl, but her resolution did not falter, things would look brighter by the morning light as Mildred told her, and she fell asleep, planning occupation for her solitary days.

Dr. Heriot's watch had been a satisfactory one, and he was able to report favourably of the invalid. Roy still suffered greatly from the accelerated and oppressed breathing and distressing cough, but the restlessness and fever had abated, and towards morning he had enjoyed some refreshing sleep, and he was able to leave him more comfortably to Mildred and Richard.

He took Polly for a long walk after breakfast, which greatly brightened the girl's spirits, after which Richard and he had a long talk while pacing the lawn under the mulberry trees; both of them looked somewhat pale and excited when they came in, and Richard especially seemed deeply moved.

Polly moped somewhat after Dr. Heriot's departure, but Richard was very kind to her, and gave her all his leisure time; but he was obliged to return to Oxford before many days were over.

Polly had need of all her courage then, but she bore her solitude bravely, and resorted to many ingenious experiments to fill up the hours that hung so heavily on her hands. She wrote daily letters to

Olive and Dr. Heriot, kept the studio in dainty order, gathered little inviting bouquets for the sick-room, and helped Mrs. Madison in concocting invalid messes.

By and by, as she grew more skilful, all Roy's food was dressed by her hands. Polly would arrange the tray with fastidious taste, and carry it up herself to the alcove in defiance of all Mildred's warnings.

'I will step so lightly that he cannot possibly recognise my foot-steps, and I always wear velvet slippers now,' she said pleadingly; and Mildred, not liking to damp the girl's innocent pleasure, withdrew the remonstrance in spite of her better judgment.

Dr. Heriot had strictly prohibited Polly's visits to the sick-room for the present, as he feared the consequences of any great excitement in Roy's weakened condition. Polly would stand listening to the low weak tones, speaking a word or two at intervals, and Mildred's cheerful voice answering him; now and then the terrible cough seemed to shatter him, and there would be long, deathlike silences; when Polly could bear it no longer, she would put on her hat, coaxing Sue to follow her, and take long walks down the Finchley Road or over Hampstead Heath.

There was a little stile near The Hollies where she loved to linger; below her lay the fields and the long, dusty road; all manner of lights gleamed through the twilight, the dark lane lay behind her; passers-by marvelled at the girl standing there in her soft furs with the dog lying at her feet; the air was full of warm dampness, a misty moon hung over the leafless trees.

'I wonder what Heriot is doing,' she would say to herself; 'his letters are beautiful—just what I expected, they refresh me to read them, how can he care for mine in return, as he says he does! Roy liked them, but then—'

Here Polly broke off with a shiver, and Sue growled at a dark figure coming up the field-path.

'Come, Sue, your master will want his tea,' cried the girl, waking up from her vague musings, 'and no one but Polly shall get it for him. Aunt Milly says he always praises Mrs. Madison's cookery;' and she quickened her steps with a little laugh.

Polly was only just in time; before her preparations were completed the bell rang in the sick-room.

'There, it is ready; I will carry it up. Never mind me, Mrs. Madison, it is not very heavy,' cried the girl bustling and heated, and she took up the tray with her strong young arms, but, in her hurry, the velvet slippers had been forgotten.

Mildred started with dismay at the sound of the little tapping heels. Would Roy recognise it? Yes, a flush had passed over his wan face; he tried to raise himself feebly, but the incautious movement brought on a fit of coughing.

Mildred passed a supporting arm under the pillows, and waited patiently till the paroxysm had passed.

'Dear Rex, you should not have tried to raise yourself—there, lean back, and be quiet a moment till you have recovered,' and she wiped the cold drops of exhaustion from his forehead.

But he still fought with his struggling breath.

'Was it she—was it Polly?' he gasped.

'Yes,' returned Mildred, alarmed at his excessive agitation and unable to withhold the truth; 'but you must not talk just now.'

'Just one word; when did she come?' he whispered faintly.

'With me; she has been here all this time. It is her cookery, not Mrs. Madison's, that you have been praising so highly. No, you must not see her yet,' answering his wistful glance, 'you are so weak that Dr. Blenkinsop has forbidden it at present; but you will soon be better, dear,' and it was a proof of his weakness that Roy did not contest the point.

But the result of Polly's imprudence was less harmful than she had feared. Roy grew less restless. From that evening he would lie listening for hours to the light footsteps about the house, his eyes would brighten as they paused at his door.

The flowers that Polly now ventured to lay on his tray were always placed within his reach; he would lie and look at them contentedly. Once a scrap of white paper attracted his eyes. How eagerly his thin fingers clutched it. There were only a few words traced on it—'Good night, my dear brother Roy, I am so glad you are better;' but when Mildred was not looking the paper was pressed to his lips and hidden under his pillow.

'You need not move about so quietly, I think he likes to hear you,' Mildred said to the girl when she had assured herself that no hurtful effect had been the result of Polly's carelessness, and Polly had thanked her with glistening eyes.

How light her heart grew; she burst into little quavers and trills of song as she flitted about Mrs. Madison's bright kitchen. Roy heard her singing one of his favourite airs and made Mildred open the door.

'She has the sweetest voice I ever heard,' he said with a sigh when she had finished. 'Ask her to do that oftener, it is like David's harp to Saul,' cried the lad, with tears in his eyes, 'it refreshes me.'

Once they could hear her fondling the dog in the entry below.

'Dear old Sue, you are such a darling old dog, and I love you so, though you are too stupid to be taught any tricks,' she said playfully.

When Sue next found admittance into her master's room Roy called the animal to him with feeble voice, 'Let her be, I like to have her here,' he said, when Mildred would have lifted her from the snow-white counterpane. 'Sue loves her master and her master loves Sue,' and as the creature thrust its slender nose delightedly into his hand Roy dropped a furtive kiss on the smooth black head.

CHAPTER XXX.

'I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.'

'Ask me no more : what answer should I give ?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye :
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die !
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live ;
Ask me no more.

'Ask me no more ; thy fate and mine are seal'd.
I strove against the stream and all in vain :
Let the great river take me to the main :
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield ;
Ask me no more.'

TENNYSON'S *Princess*.

RICHARD had promised to pay them another visit shortly, and one Saturday evening while Polly and Sue were racing each other among the gravel-pits and the furze-bushes of the people's great common, and the lights twinkled merrily in the Vale of Health, and the shifting mist shut out the blue distances of Harrow and Pinner, Mildred was charmed as well as startled by the sound of his voice in the hall.

'Well, Rex, you are getting on famously, I hear ; thanks to Aunt Milly's nursing,' was his cheerful greeting.

Roy shook his head despondingly.

'I should do better if I could see something different from these four walls,' he returned, with a discontented glance round the room that Mildred had made so bright and pretty ; 'it is absurd keeping me moped up here, but Aunt Milly is inexorable.'

Mildred smiled over her boy's peevishness.

'He does not know what is good for him,' she returned gently, 'he always gets restless towards evening. Dr. Blenkinsop has been most strict in bidding me keep him from excitement and not to let him talk with any one. This is the first day he has withdrawn his prohibition, and Roy has been in his tantrums ever since.'

'He said I might go down-stairs if only I were spared the trouble of walking,' grumbled Roy, who sometimes tyrannised over Aunt Milly—and dearly she loved such tyranny.

'He is more like a spoiled child than ever,' she said, laughing.

'If that be all, the difficulty is soon obviated. I can carry him easily,' returned Richard, looking down a little sadly at the long gaunt figure before him, looking strangely shrunken in the brilliant dressing-gown that was Roy's special glory ; 'but I must be careful, you look thin and brittle enough to break.'

'May he, Aunt Milly ? Oh, I do so long to see the old studio again, and the couch is so much more comfortable than this,' his eyes beginning to shine with excitement and his colour varying dangerously.

'Is it quite prudent, Richard ?' she asked, hesitatingly. 'Had we

not better wait till to-morrow !' but Roy's eagerness overbore her scruples.

Polly little knew what surprise was in store for her. Her race over, she walked along soberly, wondering how she should occupy herself that evening. She, too, knew that Dr. Blenkinsop's prohibition had been removed, and had chafed a little restlessly when Mildred had asked her to be patient till the next day. 'Aunt Milly is too careful, she does not think how I long to see him,' she said, as she walked slowly home. A light streamed across the dark garden when she reached The Hollies; a radiance of fire-light and lamp-light. 'I wonder if Richard has come,' thought Polly as she stole into the little passage and gently opened the door.

Yes, Richard was there, his square, thick-set figure blocking up the fireplace as he leant in his favourite attitude against the mantel-piece; and there was Aunt Milly, smiling as though something pleased her. And yes, surely that was Roy's wraith wrapped in the gorgeous dressing-gown and supported by pillows.

The blood rushed to the girl's face as she stood for a moment as though spell-bound, but at the sound of her half-suppressed exclamation he turned his head feebly and looked at her.

'Polly' was all he said, but at his voice she had sprung across the room, and as he stretched out his thin hand to her with an attempt at his old smile a low sob had risen to her lips, and utterly overcome by the spectacle of his weakness, she buried her face in his pillows.

Roy's eyes grew moist with sympathy.

'Don't cry, Polly—don't; I cannot bear it,' he whispered faintly.

'Don't Polly; try to control yourself; this agitation is very bad for him;' and Richard raised her gently, for a deadly pallor had overspread Roy's features.

'I could not help it,' she returned, drying her eyes, 'to see him lying there looking so ill. Oh, Rex! it breaks my heart,' and the two young creatures almost clung together in their agitation; and, indeed, Roy's hollow blue eyes, and thin, bloodless face had a spectral beauty that was absolutely startling.

'I never thought you would mind so much, Polly,' he said tremulously; and the poor lad looked at her with an eagerness that he could not disguise. 'I hardly dared to expect that you could waste so much time and thought on me.'

'Oh, Rex, how can you say such unkind things; not care—and I have been fretting all this time!'

'That was hardly kind to Heriot, was it?' he said, watching her, and a strange vivid light shone in his eyes. If she had not known before she must have felt then how he loved her; a sudden blush rose to her cheek as he mentioned Dr. Heriot's name; involuntarily she moved a little away from him, and Roy's head fell back on the pillow with a sigh.

Neither of them seemed much disposed for speech after that. Roy

lay back with closed eyes and knitted brows, and Polly sat on a low chair watching the great spluttering log and showers of sparks, while Mildred and Richard talked in undertones.

Now and then Roy opened his eyes and looked at her—at the dainty little figure and sweet, thoughtful face; the fire-light shone on the shielding hand and half-hoop of diamonds. He recognised the ribbon she wore; he had bought it for her, as well as the little garnet ring he had afterwards voted as rubbish. The sight angered him. He would claim it again, he thought. She should wear no gifts of his; the diamonds had overpowered his garnets, just as his poor little love had been crushed by Dr. Heriot's fascination. Adonis, with his sleepy blue eyes and fair moustache and velvet coat, had failed in the contest with the elder man. What was he, after all, but a beggarly artist? No wonder she despised his scraps of ribbon, his paltry gew-gaws, and odds and ends of rubbish. 'And yet, if I had only had my chance,' he groaned within himself, 'if I had made her, if I had compelled her to understand my meaning.' And then his anger melted, as she raised her clear, honest eyes, and looked at him.

'Are you in pain, Rex?—can I move your pillows?' bending over him rather timidly. Poor children! a veil of reserve had fallen between them since Dr. Heriot's name had been mentioned, and she no longer spoke to him with the old fearlessness.

'No, I am not in pain. Come here, Polly; you have not begun to be afraid of me since—since—I have been ill?' rather moodily.

'No, Rex, of course not.' But she faltered a little over her words.

'Sit down beside me for a minute. What was it you called me in your letter, before I was ill? Something—it looked strangely written by your hand, Polly.'

'Brother—my dear brother Rex,' almost inaudibly.

'Ah, I remember. It would have made me smile only I was not in the humour for smiling. I did not write back to my sister Polly though. Richard calls you his little sister very often, does he not?'

'Yes, and I love to hear him say it,' very earnestly.

'Should you love it if I called you that too?' he returned, with an involuntary curl of the lip. 'Pshaw! This is idle talk; but sick people will have their fancies. I have one at present. I want you not to wear that rubbish any more,' touching her hand lightly.

'Oh, Rex—the ring you gave me?' the tears starting to her eyes.

'I never threw a flower away the gift of one that cared for me,' he replied, with a weak laugh. "'I never had a dear gazelle but it was sure to marry the market-gardener.'" Do you remember Dick Swiveller, Polly, and the many laughs we have had over him in the old garden at home? Oh, those days!' checking himself abruptly, for fear the pent-up bitterness might find vent.

'Children, you are talking too much,' interposed Mildred's warning voice, not slow to interpret the rising excitement of Roy's manner.

'One minute more, Aunt Milly,' he returned hastily; then, dropping his voice, 'The gift must go back to the giver. I don't want you to wear that ugly little ring any longer, Polly.'

'But I prize it so,' she remonstrated. 'If I give it back to you you will throw it in the fire, or trample on it.'

'On my honour, no; but I can't stand seeing you wear such rubbish, I will keep it safely—I will indeed, Polly. Do please me in this.' And Polly, who had never refused him anything, drew off the shabby little ring from her finger and handed it him with downcast eyes. Why should he ask from her such a sacrifice? Every ribbon and every flower he had given her she had hoarded up as though they were of priceless value, and now he had taken from her her most cherished treasure. And Polly's lip quivered so that she could hardly bid him good night.

Richard, who saw the girl was fretting, tried by every means in his power to cheer her. He threw on another log, placed her little basket-work chair in the most inviting corner, showed her the different periodicals he had brought from Oxford for Roy's amusement, and gave her lively sketches of undergraduate life. Polly showed her interest very languidly; she was mourning the loss of her ring, and thinking how much her long-desired interview with Roy had disappointed her. Would he never be the same to her again? Would this sad misunderstanding always come between them?

How was it she was clinging to him with the old fondness till he had mentioned Dr. Heriot's name, and then their hands had fallen asunder simultaneously?

'Poor Roy, and poor, poor Polly!' she thought, with a self-pity as new as it was painful.

'You are not listening to me, Polly. You are tired, my dear,' Richard said at last, in his kind fraternal way.

'No, I am very rude. But I cannot help thinking of Rex; how ill he is, and how terribly wasted he looks!'

'I knew it would be a shock to you. I am thankful that my father's gout prevents him from travelling; he would fret dreadfully over Roy's altered appearance. But we must be thankful that he is as well as he is. I could not help thinking all that night—the night before you and Aunt Milly came—what I should do if we lost him.'

'Don't, Richard. I cannot bear to think of it.'

'It ought to make us so grateful,' he murmured. 'First Olive and then Roy brought back from the very brink of the grave. It is too much goodness; it makes one ashamed of one's discontent.' And he sighed involuntarily.

'But it is so sad to see him so helpless. You said he was as light as a child when you lifted him, Richard, and if he speaks a word or two he coughs. I am afraid Dr. Blenkinsop is right in saying he must go to Hastings for the winter.'

'We shall hear what Dr. John says when he comes up next. You

expect him soon, Polly?' But Richard, as he asked the question, avoided meeting her eyes. He feared lest this long absence had excited suspicions which he might find difficult to answer.

But Polly's innocence was proof against any such surmises. 'I cannot think what keeps him,' she returned disconsolately. 'Olive says he is not very busy, and that his new assistant relieves him of half his work.'

'And he gives you no reason?' touching the log to elicit another shower of sparks.

'No, he only says that he cannot come at present, and answers all my reproaches with jests—you know his way. I don't think he half knows how I want him. Richard, I do wish you would do something for me. Write to him to-morrow, and ask him to come; tell him I want him very badly, that I never wanted him half so much before.'

'Dear Polly, you cannot need him so much as that,' trying to turn off her earnestness with a laugh.

'You do not know—you none of you know—how much I want him,' with a strange vehemence in her tone. 'When he is near me I feel safe—almost happy. Ah!' cried the girl, with a sad wistfulness coming into her eyes, 'when I see him I do not need to remind myself of his goodness and love—I can feel it then. Oh, Richard dear! tell him he must come—that I am afraid to be without him any longer.'

Afraid of what! Did she know? Did Richard know?

'She seems very restless without you,' he wrote that Sunday afternoon. 'I fancy Roy's manner frets her. He is fitful in his moods—a little irritable even to her, and yet unable to bear her out of his sight. He would be brought down into the studio again to-day, though Aunt Milly begged him to spare himself. Polly has been trying all the afternoon to amuse him, but he will not be amused. She has just gone off to the piano, in the hope of singing him to sleep. Rex tyrannises over us all dreadfully.'

Dr. Heriot sighed over Richard's letter, but he made no attempt to facilitate his preparations for going to London; he was reading things by a clear light now, this failure of his was a sore subject to him; in spite of the prospect that was dawning slowly before him, he could not bear to think of the tangled web he had so unthinkingly woven, it would need careful unravelling, he thought, and so curious is the mingled warp and woof in the mind of a man like John Heriot, that while his heart yearned for Mildred with the strong passion of his nature, he felt for his young betrothed a tenderness for which there was no name, and the thought of freeing himself and her was painful in the extreme.

He longed to see her again and judge for himself, but he must be patient for a while, he knew; so though Polly pleaded for his presence almost passionately, he still put her off on some pretext or other,—nor did he come till a strong letter of remonstrance from Mildred reached him, reproaching him for his apparent neglect, and begging him

to recall the girl, as their present position was not good for her or Roy.

Mildred was constrained to take this step, urged by her pity for Polly's evident unhappiness.

That some struggle was passing in the girl's mind was now evident. Was she becoming shaken in her loyalty to Dr. Heriot? Mildred grew alarmed; she saw that while Roy's invalid fancies were obeyed with the old Polly-like docility and sweetness, that she shrank at times from him as though she were afraid to trust herself with him; sometimes at a look or word, she would rise from his side and go to the piano and sing softly to herself some airs that Dr. Heriot loved.

'You never sing my old favourites now, Polly,' Roy said once, rather fretfully, 'but only those old things over and over again!'

'I like to sing these best,' she said, hastily; and then as he still pressed the point, she pushed the music from her, and hurried out of the room.

But Mildred had another cause for uneasiness which she kept to herself. There was no denying that Roy was very slow in regaining strength. Dr. Blenkinsop shook his head, and looked more dissatisfied every day.

'I don't know what to make of him,' he owned to Mildred, one day, as they stood in the porch together.

It was a mild December afternoon; a red wintry sun hung over the little garden; a faint crescent moon rose behind the trees; underneath the window a few chrysanthemums shed a soft blur of violet and dull crimson; a slight wind stirred the hair from Mildred's temples, showing a streak of grey; but worn and thin as she looked, Dr. Blenkinsop thought he had never seen a face that pleased him better.

'What a Sister of Mercy she would make,' he often thought; 'if I know anything of human nature, this woman has known a great sorrow; she has been taught patience in a rough school, no matter how that boy tries her, she has always a cheerful answer ready for him.'

Dr. Blenkinsop was in rather a bad humour this afternoon, a fact that was often patent enough to his patients whom he was given to treat on such occasions with some *brusquerie*, but with all his oddities and contradictions, they dearly loved him.

'I can't make him out at all,' he repeated, irritably, feeling his iron-grey whiskers, a trick of his when anything discomposed him; 'there is no fault to find with his constitution; he has had a sharp bout of illness, brought on, as far as I can make out, by his own imprudence, and just as he has turned the corner nicely, and seems doing us all credit, he declines to make any further progress!'

'But he is really better, Dr. Blenkinsop; he coughs far less, and his sleep is less broken, he has no appetite, certainly, but——' Mildred stopped. She thought herself that Roy had been losing ground lately.

Dr. Blenkinsop fairly growled,—he had little sharp white teeth that showed almost savagely when he was in one of his surly moods.

‘These lymphatic natures are the worst to combat, they succumb so readily to weakness and depression; he certainly seems more languid to-day, and there are feverish indications. He has got nothing on his mind, eh!’—turning round so abruptly that Mildred was put out of countenance.

She hesitated.

‘Humph!’ was his next observation, ‘I thought as much. Of course it is none of my concern, but when I see my patient losing ground without any visible cause, one begins to ask questions. That young lady who assists in the nursing—do you think her presence advisable, eh!’—with another sharp glance at Mildred.

‘She is his adopted sister—she is engaged,’ stammered Mildred, not willing to betray the lad’s secret. ‘They are very fond of each other.’

‘A questionable sort of fondness—rather too feverish on one side, I should say. Send her back to the north, and get that nice fellow Richard in her place, that is my advice.’

And acting on this very broad hint, Mildred soon afterwards wrote to Dr. Heriot to recall Polly.

When Dr. Blenkinsop had left her, she did not at once return to the studio; through the closed door she could hear Polly striking soft chords on the piano. Roy had seemed drowsy, and she trusted the girl’s murmuring voice would lull him to sleep.

It was not often that she left them together; but this afternoon, her longing for a little fresh air tempted her to undertake some errands that were needed for the invalid; and leaving a message with Mrs. Madison that she would be back to the early tea, she set off in the direction of the old town.

It was getting rapidly dusk as the little gate swung behind Mildred. When Roy roused from his fitful slumber, he could hardly see Polly as she sat at the shabby, square piano.

The girl was touching the notes with listless fingers, her head drooping over the keys; but she suddenly started when she saw the tall gaunt figure beside her in the gorgeous dressing-gown.

‘Oh, Rex, this is very wrong,’ taking hold of one of his hot hands, and trying to lead him back to the sofa, ‘when you know you cannot stand, and that the least movement makes you cough. Put your hand on my shoulder; lean on me. Oh, I wish I were as strong and tall as Aunt Milly.’

‘I like you best as you are,’ he replied, but he did not refuse the support she offered him. ‘I could not see you over there, only the outline of your dress. You never wear your pretty dresses now, Polly!’ reproachfully. ‘I suppose because Heriot is not here.’

‘Indeed—indeed—you must not stand any longer, Rex. You must lie down at once, or I shall tell Aunt Milly,’ she returned evasively.

He was always making these sort of speeches to her, and to-night she felt as though she could not bear them; but Roy was not to be silenced. Never once had she mentioned Dr. Heriot's name to him, and with an odd tenacity he wanted to make her say it. What did she call him? had she learnt to say his Christian name? would she pronounce it with a blush, faltering over it as girls do? or would she speak it glibly as with long usage?

'I suppose you keep them all for him,' he continued, with a suspicion of bitterness in his tone; 'that little nun-like grey dress is good enough for Aunt Milly and me. Too much colour would be bad for weak eyes, eh, Polly?'

'I dress for him, of course,' trying to defend herself with dignity; but the next moment she waxed humble again. 'I—I—am sorry you do not like the dress, Rex,' she faltered. 'I should like to please you both if I could,' and her eyes filled with tears.

'I think you might sing sometimes to please me when he is not here,' he returned, obstinately; 'just one song, Polly; my favourite one, with that sad, sweet refrain.'

'Oh, not that one,' she repeated, beginning to tremble; 'choose something else Rex—not that.'

'No, I will have that or none,' he replied, irritably. What had become of Roy's sweet temper? 'You seem determined not to please me in anything,' and he moved away.

Polly watched his tottering steps a moment, and then she sprang after him.

'Oh, Rex, do not be so cross with me; do not refuse my help,' she said, winding her arm round him, and compelling him to lean on her. 'There, you have done yourself mischief,' as he paused, overcome by a paroxysm of coughing. 'How can you—how can you be so unkind to me, Rex?'

He did not answer; perhaps absorbed in his own trouble he hardly knew how how he tried her; but as he sank back feebly on the cushions, he whispered—

'You will sing it, Polly, will you not?'

'Yes, yes; anything, if you will only not be angry with me,' returned the poor girl, as she hurried away.

The air was a mournful one, just suited to the words:—

'Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more.'

'Polly, come here! come to me, Polly!' for, overcome by a sudden revulsion of feeling, Polly had broken down, and hidden her face in her hands; and now a stifled sob reached Roy's ear.

'Polly, I dare not move, and I only want to ask you to forgive me,' in a remorseful voice; and the girl obeyed him reluctantly.

'What makes you so cruel to me?' she panted, looking at him with sad eyes, that seemed to pierce his selfishness. 'It is not my fault if you are so unhappy—if you will not get well.'

'Ask me no more; thy fate and mine are sealed.' The plaintive rhythm still haunted her. Was she, after all, so much to blame? Was she not suffering too? Why should he lay this terrible burden on her? It was selfish of him to die and leave her to her misery.

Roy fairly quailed beneath the girl's indignation and passionate sorrow.

'Have I been so hard to you, Polly?' he said, humbly. 'Are men ever hard to the women they love? There, the murder is out. You must leave me, Polly; you must go back to Heriot. I am too weak to hide the truth any longer. You must not stay and listen to me,' pushing her away with weak force.

It was his turn to be agitated now.

'Leave me!' he repeated, 'it is not loyal to Heriot to listen to a fool's maundering, which he has not the wit or the strength to hide. I should only frighten you with my vehemence, and do no good. Aunt Milly will be here directly. Leave me, I say.'

But she only clung to him, and called him brother. Alas! how could she leave him!

By and by he grew calmer.

'Forgive me, Polly; I am not myself; I ought not to have made you sing that song.'

'No, Rex,' in a voice scarcely audible.

'When you go back to Heriot you must tell him all. Ask him not to be hard on me. I never meant to injure him. The man you love is sacred in my eyes. It was only for a little while I hated him.'

'I will not tell him that.'

'Listen to me, dear! I ask his pardon, and yours too, for having betrayed myself. I have acted like a weak fool to-night. You were wiser than I, Polly.'

'There is nothing to forgive,' she returned, softly. 'Heriot will not be angry with you; he knows you are ill, and I—I will try to forget it. But you must get well, Rex; you will promise to get well for my sake.'

'Shall you grieve very much if I do not? Heriot would comfort you, if I did not, Polly.'

She made an involuntary movement towards him, and then checked herself.

'Cruel! cruel!' she said, in a voice that sounded dead and cold, and her arms fell to her side.

He melted at that.

'There, I have hurt you again. What a selfish wretch I am. I shall make a poor thing of life; but I will promise not to die if I can help it. You shall not call me cruel again, Polly.'

Then she smiled, and stretched out her hand to him.

'I would not requite your goodness so badly as that. You could always do as you liked with me in the old days, Polly—turn me round your little finger. If you tell me to get well, I suppose I must try; but the best part of me is gone.'

She could not answer him. Every word went through her tender heart like a stab. What avail were her love and pity? Never should she be able to comfort him again; never would her sweet sisterly ministrations suffice for him. She must not linger by his side; her eyes were open now.

'Good-bye, Roy,' she faltered. She hardly knew what she meant by that farewell. Was she going to leave him? Was she only saying good-bye to the past, to girlhood, to all manner of fond foolish dreams? She rose with dry eyes when she had uttered that little speech, while he lay watching her.

'Do you mean to leave me?' he asked, sorrowfully, but not disputing her decision.

'Perhaps—yes—what does it matter?' she answered, moving drearily away.

What did it matter, indeed! Her fate and his were sealed. Between them stretched a gulf, long as life, impassable as death; and even her innocent love might not share it.

'I shall not go to him, and he will not return to me,' she said, paraphrasing the words of the royal mourner to harmonise with her measure of pain. 'Never while I live shall I have my brother Roy again.'

Poor little aching, childish heart, dealing for the first time with life's mysteries, comprehending now the relative distinction between love and gratitude, and standing with reluctant feet on the edge of an unalterable resolve. What sorrow in after years ever equalled this blank!

When Mildred returned she found a very desolate scene awaiting her; the fire had burnt low, a waste of dull red embers filled the grate, the moon shone through the one uncurtained window; a mass of drapery stirred at her entrance, a yawning figure stretched itself under the oriental quilt.

'Roy, were you asleep? The fire is nearly out. Where is Polly?'

'I do not know. She left the room just now,' he returned, with a sleepy inflexion; but to Mildred's delicate perception it did not ring true. She said nothing, however, raked the embers together, threw on some wood, and lighted the lamps.

Had he really slept? There was no need to ask the question; his burning hand, the feverish light of his eyes, the compressed lips, the baffled and tortured lines of the brow told her another story; she leant over him, pressing them out with soft fingers.

'Rex, my poor boy!'

'Aunt Milly, she has bidden me good-bye,' broke out the lad suddenly; 'she knows, and she is going back to Heriot; and I—I am the most miserable wretch alive.'

MARIE AND JEANIE; OR, THE CROSS OF LOVE.

BY E. KEARY.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANGELO.

SEVEN days after, the party reached a secluded gorge amongst the mountains which overhung the little town of Roque Brun, the very spot, Marie doubted not, that Lisette had seen in her dream; the locality, Emanuele well knew, in which the old cabin stood.

Slowly and in silence they wound their way up the solemn-looking ravine, and at the end of it, upon a ledge, just as Lisette had described, they found a grey stone maisonette built against the hill. The door stood open, and they went in; it was the barest possible room inside, not a Madonna even against the wall, nor holy water vessel, nor cross; a turf fire smouldered, but no marmite hung above it; only an enormous cat sat in front and surveyed the strangers fixedly without moving from its place.

Marie sank wearily upon the stone bench which ran against the wall, struck with a chill that was almost fear. Emanuele, in a matter-of-fact way, first throwing aside his own burden, displaced the cat, and laid Amélie upon the cushions taken from her carriage, before the fire. Then he paced once up and down the room, and finally opening a door in the wall, displayed to Marie's astonished gaze, not the altar of Lisette's vision within, but an inner chamber, or rather cavern, that ran inside the mountain. Blackness of darkness filled it as Marie stared in hopelessly from her seat just opposite the entrance; but as Emanuele called, in a low voice, 'Angelo!' one corner of the cave grew lighter, and in a moment after a bent, withered old man, with ragged white hair, appeared, coming from some still inner recess, or winding subterranean passage, carrying a swinging oil lamp in his hand, which he had evidently just snatched from the wall.

Fortunately, Marie was not imaginative enough to be afraid; she only wondered, and left all to Emanuele, who, as soon as old Angelo had shuffled into the room and extinguished his lamp, would have explained who Marie and her sister were, and why they had come; but the old man cut him short, and speaking in a patois of mixed French and Italian, only partly intelligible to his audience, said—

'You have been coming for seven days, and every afternoon at this hour I have watched your approach, wherefore you found the door of my house open,—you were expected.'

He then at once directed his attention to the sick child and to Marie, leaving it to the Piedmontese boy to prepare such refreshment and accommodation for the party as the poor house made possible.

Marie and Amélie remained in Angelo's house that night, and Emanuele descended the mountain to the town.

It did not at all shock Marie's feelings to find that Angelo depended greatly upon the use of amulets and magical ceremonies to help in the cure of her sick sister, for he transcribed words from Holy Scripture and the Breviary upon his charms, and used freely the sign of the cross in his incantations.

The first thing Angelo did was to support the cushion Amélie was lying upon, with six large stones, which he fetched from his inner chamber, and underneath each of which he laid a scrap of paper, with a word written upon it; he then surrounded the child entirely by a ring of smaller stones, and finally placed a lamp set in mountain crystals at her head, whilst he sat upon a low stool at her feet with a vessel of water in front of him, into which he gazed steadily. Thus the child remained, and thus he remained all night, excepting when he left his place to put more turf on the fire, or to make Amélie swallow short draughts of a *tisane* which he had prepared.

All the night through, Marie watched and said her rosary; Angelo did not pray, but he encouraged Marie to do so, and smiled benevolently upon her devotions.

Morning brought Emanuele to the cabin, and after a time Angelo left it to seek herbs and roots upon the mountain. Three days and nights passed in a kind of dreamy expectancy, during which Marie could not be persuaded by Emanuele to leave her sister's sick couch in the dark little room. Angelo never left it either, excepting when he went out to gather his medicines, or retired into the inner cave to prepare them, or cooked the simple food he shared with his guests,—bean flour, or chestnut meal, made into a paste and fried in oil.

Marie watched and waited, but could see little change in her sister's condition, although Angelo assured her that the sickness was passing. She tried to pray, but an unaccountable dreamy oppression came over her after a time, and often for long hours she would fall into a trance-like sleep, and when she awoke from one of these it seemed to her as if ages had passed, yet she could remember nothing.

It was on the third night after their coming to the maisonette that Marie was startled from sleep by the feeling of a cold wind rushing across her face; she opened her eyes and looked round the room. There, as ever at night, sat old Angelo at the foot of the couch; but, instead of being bent forward vigilantly, as was his wont, gazing upon the child, or into the water vessel in front of him, he was lying limp in his chair, with arms hanging by his side, and head thrown back, in a deep slumber. Marie held her breath in horror as she looked—was that Amélie stealthily slipping into the inner chamber, a small, deformed, grey clad figure, through the opposite door which stood ajar? But Amélie was lying still upon her couch asleep, and ashy pale. A groan of agony burst from Marie's lips. Angelo started awake, the sleeping Amélie opened her eyes, and Marie could perceive no other

anywhere, nor find that the door so lately ajar was even the least little chink open. Was it all part of her sleep, then—a dream, alas ! perhaps signifying death ? Whilst she was forming these questions, her sister called to her ; and when Marie came and took the withered hand in hers, the child said—

‘ It is all true, Marie, just as Lisette said ; I *have* kissed the feet of our Blessed Lady, and she *did* give me a rose ; but oh, when will the morning come, my sister ; I want to get up and run about again, as I used to do.’

When the morning came, Amélie did get up, and needed no help in putting her clothes on, and ran out upon the mountain side, and summoned the astonished Marie to come and help her in gathering the cowslips and gentian which were sparkling through morning dew up to the sunlight, and the deep blue air. What a happy, happy morning that was to Marie ! Angelo said they might return home within a very few days ; so Amélie was taken to the village Church, where the good sister poured out her heart of hearts to the Blessed Mother and our Lord, and the child was fervent too, for a new spirit seemed to have wakened up in her, so thankful was she now to be able to use even that poor deformed body of hers, which had been useless to her for so many months. Emanuele joined the sisters in the church, and knelt beside them, because he loved to be near Marie ; but it must be confessed that he attributed Amélie’s cure wholly to natural causes, and not at all to Angelo’s magic, nor to the protection of saints, nor even the intervention of the Blessed Virgin herself.

To simple, all-powerful nature, Emanuele trusted also, when later on in that happy day, he, sitting by Marie upon the mountain, making up posies of wild flowers, for the first time, allowed himself to talk to her of his love.

‘ Now that we must part, mademoiselle,’ he said, ‘ you will spare one little hour for me to live upon, until we meet again ? ’

‘ Ah ! so willingly, my friend,’ Marie answered, simply, ‘ when I owe to you so much, so much more than I can ever repay. But when you come back to La Croix in the autumn, Emanuele, then—then perhaps—’ she hesitated, ‘ I may be able to show to you a little better my gratitude. I and——’

But Marie could not finish her sentence.

‘ Ah ! and I have kept you so long from your home,’ she added, looking kindly at him. ‘ How your mother is languishing for you all these long days. Would that I could thank her also for sparing you to us poor orphans in our trouble.’

‘ But she will love you for herself, mademoiselle,’ said Emanuele. ‘ Ah ! how she will love you.’

‘ She is a good mother, I doubt not,’ answered Marie, ‘ to have so good a son. Commend me to her, Emanuele.’

The youth took Marie’s hands as she said this.

‘ How I bless you for that word, Marie. Can you then—will you

then, listen to her son? Ah, *ma bien-aimée*, will you let him make for you a home with her some day?'

Then scales seemed to fall from the girl's eyes as she snatched her hands away, and covered her blushing face with them. Alas! what had she done, to let this boy love her—she who had no love to give him back. She felt her heart sink, and all the light of her happy day died out in shame and sadness. How selfish she had been, and this good youth, who had done so much for her and hers, was to reap sorrow only, while she, silly child, had been thinking to repay him with a few easy words and acts of gratitude. The difference and the pain overwhelmed her; slowly the tears welled forth, and ran between her fingers, and low sobs escaped from her lips.

Emanuele became silent, and sat watching her.

'Tell me only this one thing, Marie,' he said at last, in an altered voice; 'was it all quite untrue what Louise said of your kindness towards me? have you never thought of me even for one little moment, my beloved?'

'Never, Emanuele—never!' Marie answered, mournfully, as she lifted up her truthful eyes towards his face.

Their glances met, and for a long moment they looked into one another's eyes. In that moment the joy of Emanuele's beautiful first love dream changed into a living pain that coiled itself round his heart. The love remained what it had been before; no change came over it.

'Answer me once again,' he said, 'and I will not trouble you any more. Is there another—I do not say to whom you are betrothed, Marie, but whom you love?'

Marie dropped her eyes, and whispered over the flowers she held upon her knees, those which Emanuele had just given her—

'There is one whom I have loved almost all my life, and to whom I am betrothed. Think no longer of me, dear good Emanuele. We will pray for you.'

The boy sprang to his feet as she said this.

'Then it is for ever farewell, mademoiselle,' he exclaimed, shaking aside loose sprays and little tufts of grass and flowers which had wound themselves around the pair; and with that he took several rapid strides away from her.

But the love cord was too strong to be snapped thus suddenly, and he came back again.

'Will you let me kiss you once, Marie,' he said, 'before I go?'

And she raised her pure face, all dim with tears to his, as a flower lifts itself to the sun after drenching summer rain.

Oh, Emanuele, could you but have known what your moment's rapture cost your love! But how could they know the fate that passed them by that hour. Stealthy footsteps—on the road up above, which, hidden from them, commanded a view of their position; inquisitive intelligent eyes. If Marie had chanced to

turn round at that moment, and seen who was up there wandering along, she would have run joyfully to him, and loaded him with loving messages to take home to her own people; for it was silly Louis who was up there, who was watching the pair, drawing his own conclusions also from what he saw, and who, by and by, getting a lift in Monsieur le Facteur's spring cart, was whirled rapidly away to Castellan.

'Wandering Louis,' as he was sometimes called, had been out upon one of his longest trips this spring, and was just then bound for La Croix, with the intention of passing the Whitsuntide holiday with his brother, Monsieur Barbe Bertrand, the valley carpenter. Now this was not the first time that Louis had seen Marie and Emanuele that day; he had happened to be standing amongst a crowd at the church door, just as the two came away from offering thanks with Amélie at the Virgin's altar. Louis, recognising Marie, was pushing after her, when one of the people, not understanding how harmless he was, pulled him back, saying that he had better let the young married couple alone. Turned away from his purpose, Louis presently forgot it, and would perhaps never have thought again of the passing words, had not this little scene upon the mountain recalled them to him, and given them a reality in his mind by means of another sense. The silly fellow chuckled to himself, proud that he had found out what was perhaps meant to be kept secret, and determining to reveal his knowledge to Marie's relations in the valley as soon as he should see them.

So Louis travelled on, weighted with the sly delight of his stolen pleasure, whilst Marie lingered below, with her face sunk upon her knees; and Emanuele wrapped for the time in his selfish grief, turned homewards over the mountain. Pass on, beautiful boy—wounded, but not mortally, not meant to die—press on across the mountains near the sky, beyond, to the beloved country of progress and hope.

OLD POLLY CRANE. AN INDIAN STORY, 1790.

BY E. W. LATIMER.

'The Lord's Prayer excels all others in many respects, as being the Gospel's Epitome; compiled by Wisdom itself: so large for matter; so short for phrase; so sweet for order.'—*Rev. John Boys, D.D., Dean of Canterbury, 1529.*

CHAPTER I.

'We say the prayer our Saviour taught
As household words with homely thought;
But angels bear it on and on
In all its meaning to the throne.'

'The frailest bark that ploughs the main,
The simplest child may raise the strain.
Heaven, earth, air, seas will hear the call,
"Our Father" harmonising all.'

REV. J. KEBLE, *Devotions for Emigrants*. 1st edition.

'We have an old woman one hundred years of age, aunt, in this neighbourhood,' said Charlie to me in the summer of 1876, when I was staying with his family in the western part of West Virginia. 'Don't you think we ought to send her on to Philadelphia to the Centennial?'

'And what were her relations to General Washington?' I somewhat flippantly replied. 'For the past twenty-five years all very old women claim to have nursed him in his boyhood, and all very old men to have driven his grey horses.'

'There will be plenty of reliable evidence some day,' said Charlie's father, 'when the world has run through incredulity and come out at superstition that General Washington conferred extreme old age on all who nursed him, drove for him, or danced with him; but Polly Crane is really a remarkable woman. She is one hundred years old; or thereabouts, and she never had even an interview with General Washington.'

'Or *thereabouts*!' I cried. 'So, then, there is the usual uncertainty as to her great age. It is not a well-authenticated case of centennialism.'

'She does not know her birthday; but she was a "grown girl," as she calls it, in 1790. That date is well fixed in her memory by her adventures with the Indians. Should you like to hear her tell them? Polly is my very esteemed friend. We can drive over to her farm this afternoon if you like, and I will get her to tell you her story.'

'By all means let us go—and go at once,' I cried. 'I remember at Newport, where very old people live (and *sometimes* die), having been asked to visit a hale old woman of 106. I had, however, some engagement for that day, and put the visit off. Within a week the old lady had a fall, and died in consequence. For several years it pointed the moral of every lecture I received upon procrastination. But though I never saw any one who was one hundred, I once saw an old lady of ninety-nine. She had survived all consciousness of pleasure, except when swallowing an oyster——'

'Old Polly is not one of that kind,' broke in Charlie. 'She's bully—is old Polly.'

His father suffered his vile adjective to pass without reproof; nay, even seemed to think it not inapplicable to Polly. So that afternoon we took the 'jagger waggon' and a quiet horse and set out for the hills to call on the old woman.

Her little farm was on a hill-side, sheltered from the north-west winds, and commanding a wide view over primeval woods and a partially-cultivated but fertile valley. Old Polly sat upon her porch facing this beautiful country. In a little basket by her side reposed three ducks' eggs and her keys and knitting. A pleasant, slim young

girl about fifteen was waiting on her, and at her feet sat a small negro child in a compendious clean pinafore, learning to knit, and ready to go on errands.

Her appearance was by no means disagreeable. I had presumed it would have been repulsive. Her smile was bright, her forehead brown but shiny. Her features, it is true, were pinched, but she wore false teeth, which kept them in their natural position. Her dress was very tidy: a black woollen gown, though it was summer, and a pretty quilted and plaited cap of French embroidery. As she talked her withered hands lay at rest upon her lap, holding her silver spectacles. She could see very well, she said, but was getting a little deaf. Her memory was failing her for near things, but things far off—especially if they had happened to her in her early youth she could remember—yes! to be sure she could—as well as if they had been yesterday.

‘Would she tell us the story of her youth?’

‘It pained her,’ she said, ‘to wake it all up again. She had not expected to tell it any more to any one before she died.’

We pressed her a little, and she yielded without much urging. The child and the young girl were sent for apples and milk, and when we had all tasted of her hospitality she began quietly—

‘Whenever I remember what I am going to tell you it makes me think of the Lord’s Prayer. My real life began with my learning that prayer; and the important part of my life seemed to teach me its meaning. Yes, I sit here and pray that prayer many times a day for myself and for other people. It seems to me that everything that one can want is in that prayer. I say it over and over, each time with a new meaning. It seems to fit into every wish I have, and every care; and always to have something to do with whatever I am thinking. In the English Morning Service they have it three times over. I first knew the Morning Service in an English Prayer-book, and I have felt the loss of the two Lord’s Prayers in our own service ever since then. I don’t know the year I was born in. I wish I did. I’d like, you see, to gratify our folks, who want me to be a hundred. But the first thing I recollect was being a little orphan, when Old Virginia stretched out to the Mississippi River. I was born in “Old Virginny,” though they call it West Virginia now; and I first remember myself living at Farmer Morgan’s at Point Pleasant near the junction of the Ohio and the Kanawha rivers.

‘We had plenty of Red Indians in those days always coming around, but though even at that time there were settlements made by French people in the West, and some by our own countrymen in Kentucky, there was not the habitation of a single white man in the wilderness that stretched between us at Point Pleasant and the Indian villages on the Miami River. Where those lodges stood in 1790 they have since built, I am told, the great city of Cincinnati.’

Thus Polly began; but as it is my intention to relate her narrative, I will take it from her at this point, and go on to say, that in March

1790 the inhabitants of Morgan's Tavern consisted of Morgan himself, Mrs. Morgan, a woman whose reputation for savage ferocity and want of feeling was notorious even in that wild and lawless neighbourhood, a family of black slaves, and poor Polly, left a orphan, dependent on the charity of the State, and farmed out to Mrs. Morgan, who received a few pounds of tobacco yearly for her keep from the parish guardians of the poor. In those days the parish system was still partly kept up in Virginia, chiefly with a view of providing for paupers, who in default of almshouses (the American name for workhouses) were distributed into families, where the aged, immature, and helpless usually met with little tenderness from the rough settlers of the labouring class, who alone found it to their advantage to take charge of them.*

Poor Polly's father had been a stranger in that part of Virginia. No one knew whence he came, but he was going West to one of the new settlements with his child in his arms, when he fell ill of a fever, and died, as it were, by the roadside, leaving his little orphan so suddenly bereaved (for he became delirious from the first moment of his illness) that he had no opportunity of indicating the friends who should be notified of his death, and the necessity of taking charge of the little girl he left behind him. The men who were travelling in his company believed him to be a younger son of some good family in Lower Virginia. They thought Crane was a feigned name; they surmised that he had quarrelled with his family, and that he was going West to seek his fortune. They had instinctively treated him with somewhat more consideration than they claimed themselves. He was devoted to his baby girl, and spoke of her as motherless; but when he died no funds or papers of any kind could be found in his possession. Some of the party suspected two roughs who were in the company of having robbed the dying man of his wallet, but no one had enough personal interest in the matter to risk a quarrel with two desperate ruffians in the heart of the wilderness. They held their tongues, therefore, and contented themselves with depositing poor little Polly with the nearest authorities empowered to take charge of friendless children, quieting their consciences by making a little subscription for her, which the parish expended honestly in her behalf as long as it lasted, after which she fell into the hands of Mother Morgan—poor fatherless and motherless little child!

Morgan's Tavern was the resort of all travellers going down the Ohio River. It was situated near the junction of the Ohio and the Great Kanawha. On the evening of March 28, 1790, a party arrived at Morgan's about nightfall, consisting of traders on their way to the back settlements, and some persons of a very different stamp, who had taken advantage of a strong escort to travel through the wilderness.

* The Church in the United States has of course divided the whole country into parishes for ecclesiastical purposes; but such parishes are only recognised by its own members. In Louisiana, however, subdivisions of counties, called townships in other States, still retain the name of parishes.

This party consisted of a lady, fair, beautiful, and nobly born, two children, and an English nurse. The lady was making her way West to join her husband, whom she expected to find in one of the settlements on the Mississippi River.

Lady Harriet in 1782 had married a French gentleman, then attached in London to the French Embassy. He was of a very noble house, but being youngest son of a younger son, the match was considered a very poor one by her family. They lived happily however in England for some years, but when the Revolution burst into fierce flame, M. de la Sablonière insisted on returning to France, in the hope of being able to assist the escape of members of his own family. In this he was not successful. One by one they mounted the fatal cart, and died upon the scaffold. The young man believed himself the Marquis de la Sablonière, but of what use to him was the vain title? Though of no use, it drew upon him the attention of the Committee of Public Safety. He was denounced, but received friendly warning and was able in disguise to leave the capital. After passing through a thousand perils in the provinces, he reached a sea-port, and took passage in a ship, not bound to England, where he wished to go, but to the French settlements in the Gulf of Mexico. On landing at New Orleans he wrote to his wife, who had had no news of him for months, informing her he was about to ascend the Mississippi, and would endeavour to seek his fortune in one of the French trading settlements then extending with wide intervals from Louisiana to Canada.

Lady Harriet at once resolved to join him. Home, country—was wherever he might be. She was prepared to accept all things if she might but have her husband. She was as ready to be happy in the New World as the Old.

She embarked as he had done for New Orleans, writing to him of her intention to join him; but voyages in these days were uncertain and dangerous. After a passage of sixty-five days, the vessel found itself off the capes that guard the entrance to the Chesapeake; and it was determined to end the voyage at Norfolk in Virginia. Thence Lady Harriet again wrote to her husband, and determined to pursue her journey overland. From Norfolk she reached Richmond, from Richmond she proceeded to Green Briar Court House, where the city of Lorisburg now stands. From thence on horseback, and in rough March weather, she made her way with guides, and under the protection of a Virginian trader (in a mercantile adventure to the West) to the Ohio River, through bridle-paths in the primeval woods, and on the evening of March 28, 1790, as we have said, rode, weary, wet and hungry, up to Morgan's Tavern.

The tavern was unusually full that night, and was the centre of great excitement. News had been brought that the Indians had decoyed a boat, which was descending the river about twenty miles below Morgan's, and had killed all on board of her. Intelligence also had been brought in that various parties of Indians were lurking on the banks of the Ohio.

As Lady Harriet sat at supper at the common table of the tavern with her children, nurse, guides, rough traders, hunters, and farm men, these matters were fully discussed among them.

'There is no use in getting killed like a trapped rat,' cried one young man, excitedly. 'I am as ready as any man for a brush with the Redskins, but then you must give me a fair chance—those fellows had none.'

'It's safe enough,' called out another. 'I have been down the river a hundred times. It's safe enough while you keep out of range from the shore.'

'It would be a crying shame for you all to miss the chance. These rains have made the water unusually high in the river. All you have got to do is to set the old boat out into the middle of the stream and let her drop down with the current,' said a hunter.

'It was their own fault for being fools enough to get decoyed to land,' cried another. 'The river from here to Limestone is a mile wide in every part. There isn't any set of the current which need take you within rifle range of either beach. There could have been no excuse for their wanting to go ashore anyhow.'

'Could not the savages come out in their canoes and board the boat?' asked an ignorant new-comer.

'No; for these Redskins are not living on the Ohio. The bands that are now prowling here-a-way come from the Miami and the Scioto, and have no canoes with them. Savages, you may always notice, fight according to their instincts, like animals. Boarding is not one of their fashions. Besides, the gunwales on our river-boats are so high that five men could successfully resist any attempt to get on board of one of them. I suppose some of you who are going down to-morrow or next day have got firearms?'

'Of course, of course,' said several voices.

'Well, then, no savages can touch you, so your ammunition does not give out and you avoid the banks, and drop down with the current in the middle of the river.'

It is needless to say that Lady Harriet listened to this talk with great anxiety. She was very desirous to continue her journey. If she missed this chance low water might make her passage down the river impracticable for months to come. Her funds were running low.

In great perplexity she sought the room assigned her as her bed-chamber, and there, after fastening a shawl across the window, which was without shutter or blind, she sank upon her knees, asking counsel and protection from her Father in Heaven.

A stranger, and without experience, with the safety of her children and her nurse depending on her decision, she deeply felt her great responsibility, and casting all her care on Him Who alone in this vast wilderness cared for her, she threw herself upon the Fatherhood of God, and prayed that her way might be made plain before her.

The answer came in an interruption to her prayer. The sound of

blows, quick, heavy, falling upon tender flesh, and stifled moans, and muttered angry words, and pleading cries for pity.

Lady Harriet started to her feet with a white face. All cruelty was abhorrent to her tender soul. 'It must be that poor child that they are beating,' she exclaimed. 'That dreadful woman! How I disliked her face! I cannot—cannot stay here in this lonely, cruel place!' Then more submissively, 'Direct me to do that which will be right, my Father and my God!'

At this moment her nurse and children came into her chamber. With an instinct of motherliness, Lady Harriet clasped her bold, bright Louis and her toddling baby Mélanie, and drew them to her bosom. The boy and nurse had seen the stripes that she had only heard. The nurse was deeply indignant at the woman's cruelty.

'The child just broke an old cracked plate, my lady, and the woman seized her by the hair of her poor head (she dared not have done it had you been there, my lady). And she knocked her head against the logs of this old wall, fit a'most to kill an ox—and with a great thick strap, my lady——'

'Spare me the rest, Anne, for I heard it, and it makes me sick to think of it. The poor child had a pleasant face. Has she friends? Is she related to that woman?'

'No, indeed, my lady. She's a parish child, she says, born of good parents. Leastways so it is supposed, one of the men told me. He says he has been at this place many a time, and that that brute of a woman is always ill-treating the poor fatherless creature. Her father was a gentleman they think, and he was travelling out West when he took ill and died, and left her here a baby. Mother Morgan, as they call the woman, got her from the guardians. Pretty guardians! I'd as lief trust a Christian infant to the wolves or the wild Indians. They could not be more cruel to an orphan child. Thank God, Master Louis, in your prayers that He has spared you your dear father, whom you're hoping to meet soon, and when you feel like not minding your dear mamma, think of this poor little girl who has no father or mother.'

'Oh, nurse! what can we do for her?'

'Pray for her, Louis,' said his mother. 'When we cannot do anything else to help people for whom we are made sorry, we can always give them the charity of our prayers. Our Father, you remember, we are taught to say. He is *her* Father as well as *your* Father. He cares for her as much as for you. Kneel down by me, my darling. Let us pray.'

The boy said his little evening prayers with especial fervency, adding a petition that God would spare him his own mother and father, and be a Father to the poor little girl. The mother rose from her knees when he did, but she sat silent. She was carrying her petition further still. She prayed that her Heavenly Father would take herself and all belonging to her into His holy keeping. Her

heart was rising to Him as her Father. She did not feel alone since she could strengthen and comfort herself by thinking she had her part in His power and His love.

The blows and sobs had long since ceased. So had a scuffle at the foot of a ladder or steep stairway. Louis and Mélanie lay fast asleep, Lady Harriet sat on the foot of her poor corn-husk bed. She did not know that any eye was watching her but that of her father in Heaven; but over her head through a chink in the rough beams and boards were other eyes intently fixed upon her, and other ears that waited for her words. The beautiful lady had fascinated and entranced poor wretched Polly Crane. The accident of the evening had arisen from her absorption in the only human being she had ever seen peerless in graciousness and beauty. She was a child of lively imagination and fastidious instincts, surrounded ever since she could remember only by what was low and coarse except the works of Nature.

Lady Harriet's refined manners, low, sweet voice, beautiful brown curls, soft, liquid eyes, strange, handsome clothes, and gentle ways had magnetised poor Polly. She could only stare at such a vision, and, now bruised and wakeful, she lay upon the floor of the low loft assigned her, excited out of all thoughts of self by her interest in the enchanting vision.

Lady Harriet was conversing in a low voice with her nurse about the news of the evening. She expressed her resolution to stay by the traders, who had promised to give her their protection, and to continue her journey with them down the Ohio River. The nurse was refusing to go with her. She was sorry for her mistress, and begged her not to venture.

'Anne, I am obliged to consider many things in making up my mind,' said Lady Harriet. 'I have been trying to weigh them all, and think this journey is not foolhardiness, but a risk I ought to venture. My husband has been through worse perils with worse savages. These children of nature cannot be so bad as the savages of the French Revolution, and the most experienced men at the supper-table to-night seemed to think there was no danger. I dread the falling of the river. If the water goes down it may be difficult for us to move except by land. A land journey with little children is so long, so difficult, and so expensive. I am running short in money, Anne, and have only enough left to keep us a few weeks until I meet my husband. Take pity on my little ones; go on with us, my faithful Anne. We have shared so much together.'

But Anne would not. Nothing can equal the obstinate determination of an Englishwoman of her class when alarmed by a vague prospect of personal danger. She was sorry for her mistress—very sorry to part from the children. Polly heard her choking and weeping. But 'she cared most for her own skin,' as the phrase was in that part of the country. At last Polly found it was all settled that Nurse

should go back to Richmond with the guides, and she fancied Lady Harriet tried to make the woman take something that she would not touch on any consideration.

'No, no; put it away, under your clothes. That would be worst of all. Let no one ever see them. If I had them I should be murdered for the worth of them. Hide them away, my lady.'

Polly looked intently through her hole in a pine board, and saw something like linked dew-drops hanging from the lady's fingers. Soon the candle was extinguished; mistress and maid lay down upon their beds. The one trying to seek counsel and deliverance from her Heavenly Father, the other to cry over the nurslings she was going to abandon of her own free will. Yet slumber stole in softly before dawn, and laid her finger on the eyes of both of them.

It was not light, however, when Lady Harriet woke, and was conscious of an unfamiliar figure crouched beside her bed.

'Oh, my lady!' said little Polly Crane, addressing her as Anne did. 'Oh, my lady! take me with you down the river. They beat me so. See here,' and she bared her poor little thin back and shoulders covered with wales and bruises.

'You poor little dear child!' cried Lady Harriet, moved by strong compassion. 'Whose child are you?'

'Nobody's child,' said Polly, 'only a parish child. Mother Morgan had a child of her own once, when her first husband, Clendennin, was living. The Indians killed him, and threw his bloody scalp right in her face. They carried her off with her baby in her arms, but next day she got away from them and left her baby. An Indian had a notion she was near, and cried, "We'll call the cow to her calf." He seized the baby in his arms, and dashed its head against a tree. They say she saw it done from her hiding-place, and never stirred nor showed herself. And that is why she is so fierce and cruel ever since to children. They call her Mother Morgan just to mock her. She has never had another baby sent her since that time.'

'How horrible!' cried Lady Harriet. '"Can a woman forget her sucking child that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will not I forget thee!" You poor, poor little thing,' continued the kind lady. 'This child, Anne, may be to be a comfort to me. Little one, can you carry a baby?'

'My lady, yes. Babies is always good with me,' poor Polly answered eagerly.

'Well, go away, poor orphan,' said Lady Harriet. 'I will think of it, and let you know.'

By night it was all settled. The trader from Virginia was confident that there was no cause for fear. He had hired a river boat, and it was lying at Farmer Morgan's little jetty. Lady Harriet decided with her children to run the risk, and Polly was to accompany them. Next morning, dressed in her best home-spun gown, and in a sun-bonnet, which hid her face, dimpled with happy smiles, Polly embarked

with her new mistress and her children on board the awkward barge in which they were to float down the Ohio River.

'It was a queer craft, Master Charles,' old Polly said; 'more like an ark than any vessel that now floats upon our waters. Its gunwale was immensely high. It was meant to float with the current down the stream, and it was steered by a man with a great oar, each male passenger taking his turn and keeping her in the middle of the river. She had no crew, but there were several men on board with goods, and two or three bound down the stream on various errands. These all agreed to work the boat so as to pay their passage.'

One thing they all determined on before starting, which was never to approach either bank, but to keep in the middle of the river. The water was high, so that even so awkward an old craft slipped along merrily. Lady Harriet enjoyed everything. The rest, the woods, still bare of leaves, though the white oaks kept their russet foliage, the ripple, the bright sunshine, the cheerfulness and animation of her companions, and above all the thought that every knot they made was bringing her nearer to her husband. She spent the first day of her voyage on deck with her children and her little maid, inquiring minutely into Polly's history, and endeavouring to teach her the Lord's Prayer. Pitying above measure her forlorn and orphaned state, Lady Harriet dwelt much in connection with the words, 'Our Father which art in Heaven,' on the Fatherhood of God. She tried to make poor Polly feel she had a Father—a Father always near her—a Father to Whom she was dear. Polly looked at her with great big, wondering eyes. She was for the first time standing in the warmth and light of love. This notion of God's Fatherhood seemed part of it all.

It was the peep of day. The boat had floated about forty miles down the Ohio, from its junction with the Kanawha. Lady Harriet and her children were asleep under the half-deck, when Polly, hearing a sound of talking among the men, crept out to look about her.

A man named Winder had the steering-oar, and had called up some of the other men to point out to them some smoke he had discovered, suspended in the distance over the tree-tops of the forest.

The men instantly exclaimed that the boat must be kept well away from that side of the river. Just then two white men came in sight on the same bank as the fire. They called on those on board the boat to stop and take them in. They said they were survivors of the crew of the boat taken some days previously by the Indians; that they alone had had the good fortune to escape, but had no means to cross the river. They were suffering from hunger and from cold, and they implored their countrymen in very moving words not to abandon them in the wilderness to the mercy of savages.

(To be continued.)

MONT S. MICHEL, AU PÉRIL DE LA MER; PALACE,
MONASTERY, AND PRISON.

(THE BEST WAY TO GET TO IT.)

BY A. E. T.

INTRODUCTION.

As I lived for eleven years full in view of this remarkable pile—monastery, palace, and prison—and as, from various causes, I had exceptional advantages for seeing a great deal of it, and hearing much about it not usually known, I think it may not be uninteresting to the many who have visited it, or intend to visit it, to read what I have here set down, which is, so to speak, *purely personal*, being neither historical nor antiquarian, except incidentally, since I only mention what I knew, saw, and heard, during the many years I not only continually viewed, but visited, Mont S. Michel.

CHAPTER I.

EVERY one is aware, who knows anything about the mount, that it is a huge point of rock, crowned with a wonderful building, which stands out in the vast waste of grey sand that forms *the* feature of the bay of Mont S. Michel, but every one does *not* know that there is manifest, as well as historical proof, that the mount and the firm land were, once on a time, connected together, and that, in a few years, perhaps, the mount and the coast will be re-connected—the French Government being engaged in bringing about this reunion by carrying forward from the mainland, a long ‘digue,’ or sea-wall, which helps to keep in the river Sélune from wandering over the sands. This ‘digue’ starts from a rocky promontory called the Rocher de Torin, which furnishes the material for its construction, and, when completed, the land inclosed between it and the embankment that shuts in the river Couësuon, which divides Normandy from Brittany, will be recovered, and bear crops up to the very walls of the mount.

The idea of re-uniting Mont S. Michel to the mainland and of utilising the land recovered from the sea, is an old one, a company ‘floated’ by the late Duc de Morny, who obtained ‘concessions’ from the Government of his day, with this view, having done a good deal towards carrying it out. The company, however, failed, and the works lay idle, when just before the Gallo-Prussian war some English speculators thought of utilising them; but the war cut all these plans short, and it was not until it was well over, that the Government took again to the work, which, even now, goes on very fitfully, not to say sluggishly.

Now as the *true* way to approach the mount is from the Avranches

side, this 'digue' forms an excellent and sure guide to the pedestrian over the sands, as far as it goes, the distance from its unfinished end to the mount being comparatively small. I say that the route *viâ Avranches* is the *true* way to the mount, because it is far more interesting than the road *viâ Pontorson*, which is flat and dull, while the Avranches route is beautiful and full of interest, particularly for the pedestrian—the carriage road, where it begins to skirt the bay, necessitating a long round through narrow lanes invaded by every high tide, and constantly ploughed up by the great country carts which carry the 'tangué,' or sandy marl of the bay, into the interior, whereas a fairly active walker can go almost in a direct line from Avranches to the mount, and have a succession of interesting views of a beautiful country at almost every step.

No finer rallying point for a party of active walkers can be imagined than the terrace walk of the Avranches Botanic Garden. As you lean over the low wall you have a whole panorama of 'flood and field' stretched out below you. In the foreground you see the estuary of the river Sée, fringed down to the very edge with trees, among which nestle little villages and quaint churches—point and bay succeeding one another in the most picturesque fashion—then, in the mid-distance, comes the grey bay with the two islands of S. Michel and Tombelaine—the former towering up pyramid-wise, crowned with the château and abbey—the latter relapsed into its state of rugged, gorse-covered rock—the whole view closed in by the distant cliffs of Caucale and the fresh blue sea. The country, at this point, lies below you like a map, yet is so well wooded that you can hardly discern a road, except the great white highway that runs, straight as an arrow, over hill and valley, from Avranches to Granville. Here and there are stretches of open ground, but wood and water, in every conceivable combination, hold the main sway. It is pleasant to turn from even such a view as this, glimmering and shimmering in the glowing summer light, to the cool avenue of stately old trees that spans the garden, dividing the pleasure ground from the scientific portion of it; yet we must not linger here, but pass the iron gates and cross the wide Place du Palet, and then descend the sloping road, through the part of Avranches called 'Changeons,' to the 'Croix Verte,' feasting our eyes as we go with the sight of charming dells, full of fine trees, beneath which little rills of clear water run swiftly down to the sea.

From the 'embranchement' called the 'Croix Verte,' the road winds about through pleasant fields and little hamlets, under the shade of waving hedge-row trees, until the broad sandy estuary of the Sélune opens out at Gué l'Epine. After your four-mile walk from Avranches, you will be glad enough to rest a while and be thankful, and therefore, turn to the right hand, past the farmhouse which represents all that remains of the Pilgrim's Hospital, and you will find the old 'Verger' of the Hospice covered with short close turf, and overshadowed by fine trees, where you can sit or lie at your ease until you are rested and

want to warn the ferryman to take you over the river in a 'scow' worthy of Charon himself, so worn and leaky is it. What with the bright river rolling onwards to the sea hard by, the fresh air, and the perfect tranquillity of the spot, it is hard to imagine a pleasanter place for the many pic-nics it is honoured with; and it is also a very convenient point, as the tired, or non-ambitious pedestrian, can always return hence to Avranches by a pleasant path along the shore of the other river, the Sée, which hereabouts join the Sélune.

But you are determined, we presume, to go on. You will, therefore, cross the river and carefully follow the track the ferryman has marked out by bushes stuck in the sand, for the 'lises,' or quicksands, are not far away, and have a terrible reputation. The opposite coast, however, is soon reached, and from the jutting promontory called the Rocher de Torin, the 'digue' stretches out before you towards the mount, and along it a line of rusty rails is visible, on which stand some two or three waggons which have been busied in 'tipping' stone from off the end of the tramway. Keep along this 'digue,' and although the sand is soft on its river (or western) side, which makes the walking heavy, the way is *safe*, which is more than can be said of the apparently easy plain of sand which stretches between it and the mount. Between the end of the 'digue' and the mount there is a moderate space, easily and safely traversed if the tide is out, or not rising, as *ought* to be the case, and should carefully be attended to, when one is engaged on this expedition, for to attempt to get to Mont S. Michel with a rising tide, is simply suicidal.

(To be continued.)

AN UNTRAINED GOVERNESS.

BY MARY JOHNSON.

INTRODUCTION.

THE number of girls brought up entirely at home in England has diminished within this century, and will probably undergo farther reduction as the working of the Girls' Public Day Schools becomes better understood. There will, however, always be parents who, for reasons which to them appear all-sufficient, decide against sending their daughters from them either by the day or by the term. Private governesses will therefore not soon become extinct. The present wide-spread dissatisfaction with the methods employed in private schoolrooms may sometimes go beyond reasonable limits. But no one who, fresh from a visit to a good National or Board School, examines the books and maps, the furniture and ventilation, provided for the daughters of the middle and upper classes, can fail to perceive that the squire's, the doctor's, the lawyer's, and the clergyman's daughters are often forced to put up, in these respects, with articles long ago discarded for the children of the poor as useless or even injurious. Still more will these

feelings oppress him when he finds—a by no means uncommon state of things—that the gentle girl, or respectable middle-aged lady, presiding over these young ladies, has never learned how to teach, nor seen professional teaching; perhaps never even been inside a National School, much less a Training College for Teachers; has no time table, and does not know how to make one; and cannot tell what portion of any of the books she is using will be got through in a month or a term, in one year or seven. In many cases he will find that the governess has a solid, in some an accurate, knowledge, of her subjects; in a few, that she has struck out for herself a method of teaching so that her pupils not merely learn but know. Oftener the knowledge of the teacher will be limited to one book on each subject, and that by no means the best or most recent. Neither she, however, nor the parents of her pupils can easily be persuaded to substitute another manual, or to see that it can be any disadvantage to young people to step into the world twenty, thirty, or fifty years behind their poorer neighbours, in nomenclatures and classifications.

When to these disadvantages we add the very general absence of discipline from the private schoolroom, the luxurious habits in which many children are brought up, and the carelessness with which parents omit to conceal from their children their own standard of respectability, namely, wealth, and their own sources of happiness, amusement and power, we can hardly be surprised that the young people are not being well educated. What encouragement is there to a governess to take pains to prepare a valuable course of study for children who miss a day's or a week's lessons without concern, waste hours by fits of naughtiness or idleness without reproof, and exchange a first-rate teacher for one who knows nothing but how to get a salary, without perceiving the difference?

At present 'a good education,' as it is called, is excessively costly; yet those parents who are ready to lavish money on fashionable schools and professors will seldom take the trouble to see that the children are prepared to profit by their outlay. Half of the time spent in the schoolroom is too often consumed in a struggle—it *may* be, conducted without vulgar ebullitions—as to whether the teacher or the pupil shall be the dictator. Very often nearly all the remainder is devoted to undoing the work of an incapable or unprincipled predecessor, which after all will probably be the most enduring, because the first.

Now in other matters people use their common-sense, and pay for sound commencements to their undertakings. Who ever heard of a lady who would entrust a costly silk to a nursery-maid to cut out, and then ask a court dressmaker to trim it? Who defers calling in the architect until the day-labourer has laid foundations according to his own notions?

Parents *must* impart the first lessons to their children, or suffer their nurses to do it; all the option they have is whether the lessons shall be the beginnings of truth and wisdom, or of folly, idleness, and sin.

An infant in arms is learning all the time that it is awake. No impressions in after life are likely to be as indelible as those received by ear and eye every hour before seven years of age; and *these* are the days spent—by rich people's children—out of reach of a rational answer to a proper question, sometimes to an improper one; with no variety from the mutual gossip and quarrels, or at best the unprofitable and frivolous talk, of uncultivated women, often unprincipled, not seldom base and vicious. From these evils the children of less affluent parents are exempted. The more natural homes, where the nursery is within reach of visitation by the father and mother, rear up, surely, some of the loveliest and most innocent creatures in the world! But as they begin to lose the infantine dimples, too often their mother—their father being occupied in a profession—now becomes engrossed in care for their persons; time and money are swallowed up in providing elegant clothing, and it is not until the children are thirteen or fourteen years of age that she suddenly awakes to the fact that they ought to be learning more than a governess can teach them, who asks, because she can demand, a less salary than a good cook.

The earliest lessons, in every subject, are the most important. If mothers would but keep up their own knowledge after leaving school, they would be by far the best teachers for their own little ones. Time could be procured for them to do this by abridging, not sacrificing, social amusements, and giving 20% or 25%, not to a governess, but to a useful girl, resident or not, as general helper, especially with needlework; or by some other contrivance relieving themselves of mechanical duties. At the same time I must say, that while the garnishing of the outside of the head is *allowed* to be as important as the furnishing of the inside, little improvement can be expected. A mother, being mistress of the house, can arrange all the hours so as to give the children little lessons when and where it suits them best; can vary according to season, weather, or health, as a governess cannot easily do; above all, she can show her girls that she makes use of the stupendous privileges of being grown up and of being married, not to indulge in idleness, but to make the most of every hour for the benefit of others, for her own improvement, and for the glory of God. She has it in her power to check idle talk in the nursery by the simple plan of making it her own sitting-room, and this—I speak from experience—will prevent the practical lessons in untruth, coarseness, and ill-behaviour generally, which only too many children receive from servants up stairs. I knew an instance of a little girl making use of oaths, to her mother's horror, and calmly accounting for such expressions by saying 'nurse' said so! This appears an extreme case; but bad language is far from being the worst lesson that is given in nurseries where the mother's visits are short or rare, or both. Her presence will also protect the children from the habit, so difficult to eradicate if formed, of keeping two standards of neatness in person and arrangements, one supposed to be good enough if no stranger is present,

but not *fit to be seen* by any other eyes than those nearest and dearest to us !

In those cases in which a mother cannot with justice to other duties spend much time in her nursery, she will do wisely to employ, not two nurses, but a lady as nursery superintendent and a nursemaid under her. I hope the day will come when no young lady will disdain to begin her career as nursery-governess ; but meanwhile many an elderly gentlewoman could be found who would be a better companion for the little boys and girls than ordinary nurses. And surely the additional expense thus incurred would be well repaid, even in money, by the saving effected later by sending the children into the schoolroom docile, intelligent, and fond of knowledge ! In many cases, too, an educated sense would detect a symptom, or a cause, of threatening illness ; thus much distress would be averted. Few uneducated women understand how to keep the nursery sufficiently light and airy, or will take the trouble to read even so simple a book as Berners' *First Lessons on Health* ; * a lady's perceptions are more acute and her prejudices generally less inflexible than theirs. Of course the authority of the governess, young or old, must be upheld ; but this is no more than is required on board a ship or in a regiment—junior as well as senior officers are entitled to a fixed and definite measure of obedience and consideration, both from inferiors and superiors.

The care of children is onerous and responsible from every point of view ; a mother who thinks it too much trouble to make her arrangements with a view to their welfare, misunderstands her position in the state and her privileges in the Church. Nay, she forgets that our Lord Himself showed us the importance of education, not merely when He commanded the little ones to be brought to Him, but when, in renewing to Saint Peter his commission after His resurrection, He bade him not only 'Feed My sheep,' but also 'Feed My lambs.' That which an Apostle was commanded to complete cannot be beneath a mother's dignity to begin.

(To be continued.)

SISTER DORA, OF WALSALL.

'Men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown.'

—MRS. BARRETT-BROWNING.

On Saturday, the 28th of December last, there was laid to rest in the cemetery of Walsall a noble woman.

As the long procession slowly made its way through the crowded

* Berners, Macmillan.

streets, followed by weeping thousands, a stranger might have asked with wonder, 'Who was this?'

All ranks were there to do her honour, medical men who had appreciated her skill, the clergy and ministers of all denominations, the Bishop from far Melanesia, the Mayor, Magistrates, and Corporation, the Governors and Guardians of various schools, Sunday-school teachers, Foresters and other Friendly Societies, and lastly, many who had experienced her tender care; a dense crowd, all anxious to follow and see laid in her last earthly resting-place, the friend and helper of all, whose good deeds and noble self-devotion must remain long in the hearts of all who ever loved or came in contact with Sister Dora.

What is length of life? Is it to be measured by length of days, or by the amount of earnest work done? If the latter, then the sweet life spent in ministering to the sufferings of others that closed on earth last Christmas Eve was not prematurely taken from us.

She of whom I would speak shrank so much from public notice during her life, that were it not for the teaching of other women by her example, those who loved and had the privilege of knowing her, would fain be silent.

Simply and steadily she worked for fourteen years among the suffering poor of Walsall, seeking no praise, no fame, having no reward save in the love and gratitude of those she succoured, wholly forgetting self in her Master's service, willing to give up all for His sake.

As a nurse, she was without peer in her knowledge, and great skill, for she possessed the 'gift of healing' in a measure almost marvellous, but I believe the true reason of her success and influence was that nothing was too difficult, nothing too lowly, if done for Christ's sake.

In 1865, Sister Dora came to Walsall as lady-in-charge of a small Cottage Hospital that had begun its career of usefulness two years before—a tiny venture, established on the voluntary nursing principle—for Walsall until this time had no accommodation for the nursing of its sick or injured poor; and from the dangerous nature of many of the trades of the town and neighbourhood, a Hospital where accidents could be received was especially needed.

So heartily did she work in spite of much opposition and prejudice, that in three years the little house where the work began was much too small; and the interest in it increasing, owing without doubt to the devotion of Sister Dora, a sum of more than 3,000*l.* was collected for the purchase and re-construction of a larger house, which, with the addition of two large wards, was thought would be sufficient for the wants of the town; and in the spring of 1868 Sister Dora removed to this larger sphere of work.

She was the very life of the Hospital, never sparing herself, until many of her friends grudged that her great power should be spent

often in menial matters; but no service was unimportant to her. The first to rise, the last to take rest, and sometimes that rest disturbed by the arrival of accidents,—for she never allowed a patient to be admitted without her personal superintendence—and even when undisturbed she would often rise and pass through the wards to see that the night nurses were doing their duty.

With intense love for her work, and full of sympathy for every form of suffering, she made her life a long lesson, for she left no stone unturned whereby she could gain additional experience and knowledge.

Those who had the happiness to be her pupils will recall her patient teaching, and the thoroughness of her work. It did not matter how clumsy or bungling the pupil might be, if there were a real desire to learn, Sister Dora was the gentlest of teachers, never sparing time or trouble until satisfied the pupil understood. It was a great experience to be with her and watch her daily life; she brought such brightness to the commonest of routine.

‘If you are not ready to undertake little duties for your Lord’s sake, great ones may not be given you,’ she would say. ‘Never think of yourself when you have anything painful or disagreeable to do, think only it is a service done for Him, and it is wonderful to find how light these burdens become.’

Only the sins of others ever really weighed down her bright spirit, and when, as often happened, she saw men and women dying, oppressed with the burden of their sinful lives, and too stricken with grievous bodily suffering to heed their souls’ wants, ah! how she would mourn for them.

Few patients or nurses ever left the hospital without acknowledging how much they owed to her, for she had that happy way of finding some good in everybody, and in influencing them to act up to the opinion she had formed. Of course it was not always so, sometimes she met with ingratitude, but it was rarely that her real goodness did not find some response in the roughest or most hardened.

Not only within the Hospital did she labour, the streets and courts of the town knew her well, to the lowest of which she went fearlessly; and when small-pox broke out in Walsall with extreme severity a second time, she, finding the people would not send their friends to the Epidemic Hospital, and were endeavouring to conceal the cases, volunteered to take charge of it herself, knowing they would come willingly if she were there, and until the epidemic had passed away she remained fighting this deadly enemy almost single-handed.

In 1876 a terrible accident in the neighbourhood brought many more injured men than the Cottage Hospital could receive with convenience, so that a fresh effort was made to extend still further the usefulness of the hospital, and it was resolved to erect an entirely new building on the site of the old one, capable of accommodating a larger number of

patients. In the meantime Sister Dora removed to a house in the town, which was fitted up as a temporary Hospital.

It was hoped by this change, and a smaller number of patients, her work and anxiety would be lessened, but owing partly to the house being little suited for the purpose—it was the only one to be had—and partly to the great fatigue she underwent in visiting the sick in their own homes, her work was really heavier.

None knew save herself that the brave spirit was at last failing, that the time had almost come when she who had soothed so many dying beds must herself lie down to die. Self-forgetful and brave to the end, she laboured on. There was so much to be done; her hands seemed fuller than ever, and above all, urging her to fresh exertion, was the hope she might be permitted to open and organise the New Hospital now rapidly approaching completion. Could she rest?

In June she did leave Walsall for a hardly-earned holiday, but a portion of it was spent in London and Paris, visiting and seeing the working of various hospitals.

But the learning and teaching were almost over now. The Master, Whom she loved and served so faithfully had come and called for His servant, not to work longer for Him here, not to teach by her sweet example any more, only to lie still and suffer for Him a little while.

The new hospital was opened early in November last, with sorrowing hearts, for she to whom its erection was owing was never to set foot in it, for immediately on her return to Walsall in October, she became alarmingly ill, beyond hope of recovery; and after three months suffering she passed away in perfect peace on Christmas Eve.

‘Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours and their works do follow them.’ Sweetly the words heard by St. John come home to us with new force and meaning. For *her* the labour ended, the rest won; and oh! my sisters, are *her works* to be remembered, are they to bring abundant fruit here in raising up other women to follow in her footsteps, and, forgetting self, to spend their lives for others?

The harvest is indeed very ripe, but the labourers are so few, that they who work often fail for lack of strength and help.

To few will be given the power or skill of Sister Dora, but if her life speaks to one heart willing and ready to devote itself to Christ’s service as she did, I think she would look back with joy on her labours and each toilsome hour.

It is only by cross-bearing we attain the crown.

Spider Subjects.

OF those who have entered the lists of Great Men, there are so many that only those who have excelled in choice or arrangement can be mentioned. These are No. 15, Devoniensis, Bog-Oak, Rosemary, Mock Turtle, President, Alert, Marsh-Mallow, Meg, Bretwalda, Chelsea China, and Staffordshire Lass. Tadpole took only living men, and Bubbles sent an amusing duplicate list of giants. Many, however, do not distinguish between greatness and goodness. A man may be great in adversity by his patience and constancy, and this is sometimes called true greatness, as it is in a spiritual sense; but the man who can claim to be called great is one who so moulds circumstance as to meet with success in his main object, either in his lifetime or afterwards. Others confound greatness with being great in some particular gift, and some have simply put down people they like, often in utter confusion as to time, place, or form of excellence, just as the names came into their heads. The choices are here sorted, giving the number of suffrages for each. They are arranged chronologically, not in order of merit.

Greatest Men.—Moses, 12; David, 7; Nebuchadnezzar, 1; Cyrus, 6; Epaminondas, 4; Alexander, 30; Judas Maccabeus, 5; Julius Cæsar, 28; Augustus, 2; S. Paul, 17; S. Athanasius, 11; S. Gregory I., 11; Charlemagne, 29; Alfred, 32; William the Conqueror, 4; Gregory VII., 6; S. Bernard, 3; Edward I., 1; Henry V., 5; Columbus, 27; Luther, 24; Charles V., 13; William the Silent, 4; Richelieu, 4; Gustavus Adolphus, 6; Cromwell, 12; Peter I., 16; Frederick II., 1; Washington, 21; Napoleon, 28; Wellington, 32; Selwyn, 3.

Great Men of the Second Order.—Joseph, 1; Daniel, 6; Darius (Hystaspes?), 1; Solon, 3; Lycurgus, 3; Themistocles, 1; Pericles, 1; Philip of Macedon, 1; Ptolemy Soter; Scipio, 1; Constantine, 7; Marcus Aurelius, 2; Philip Augustus, 1; Saladin, 3; Simon de Montfort, 1; Bruce, 1; James I. of Scotland, 2; Henri IV., 3; Burleigh, 3; Hampden, 3; Chatham, 7; Pitt, 9; Peel, 2; Prince Albert, 7; Cavour, 1.

Good Men.—Abraham, 9; Elijah, 2; Aristides, 9; Socrates, 24; Regulus, 2; S. John the Baptist, 3; S. John the Evangelist, 1; S. Peter, 2; S. Stephen, 3; S. Cyril, 1; S. Cyprian, 1; S. Ambrose, 1; S. Patrick, 1; Edward the Confessor, 1; Godfrey, 1; Becket, 3; S. Louis, 1; Fernando of Avis, 2; Savonarola, 13; Bajazet, 12; Coligny, 1; More, 4; Sidney, 6; S. Vincent de Paul, 1; S. Charles Borromeo, 4; Laud, 3; Falkland, 1; Charles I., 1; Fénelon, 4; Henri de La Roche-Jaquelein, 1; Howard, 9; Wilberforce, 3; Clarkson, 1; Peabody, 11; Bishop Wilberforce, 3.

Great Captains and Patriots.—Joshua, 2; Alaric, 1; Attila, 1; Belisarius, 1; Fabricius, 1; Hannibal, 9; Charles Martel, 1; Wallace, 7; Arthur, 1; Tamerlane, 2; Black Prince, 1; Du Guesclin, 3;

Gonzalo de Cordova, 4; Skanderbeg, 1; Cortes, 1; Howard of Effingham, 1; Montrose, 2; Condé, 1; Marlborough, 7; Wolfe, 1; Clive, 4; Nelson, 18; Kosciusko, 1; Garibaldi, 2.

Philosophers.—Aristotle, 3; Plato, 7; Lord Bacon, 3.

Founders of Religions.—Zoroaster, 1; Buddha, 4; Confucius, 3; Mahomet, 9; Luther, 24; Calvin, 1; Wesley, 1.

Self-devoted Heroes.—Decius Mus, 2; Leonidas, 7; Arnold von Winkelried, 1.

Poets.—Homer, 11; Æschylus, 1; Sophocles, 1; Dante, 20; Spenser, 3; Shakespeare, 33; Milton, 1; Byron, 1; Goethe, 1; C. Wesley, 1; Coleridge, 1; Schiller, 3.

Musicians.—Handel, 9; Beethoven, 11; Haydn, 11; Mendelssohn, 3; Mozart, 5.

Painters.—Leonardo da Vinci, 2; Michael Angelo, 15; Raphael, 13; Rubens, 1; Titian, 1; Vandyke, 1; Gainsborough, 1; Rembrandt, 2; Turner, 1; Landseer, 1.

Mathematicians and Astronomers.—Archimedes, 6; Euclid, 1; Copernicus, 4; Galileo, 15; Kepler, 2; Newton, 26; Herschel, 2.

Sailors and Discoverers.—Vasco de Gama, 1; Cabot, 1; Vespucci, 1; Drake, 1; Hawkins, 1; Frobisher, 1; Shovel, 1; Cook, 3; Franklin, 1; Livingstone, 1.

Inventors.—Jubal, 1; Tubal Cain, 1; Roger Bacon, 3; Harvey, 1; Guttenberg, 1; Caxton, 'the first printer,' 6; Smeaton, 1; Wren, 1; Jenner, 1; Watt, 4; Brunel, 1; Hahnemann, 1.

Authors.—Herodotus, 1; S. Augustine, 1; Origen, 1; Butler, 1; Addison, 1; Johnson, 1; J. Taylor, 1; Scott, 1; Macaulay, 3; Dickens, 1; Kingsley.

Missionaries.—J. Elliot, 1; Patteson, 6; Mackenzie, 1.

Living persons have been excluded.

If people put great men at all, they might take the trouble of ascertaining their right names. It is rather disgraceful to write Sir *Joseph Franklin*, *William Mozart*, *Sir Roger Bacon*, *William Wickliffe*, *Hampton*. We decline all acquaintance with these gentlemen.

What caused such extraordinary choices as Walter Tyrrell, who never did anything but kill William Rufus, if he even did that; and King John of France, a harsh, weak king, faithless to his subjects? Voltaire was a *little*, mean, vain man, only great in infidelity.

Who are Sacehya Mouni and Colonel Savary?

THE Thrushes have been very well done by Wakatu, Molly Malone, Bath-Brick; Ila, very good, but too long; Carina, good; Nightingale, good; Lauriston, good, but long, taking in rare ones; Bat. Wakatu's answer must, however, be deferred in favour of the Mariner's Compass—standing over from last time.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

It is curious that such a venerable invention as the mariner's compass should have been so far deprived of its rights as to be not unusually spoken of as a mediæval discovery dating from about the thirteenth century, whereas the fact is that it was known and used in China probably long before the third century of the Christian era. In a Chinese Encyclopædia compiled between the end of the third and the beginning of the fifth century, the use of the compass in navigation is

plainly indicated by the description found there of "ships directed to the south by a needle;" and the attractive power of the loadstone was known far earlier, mention being made of this power in a Chinese Dictionary of A.D. 121.

Indeed the little instrument may be said to make good its claim to antiquity by sharing, with all old families, the privilege of possessing a legendary as well as an authentic history. For there is extant a wonderful and mysterious story of how the Emperor Ho-ang-ti (2634 B.C.), when at war with the rebel Tchi-yeou (who was also apparently a magician) was baffled by a fog raised by his opponent, till he had constructed a chariot pointing to the south, by means of which he recovered the direction and overtook the enemy, completely defeating them. It must be owned that there is a vague mystery surrounding this anecdote—particularly the description of the '*chariot*'—which is more suitable to the character of a legend than to that of sober history; but at least the story seems to prove that some tradition of the polarity of the loadstone must have existed from a period far earlier even than that of the Chinese works already referred to, since the analogy of the war-chariots of other ancient nations would naturally lead us to suppose that of Ho-ang-ti to have been made of iron, and, we must conclude, of magnetised iron.

The mariner's compass in China was, however, a very imperfect instrument, and, on account of the curious stagnation which characterises all arts and sciences in that nation, it has undergone little if any improvement in all these hundreds of years, though, in justice to the original inventors, it should be said that, as late as the beginning of the present century, Dr. Gowan Knight discovered that the old Chinese manner of suspending the needle is the best.

The date and manner of the introduction of the compass into Europe is uncertain, but it seems not improbable that it was effected by the Arabs about the twelfth century. At any rate, that nation was acquainted with the polarity of the loadstone, as is proved by an Arabic philosophical treatise. Some writers have drawn an argument against the supposition of the introduction of the mariner's compass into Europe by the Arabs, from the fact that there is no genuine Arabic word for the instrument in question, the term '*bushla*' or '*busba*,' being merely a corruption of the Italian '*bussola*.' But it has been pointed out that the use of this word is confined to the Arabs of the Mediterranean, where European influence would naturally make itself felt in the language, and that in the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf the compass is known by a purely Arabic name, signifying 'house of the needle.' The apparent contradiction between the accounts of mediæval travellers voyaging in Arab vessels—some writers affirming that a compass was employed, while others seem to have been without one—may perhaps be explained by the fact that the instrument was still so imperfect as to be of but little practical utility, and consequently perhaps unused for voyages in well-known waters. Very rude and imperfect it probably was, perhaps not unlike the compass mentioned by an Arabian traveller writing before the close of the thirteenth century as being in use in some parts of the East Indies; this consisted in a piece of hollow iron shaped like a fish and thrown into a basin of water, where it floated with the head towards the north.

The earliest definite European mention of the mariner's compass is found in a treatise of the twelfth century, where the author speaks of 'a needle carried on board ship, which being placed on a pivot and allowed to take its own position of repose, shows mariners their course when the polar star is hidden.' Many references to the subject are found in histories and other works by French and Italian authors of the thirteenth century, while in poetry the simile of the constant knight, 'true as the needle to the pole,' had already become common.

In northern countries we find that a compass inclosed in a box was in use among the Norwegians in the middle of the thirteenth century; and probably it was known almost as early as this in Scotland, though when Robert Bruce sailed from Carrick to Arran he steered by a fire lighted on the shore, for, as his chronicler informs us, he 'na needil had na stane.'

From all this it will be seen that Flavio Gioja of Amalfi (1307) must certainly relinquish his claim of being the inventor of the mariner's compass, and no better foundation have the claims of Marco Polo, to whom some have attributed the honour of the discovery.

It is still uncertain who added the card with the points of the compass marked on it, which is found in the modern instrument; but the thirty-two points, or 'rhumbs' as they are called, into which that card is divided, were recognised as early as the time of Chaucer, who speaks of them in his 'Treatise on the Astrolabe.'

Though the mariner's compass has been actually in use for so many centuries as we have seen it to be, it is only comparatively of late years that it has attained to any very high degree of perfection. As late as 1616 there are many allusions to the subject by various writers, tending to prove its insufficiency. In 1750 Dr. Gowan Knight altered the needle of the compasses in the Merchant Service, those previously in use having been merely formed of two pieces of steel bent in the middle. And within the last sixty years Professor Barlow reported to the Admiralty that half the compasses in the Royal Navy were lumber and ought to be thrown away. Since then, however, the work of improvement has been rapid, many excellent varieties of compasses having been invented recently; the best at present is the kind patented by Sir William Thompson in 1876, combining the advantages of great steadiness and the greatest possible degree of correctness.

The principle which regulates the use of the compass is, that the ship directs her course according to the angle made by the situation of the place to which she is going with the geographical north. This is discovered by noticing which of the points marked on the compass-card is opposite to a perpendicular line drawn on the inside of the compass-box and known as 'lubber's point,' for as this line is in the same plane as the ship's keel, the angle made by each of these objects with the magnetic north, as shown by the needle, must be the same. And as the magnet seldom points exactly to the geographical north (the variation being in many places so considerable that an attempt to steer by it would bring the ship entirely out of her course), the azimuth compass, a more exact instrument, is used for calculating the extent of this variation between the magnetic and the geographical north, which being discovered, the true course can be found.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

The Life of Theodoric, King of Italy.

What is the mental benefit of studying languages ?

HANDWRITING SOCIETY.

THE Spanish Epitaph had only reached Pearl, owing to delays in postage, on the 7th of June. It will have made further progress by the 1st of July, and shall be reported of in August. We give it here, and what it has come to.

'Aqui yacen de Carlos los despojos.
La parte principal volviese al cielo ;
Con ella fuè el valor, quedo le al suelo,
Miedo en el corazon llanto en los ojos.'

'Here lie of Charles the spoils.
The principal part returns to the sky ;
With it was valour, there remains to the earth
Fear in the heart, weeping in the eyes.'

In a quarter of its course this has become—'Alguni zeam ob Carlos los sispagos. La parte principal volners o al cielo, con ella fin el valor quida quilo mielo en el coragon wants en cosagos.'

It went *right* through Caller Herrin, Unit, Ludovico, Brownie, Ignoramus, Marshland, Isabel, Penwiper. Cartouche changed 'despojos' into 'despajos ; Folkestar, Bee, made 'yacen' 'yacem ;' Mayflower, 'quedo' into 'quido ;' Aunt Kate turned 'el' into 'et,' and 'corazon' into 'coragon ; Spero, 'ojos' into 'ojas ;' Cedar, Snapdragon, and King Lear made no fresh errors ; Hurdy-gurdy turned 'quedo' into 'guido ;' Ida, Cape Jasmine, White Rose, Dorothy, went on right ; Cockney, probably knowing Spanish, restored 'ojos' and 'corazon ;' Obadiah, right ; but B. E. B. introduced an 'r' into 'volviese ;' Rip van Winkle turned 'et' back into 'el,' but left out 'le' altogether, spoiling the verse ; between the Muffin-Man and Sosie, 'suelo' turned into 'quelo,' and 'miedo' into 'mielo ;' Cugina Piccina, Crumpets, copied correctly. Guphin's 'd's' are so shocking that they were taken for 'ol ;' Cousin Foodle was misled by her, but was correct, as well as Giant Despair. Mariana made 'quelo' into 'guida ;' Hyacinth turned 'volviese' into 'volhierse ;' Quill-Pen left out 'al ;' Lily turned 'al' into 'at ;' another Quill-Pen and Kelpie turned 'llanto' into 'wants,' and 'ospajos' into 'sispagos,' and 'corazon' into 'coragon,' 'los ojos' into 'cosagos,' also destroying all appearance of verse. Double Narcissus made 'zeam' out of 'yacem,' and 'fin' out of 'fuè ;' Agate, Candemas, and Urania copied correctly ; Anemone made it verse again, but Gina made 'aqui' into 'alguni ;' Apple-Blossom reverted to prose, and Hurricane and Pearl copied her without fresh error.

Further reports on August 1st, during which month and September, holidays.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Specimens Genus *Campanula* may be sent till the 15th of the ensuing month.

Notices to Correspondents.

ANSWERS.

Perhaps your correspondent who asks for a reference for a quotation may allude to the little poem of which I send a copy herewith. I cannot tell who is the author, but have been familiar with it from my childhood, when I frequently heard it sung. Strangely enough my copy of the music does not contain the name of either author or composer, the title being merely '*As I saw Fair Chlora*, the beautiful duett, sung by Mr. Braham and Mr. Welsh,' &c. &c., the publisher being long extinct. I quote from memory as I am absent from home. The quotation 'Oh, les beaux jours,' &c. &c., I met with not long ago in a French book (modern) of memoirs of celebrated actresses. I think the title is *Les Comédiennes*, and that it is by De Goncourt, or perhaps E. Gaborian.

'As I saw fair Chlora walk alone,
The feathered snow came softly down,
Like Jove descending from his tower
To court her in a silver shower.
The wanton snow flew to her breast,
As little birds unto their nest,
But being o'ercome with whiteness there
For grief dissolved into a tear;
Thence falling on her garment's hem,
To deck her froze into a gem.'

The music is by G. Hayden, and is to be found in a collection of music called *The Musical Library*.—ED.

E. B.—For Tamil, Telugu, Gujratti, and Mahratta grammars and dictionaries, apply to Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., 13, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, or to Bernard Quaritch, Piccadilly. 'Canarese' should be 'Canarese.'

M. can get information as to such Sisterhoods in London by applying to the *Superiors of the House of Bethany*, 13, Lloyd Square, W.C.; *S. Saviour's Priory*, 18, Great Cambridge Street, E.; or *Sisters of the Church*, 29, Kilburn Park Road, N.W.—R. F. L.

'Le Play,' not 'de Play.' In answer to M. J. E. H. this month.

M. E. L.—S. Liberatus was an abbot martyred by the Vandals in Africa, but I can find no one to answer your description.

A. K. may like to know that Miss Jewsbury, the friend of Mrs. Hemans and Miss Mitford, was married to a chaplain in India, the Rev. W. K. Fletcher, and died there in 1834. A memoir of her was published in the *Christian Keepsake* for 1838, which would probably tell under what title a collection of her poems is to be found.—A. S.

Sarah.—In Old Style, S. Barnabas' Day was really the longest day.

C. H. B.—The Editor thinks the story of 'The Princess and the Cobbler's Wife' was in an old book called Mrs. Markham's *Children's Friend*.

Αἰμῖδα.—Madame Craven's *Mot de l'Enigme, Fleurance*; works of

Emile Souvestre; Alphonse Karr, *Autour de Mon Jardin*; works of Jules Verne and Erckmann-Chatrian, are all safe and good reading. Also *Recit d'une Sœur. Le Fils de Louis XV.* by the Abbé de Broglie. Works of Frederic Ozanam or Montalembert.

N. P.—For the Ladies' Hall, inquire of *Miss Wordsworth, Riseholm, Lincoln.*

QUESTIONS.

Can any reader kindly help me with information about any Home for Incurables (a mild climate preferred) where a girl of twenty-four could be placed? She has been a domestic servant, and is dependent for support on charity. Address by letter to *D., Calverley, Tiverton, Devon.*

A lady would be glad to be told of any Home where a boy of thirteen, half-witted, could be taught a means of earning a small livelihood. His mother is a widow and has entirely to support him. Address—*A. S. J., Oakbank, Chislehurst.*

Will any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* join a Penny Association which is being formed in aid of the All Saints' Home, London, W., and the many works of mercy carried on by the All Saints' Sisters at home and abroad? Collectors and subscribers are much needed. Collectors are required to find ten subscribers of *one penny* per week, paid quarterly. Any one willing to collect or to subscribe may obtain rules and information from *Miss Lowry, Treasurer to the Penny Association, Kilburn Hall, Torquay, S. Devon.*

A. M. T. wishes to hear of some sermons, or other good devotional works for reading in German, sound and orthodox.

Any books, interesting and religious, in German, translations from English or otherwise, suitable for lending to German poor—books of the nature of *Neale's Readings to the Aged*, or *Miss Montgomery's Wild Mice*.—*A. L. M.*

Wanted to buy an old *History of England* in verse, beginning—

'William the First, as the Conqueror known.'

—*Catherine.*

I would be much obliged to any of your correspondents who would kindly give the information which tune in *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, is the same as the *Scotch Drumlog*.—*S. M. H.*

QUOTATIONS ANSWERED.

The quotation asked for by an American reader—

'So out in the night on the wide, wild sea,
When the wind was beating drearily.'

is in the poem called *The Meeting Place*, by B. M., the author of *Ezekiel* and other poems.—*K. E. Daly.*

Spear Maiden.—The lines—

'For her the fair and débonnaire, that now so lowly lies;
The life upon her yellow hair, but not within her eyes!'

are from *Lenore*, a poem by Edgar Allan Poe. I can forward a copy to *Spear Maiden*, if she will give her address in the next number of *The Monthly Packet*.—*C. E. G.*

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

M. B. would be glad if any one would tell her the author of the following lines, and would send her the other verses :—

‘So we’ll go no more a roving
When the moon shines clear.’

—*M.B., Old Place, Whyke, Chichester.*

SOCIETIES.

A. E. inquires for a Fancy-work Society, to send round work once a month.

M. L. M. would be very glad if any reader of *The Monthly Packet* could tell her of an examination or essays on any given subject in English literature for which the prize would be in money.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Miss Landon begs to thank very sincerely all the ladies who have so kindly sent wools in reply to her advertisement of January last.

The *Lady Superintendent of S. Monica's Home* begs gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of 5*s.*, ‘a thank-offering from *Violet Marion.*’

Mrs. Bromfield thankfully acknowledges the receipt of 92*l.* 6*s.* for the Algoma Mission (Special Fund), the particulars of which will appear in the August number of *The Monthly Packet.*

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

AUGUST, 1879.

NOTE-BOOK OF AN ELDERLY LADY.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

CHAPTER IX.

THIS great modern movement in favour of women's rights has set me thinking about women's capabilities, or, more strictly speaking, the points in which they are likely to prove themselves deficient. I should startle Miss Boyce, and, I suspect, make her very indignant if I were to state the conclusion at which I have arrived; not so much by my own course of reasoning as by the thoughts suggested this morning by my out-spoken friend, Mrs. Malcolm, when I joined her and the Rector to-day on their way to Earham, and walked into the town with them.

'The Rector and I have had a little difference of opinion,' said Mrs. Malcolm, as the conversation began. 'He declares that women were born to obey. I say that whatever they may have been born to do, it is quite certain they won't, and don't obey.'

'*A propos* to what?' I asked.

'To some rules for a kind of Guild which he is bent upon setting on foot, and which is to turn all the idle young women in the parish into saints. I say it is a very good Guild, so far as its object goes, but that it will inevitably fail, because the rules are too strict, and girls won't keep them.'

'What is the use of having a Guild if you don't have strict rules?' asked the Rector. 'The purpose of such a society is to be a support—to give a backbone to principle. If you have no rules you have no backbone.'

'I have very little faith in artificial support,' replied Mrs. Malcolm. 'I believe that one of the chief causes of the weakness of character of girls, apart from what may be considered natural infirmity, is that, if

they are trained at all, it is by the means of educational go-carts, which keep them straight till they are about eighteen; and then, when they are set free, and it is found they can't stand or move alone, you good men set yourselves to invent new moral go-carts to supply the strength wanting, and wonder that after all your young friends are so unstable.'

'If they can't manage to get on with the go-carts,' replied the Rector, 'it is quite certain they will tumble down without them. As a proof, just think how important rules are when women live together in sisterhoods. How could they get on at all without them? Imagine a number of women forced into daily and hourly contact, and each bent on having her own way.'

'Or a number of men either,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'The liking for one's own way is not a taste confined to women alone.'

'Certainly not,' replied the Rector; 'but somehow—I don't mean to be uncourteous—it does seem when one comes to inquire into the matter, that women have greater difficulty in living together than men.'

'Precisely. They can't obey. That is my very argument,' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm.

'But I can't—indeed I can't—give in to your assertion,' said the Rector. 'It is so entirely against all that one knows of women's physical weakness, and their consequent need of support, which creates the absolute necessity of a man's rule in his own household, and thus must teach them obedience almost unconsciously.'

'And you think you rule in your own household, I suppose?' said Mrs. Malcolm, laughing.

The Rector grew shy, and hesitated.

'I think—well!—Yes.—You and I very seldom differ.'

'But if we did differ, which would gain the day?'

'An awkward question,' replied the Rector. 'It had better be discussed in private, don't you think so?' And he turned to me.

'I am quite sure that in any matter of serious moment, your decision would be law,' I said.

'But not because I am obliged to obey,' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm, 'but because it happens to suit me, for various reasons, to give in. Depend upon it, my good friend, if I chose to try my power, I might torment my husband into granting me anything I took a fancy to insist upon. Happy it is for him that the wish to try it has never yet seized me. The law won't help him. He can't say the marriage service backwards and be divorced, because I am resolved to have my own way.'

'But wives make a solemn vow that they will obey,' said the Rector. 'What do you say to that? No obligation can be stronger.'

'Granted. Yet still, speaking for myself and for a good many other wives whom I know, I contend that there is amongst women very little obedience for obedience's sake.'

‘Only for love’s sake,’ I said, ‘which is far better.’

‘Far better, no doubt; but for all that, love is not obedience, and never will be.’

‘It comes to the same thing in the end,’ said the Rector, ‘as far as we husbands are concerned.’

‘No, begging your pardon, it does not, and cannot; and I will give you an illustration. Many years ago, almost before the memory of man, when I was a very wilful girl instead of a pattern wife, I had a conversation with an old governess, whom I loved dearly, but whom I tormented out of her life. She was talking to me about what she called my want of principle. “You will do what I ask you to do,” she said, “but you won’t do what is right,” whereupon I laughed and kissed her, and said, “It does just as well to please you; you always tell me what is right.” “Ah!” she said, “you will learn the difference some day.” And sure enough, before many months were over, when she was not at hand to guide me, I brought myself into such a maze of difficulties by my wilful folly, that I nearly broke my mother’s heart.’

‘The story does not touch me,’ said the Rector, laughing; ‘you are not likely to break mine. But of course I see what you mean; only—as to obedience——’

‘You will hold to your own opinion like a man. I applaud you for it. But Mrs. Blair is a reasonable being; she will listen, and be convinced. Just think of the difference between a man’s and a woman’s training all through life, as regards obedience. One man enters the army, and neglects orders. What is the consequence?—He is brought before a court martial. Another gets into a merchant’s office and disobeys.—He is dismissed. A lawyer violates the rules of his profession.—He is put out of it. A barrister infringes the regulations of a court of law.—The judge puts him down with a stern rebuke. What is there in the least like this in a woman’s life?’

‘There is no doubt,’ said the Rector, ‘that ladies are sometimes rather ignorant of the necessity of obedience to the laws of the land; I mean especially with regard to property. They don’t mind trespassing, and they take a romantic interest in poachers and smugglers, and have a decided weakness for vagrants.’

‘Yes,’ said Mrs. Malcolm; ‘ladies often treat the law as a child treats a great mastiff. One moment they run up to it and pull its tail, and then, if it turns round and looks at them, they run away from it in tears. That is because they don’t understand its power.’

‘There is a good deal of truth in what you say,’ I observed; ‘and it accounts to me for the difficulty of finding women who can rule properly. If we don’t know how to obey, it follows almost necessarily that we don’t know how to govern.’

‘Possibly—possibly!’ said the Rector, thoughtfully. ‘I confess it has always been a problem to me in the case of certain institutions with which I have been connected, how it is that the ladies at the head

are so dictatorial, and the ladies at the tail so little amenable to discipline.'

'It must be, as Mrs. Malcolm says, from a deficiency in their training,' I replied. 'Certainly one sees the working of the evil in the very efforts which are made to counteract it. Religious societies, for instance, often require an absolute unconditional obedience to a mother or lady superior, as if it were the only safeguard against wilfulness.'

'Why can't they all—superiors and inferiors alike—submit to law?' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm. 'It puts me out of all patience to see women, to whom God has given reason and conscience, convert themselves voluntarily into slaves.'

'Except that if they do it voluntarily they are not slaves,' I said. 'But still I agree with you, it is an abnegation of individuality which is always distasteful to me.'

'The despotism of an eastern sovereign is nothing when compared with that of a western woman at the head of some institutions I have heard of,' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'And therefore women's institutions require a man at the head; don't they?' inquired the Rector, rather shyly, and as if he was afraid of giving offence.

'Unquestionably, as ultimate referees,' we both exclaimed. 'Man, or men, as the case may require.'

'Not that the men are so much wiser, remember,' added Mrs. Malcolm; 'only they can see when a law is a law, because they have had more experience of what law is.'

'And so they rule better upon the whole,' I said. 'They do not feel it necessary to be themselves the law. Is it this I think which constitutes the difficulty with women. At least it is what I have found in one or two female institutions with which I have had to do. The temptation of the Head has been to make herself—her own will—the absolute guide of the house; and not to delegate authority freely and graciously when she does delegate it. A clever, keen-sighted woman, seeing exactly how things ought to be done, is so apt to interfere with those under her who don't work exactly according to her own pattern.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Malcolm, 'it is easy enough to govern girls of fourteen and fifteen, but immensely difficult to work with women of five-and-twenty and thirty.'

'There must be a true Christian spirit as the basis,' said the Rector.

'The true Christian spirit won't do without common sense,' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm.

'Or rather,' I said, 'the spirit which professes to be Christian, but does not agree with common sense, is not the true thing—is it?'

'Query, what is common sense?' said the Rector. 'Please explain. Men and women rather differ about it, I think.'

'Of all things, I detest being called upon to give a definition,' I replied; 'but my idea of common sense in the case of working in a society or institution, or making rules for it, would be that which should see the true bearings and relations of duties, which should not exaggerate the claims of any one pet interest or pursuit, which should not fail to be strictly just in meting out the proportion of attention to be given to employments, and the proportion of regard paid to persons. Prejudice, favouritism, an undue value set upon special pursuits, all seem to me opposed to common sense.'

'You want perfection,' said the Rector.

'Of course I do,' was my reply. 'You would not have me accept anything lower for my standard, would you?'

'This is an imperfect world,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'Both you and my husband aim too high for practical purposes. If I had to set a female school or an institution on foot, I should be content to work with the best instruments I could get, however inferior they might be. In fact, I know I should rub on in a way which would scandalise you. Your fundamental principle would be obedience; mine would be freedom—not because I think it in itself best, but because I should take it for granted that obedience was unattainable where women were concerned, except on the principle of slavery.'

'How can any society work without obedience?' inquired the Rector.

'Do you mean obedience to will or to law?' I said.

'Both, combined in the central authority,' said the Rector.

'Despotism, in fact,' observed Mrs. Malcolm. 'That comes of a man's theoretical view of the marriage vow. Happily, practical experience teaches them differently in their own homes. How long do you think despotism would survive the rubs of daily life amongst grown-up people,' she added, turning to me, 'I mean so as not to create a rebellion?'

'Just as long as self-interest rendered it necessary,' I replied, 'and no longer.'

'You don't go in for constitutional government in a school, I hope?' said the Rector.

'I do, and I don't,' was my reply. 'I feel entirely that there must be an absolute authority at the head; but then, it must, if it is to work, be limited, or rather limit itself; at least, that is my experience. And I am inclined to think that the principle holds good in family life, as well as in societies.'

'Explain—explain,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'I am so dull. I never understand generalities. I was born in the days when children were brought up upon catechisms and abridgments, not upon philosophical theories.'

'My explanations will not be facts, but imaginations which might be converted into facts,' I said. 'I would have the Head of a school,

for instance, supreme in authority—or, in other words, an ultimate appeal upon all points connected with the working of the school; but if she (I would rather talk of women than men, for I know more about them)—if she is to be a really good Head, she must be willing to establish certain laws to which she herself is prepared to conform; so, in fact, creating an authority over herself as well as over her fellow-workers. It is this, I think, which gives the sense of justice, without which neither goodness nor talent will really work satisfactorily.'

'Most excellent theory!' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm. 'It is a pity you can't be at the head of all the societies and institutions in England. They would work like clock-work; whereas with me, I know they would always be getting out of order. I have such decided likings and dislikings, and I can't help showing them.'

'You don't help it, you mean, my dear,' said the matter-of-fact Rector.

'Well! no, I don't; and for that reason I hate institutions, and never have anything to do with them, except in the way of paying a subscription. I know I should be turned out on the first opportunity.'

'It is a happy thing,' I said, 'that we are not all required to work in the same line. Life would be very dull if we were. But you must acknowledge that it would be a little awkward for the world generally if it were governed upon such erratic principles as personal likings and dislikings.'

'Extremely awkward. I have the highest respect for you super-excellent, supremely quiet and calm-judging individuals—a real respect, not a sneering one; but I don't think I always love you.'

'Even so,' I replied. 'You say candidly what two-thirds of the persons one meets think or feel secretly. But going back to the question we started with—as to the education of women in the principles of obedience—don't you really think that there might be some improvement? Is it quite inevitable that girls should be a set of impulsive, unreasoning beings, only obeying because they can't help themselves, and disobeying whenever they have the opportunity?'

'An exaggerated report of my meaning,' said Mrs. Malcolm; 'I am not saying what is inevitable, but what is fact.'

'But fact which you don't think it possible to alter, my dear,' said the Rector, 'or you would not object, as you do, to the rules of my Guild.'

'Well! honestly, I don't think it possible; but I have no objection to your trying your experiment; only don't ask me to take part in it.'

The Rector looked distressed. His Guild is a matter very near his heart.

'You don't say anything,' he observed, turning to me. 'Are you so absolutely hopeless of girls being taught obedience?'

'Not at all hopeless,' I said. 'I believe that by good training all

women may be taught to obey, but my idea of training would be not the practice of absolute obedience, but the exercise of responsibility.'

'But you can't—it is impossible—young girls are not fitted for responsibility,' exclaimed the Rector.

'Nineteenth century freedom!' chimed in Mrs. Malcolm. 'I did not expect this from you.'

'Well!' I replied, 'one thing is clear; if they are not fitted for responsibility, they are not fitted for marriage. What is marriage but responsibility?'

'Obedience,' said the Rector.

Mrs. Malcolm was silent.

'You,' I continued, turning to her, 'profess to disbelieve in obedience, and yet you are obedient. Why?'

'Because I can't help it. He is stronger than I am; he might beat me,' replied Mrs. Malcolm, laughing.

'Possibly. I won't deny him the power; but, seriously speaking, don't you and all sensible women obey your husbands, even when you differ from them, because you have a sense of a higher law over you—the law of God. It is *that* to which you are responsible, *that* which claims your obedience. When the man exercises his will, and the woman obeys because she dares not disobey, it is merely a case of tyranny and slavery.'

'But what has all this to do with responsibility?' asked Mrs. Malcolm.

'Simply to prove that a good wife is an obedient wife because she exercises her reason, and recognises the principle and the power of law,' I replied.

'But a good wife is more than an obedient wife,' observed the Rector.

'Indeed you may well say so,' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm. 'I set myself up as a pattern wife, but I should like to know how the Rectory household would go on upon the principle of obedience to the Rector. Why, my dear Mrs. Blair,' and she turned to me, 'he does not even know the difference between a neck and a loin of mutton, and if he had to order dinner we should starve.'

'Indeed, my dear, I grant you are a most excellent—a most delightful housekeeper,' said the Rector, in his very kindest and humblest of tones—'infinitely better than I could ever hope to be. But then you were admirably trained in your father's house.'

'Precisely so,' I said. 'Mrs. Malcolm, who is, in theory, the most independent, and, in practice, the most submissive and thoughtful of wives, was—if I remember rightly the account she once gave of herself—accustomed to exercise responsibility from her earliest days.'

'Responsibility, indeed!' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm. 'I lost my mother when I was sixteen, and my father put me at the head of his house directly.'

'Rather a trying position,' I said; 'but we see the result.'

'It would have ruined me,' continued Mrs. Malcolm, 'if my father had not been behind me. I managed the servants, and he managed me; and between us we got on beautifully.'

'It was that which struck me when I first visited at your father's house,' said the Rector. 'You were at the head of affairs, but you were not independent.'

'Mrs. Malcolm was learning how to command,' I said. 'Of course she could not be independent all at once. She was having the best possible education, looking to her future life. No lessons, however excellent, under the supreme direction of a practised housekeeper, could, I am sure, have taught her as much as she taught herself——'

'By failures!' interrupted Mrs. Malcolm, completing the sentence. 'How sorely I suffered occasionally from my blunders no words can tell. The marvel was that my father and the servants put up with me.'

'It is all very true, I daresay,' observed the Rector. 'Responsibility, no doubt, works wonders for young people; but then it strikes me that it does so only when it is sent in the way of God's providence, just as affliction is sent; and that what may be, and of course must be, safe when it comes direct from God, may not be at all safe when it is imposed by man. I don't see, indeed, how young ladies can be trained by responsibility, except at the risk of their doing injury to those for whom they are responsible.'

'That is a difficulty, I grant,' was my reply; 'but I am inclined to think that the foundation principles of good education may be found in the laws which can be traced in the moral government of the world, and that in fact those laws are intended to be our guides. Certainly God educates us by responsibility. We both allow that. But I cannot agree with you that this mode of education is necessarily what we called *safe*. On the contrary, I think it is pursued at the risk of most tremendous dangers. Think of the responsibility of parents, and the fatal effects of their bad example.'

'It is all a deep, a most inscrutable mystery,' said the Rector, very gravely.

'Most assuredly it is,' I replied; 'one which we can never fathom. All we see is, that in some way or other responsibility is not only the educational law of this world, but that it works for good upon the whole. And admitting this, which I think cannot be denied, I believe that as regards the education of children and young people, we shall do well to act upon the same principle.'

'All children—all young people you mean, I suppose,' said the Rector. 'Girls as well as boys!'

Certainly. Girls, with a view to their becoming sensible and useful women; and boys, to their becoming sensible and useful men.'

'Your Guild does not recognise responsibility, my dear,' said Mrs.

Malcolm, turning to her husband, 'therefore, of course, it is condemned by Mrs. Blair as well as myself. So far I am contented. But I am as much at a loss as I was before as to what is exactly meant by this training in responsibility.'

'Please don't think I want to condemn anything,' I said. 'I know nothing about the Guild, and I daresay it may be very helpful; just as a walking-stick is helpful for the weak and infirm when they have to mount a hill. All I want to prove is that it is better, if we can, to give our young people so much moral strength by our system of education that with God's blessing on our efforts they shall not want the aid of the walking-stick.'

'You are very Utopian,' said the Rector. 'I confess I have very rarely met with either boys or girls who could get on without such aid.' 'Then there must be something faulty in our training,' was my reply.

'You had better come round to my principle,' said Mrs. Malcolm; 'give up training and leave nature to itself.'

'Yes, if it could be left to itself,' I replied; 'but then, unfortunately, we are all training and educating each other every day unconsciously, and if we don't do it in the right way we must be doing it in the wrong. More especially is this the case with young people who are so open to impressions and influences.'

'Let the impressions and influences be good, and they will work for good under all circumstances,' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'Will they? I doubt it,' was my reply.

'They will if you give rules which will tend to make the impressions practical,' observed the Rector.

'They will if, without laying down rules, you give the opportunity for making the impressions practical,' I said.

Mrs. Malcolm shook her head.

'You are too strait-laced, both of you. I must assert again that if the persons with whom children live set them a good example they will grow up in the right way, and go right, whether there is any fuss made about obedience or not. In fact they won't want it. They will obey when it is necessary without knowing it.'

'And I must again say,' observed the Rector, 'that as the human heart is constantly liable to go astray by wilfulness, and as young people are weak, and habit is all important to them, therefore they should be assisted in attaining the spirit of obedience by every external help which can be afforded them; and that rules for conduct and the open support of persons of their own age who are pledged with themselves to walk in the narrow way, in some special respects, will be found most valuable in the formation of this spirit.'

'Most clear,' I said, 'and as usual I agree partly with you both, and partly I have a view of my own; which is, that as obedience is a virtue only when it is shown in reference to some rightful authority, and

based upon God's laws, therefore we are bound to give young people the opportunity of exercising a reasonable judgment when we call upon them to obey; and that this can only be done by placing them in positions in which they are not guided by strict rules, but have to look beyond to the claims of primary laws.'

'They won't take the trouble to look,' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'They will make frightful blunders,' said the Rector.

'Even so; a great many won't take the trouble, and as many will make frightful blunders. But in the end it will, I think, be found that the pressure of responsibility will have compelled many to exert themselves to think who otherwise would have been mere machines; going right, if they did go right, merely because they had not the power to go wrong, and standing still when there was no external impetus to make them move. In all this I am speaking more especially of girls, because it is with them I think the greatest educational mistakes are made in this matter of responsibility.'

'I should like to know how you would work out your theory,' said the Rector, thoughtfully. 'I don't quite see what responsibility a young lady can have in her own home unless you allow her to act independently of her parents, which I am quite sure, from what I know of you, you would not wish.'

'And before we hear your answer let us remember that we are to keep close to the original question, and not wander off into infinite space,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'Our subject is obedience. You say it is actually taught by responsibility. Am I not right?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'quite right. Responsibility involves obedience. It means that we are answerable to some one for our conduct, and shall be judged by certain established laws.'

'And you would have the young girl in her own home rule her life by what she deems the laws of God rather than by her parents' rule?' said the Rector.

'No, no!' I exclaimed, 'you misunderstand. One of the most stringent of God's laws is that parents are to be obeyed; and if the rules are made they must be attended to; but it does not at all follow that it is wise in the parents to make them, at least when young people grow up.'

'But young ladies must be under guidance. They can't possibly be allowed to go about by themselves,' persisted the Rector.

'And I am the last person to wish them to do it,' I replied. 'All that I want is a modified freedom,—a certain defined limit within which they shall be able to exercise an independent judgment, so as to gain experience even by their mistakes, before they are thrown upon their own guidance and put in a position of authority.'

'It is impossible to have two mistresses in the same household,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'At least I know I would never undertake to regulate household matters if any one else had a voice in them.'

'Exactly so,' I replied. 'You profess unlimited freedom, but you exact unlimited obedience. You would lay down no laws for young people, but you would have them absolutely subject to your own will.'

'I should be a very gentle ruler; I am much too indolent to interfere with any one,' said Mrs. Malcolm, 'unless he or she happens to come in my way. I never trouble my husband about anything except when he goes into the kitchen and orders roast beef when I have ordered roast mutton. But that, you see, is intruding into my special department.'

'Now that is just what I want for my young people,' I exclaimed, 'a special department! Some sphere, small at the beginning but gradually increasing, in which they shall have independent action. And the first step I should take towards this independence would be in money matters.'

'An allowance!' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'That is common enough. My father gave me an allowance directly he placed me at the head of the house.'

'And I would have it given earlier,' I said. 'As soon as girls and boys can form anything like a judgment as to the pecuniary value of different articles, I would have them entrusted with a certain small sum to be increased by degrees, and to be expended upon definite objects; and within those limits I would leave them absolutely free as to how they expended it.'

'And pay their debts afterwards,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'The law makes you answerable for them, remember.'

'No doubt. But when quite young they would have no opportunity of real extravagance; and if they did get into debt in a small way I should leave them to suffer for it, and thus learn obedience to law.'

'And girls would be allowed then as they grew into young ladies to be as absurd as they chose in the matter of dress,' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'And as unseemly,' added the Rector. 'The style of the present day is very offensive in my eyes. It has made me thankful that I have no girls to adopt it.'

'I don't think carefully-educated girls would ever be inclined to go into extremes of fashion,' I said; and 'I am speaking only of those who have a fair amount of good sense and right feeling. I feel sure that with them the care and thought and self-denial required to make both ends of an allowance meet, would be the best possible training for the duties of their after life. To say nothing of the all-important fact that if they have nothing they can call their own they have nothing which they can give away, and in this way they are absolutely taught to be selfish.'

'That may be true,' said the Rector; 'but it might not be convenient to provide allowances for a large family. A man cannot always afford to spend the same sum.'

'Then, my dear Rector,' I said, 'why don't parents tell their

children so ! Why do they keep them in the dark as to their affairs ? Why do they put them into leading-strings and treat them as babies, and bring them up on sweets and sugar-plums, and then open their eyes and lift their hands in horror and astonishment when the young people grow up self-indulgent and extravagant.'

'You would have family cabinet-councils, I suppose,' said the Rector. 'I don't think that would work well.'

'I would have them if they would tend to give young people—girls especially—a knowledge of their true position,' I said.

'If the young people were all sensible women it might do well enough to admit them behind the scenes,' said Mrs. Malcolm ; 'but to expect one to submit to the criticisms and judgments of ignorant children is asking rather too much.'

'Except that I am not speaking of children, but of girls on the verge of womanhood,' I replied ; 'and that the criticisms and ignorant judgments will be passed whether you hear them or not. Besides, if young people are ignorant it is for the most part because they have had no opportunity of being anything better. In fact, the system of blind obedience and irresponsibility, if it does not make girls puppets, makes them often rebels. At least that is the conclusion I have arrived at after a good many years of observation.'

'Unhappily, I never had any daughters,' said the Rector ; 'so I can't judge from any personal experience as to what is the best way of dealing with them. I had no money to give my boys, therefore they were educated in the best way I could afford, and then tossed into the world to get on as they could, and upon the whole they have done very well.'

'And they are very respectful, and careful, and considerate, I must say that,' added Mrs. Malcolm, who is immensely proud of her boys.

'They were brought up upon a principle of limited freedom,' I said. 'I want nothing more for girls. Your boys don't disobey you, do they ?'

'Indeed, not !' exclaimed the Rector. 'I am sometimes amused to see how entirely their mother's will is law to them. But it is quite a voluntary obedience—except when some principle is concerned.'

'And why should it not be the same with girls ?' I said. 'Why are not they also to be trained to voluntary obedience ? It must be the law of their after-lives, if they are ever to be obedient at all, in the highest sense of the word.'

'But girls live at home. Their submission is required in such a number of small things,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'It would wear my life out, if I had to discuss with half-a-dozen grown-up daughters every little detail of daily life.'

'But why do this ?' I said. 'Why not let the daughters have some small sphere of their own in which to exercise independence ?—more especially in the matter of money and dress ?—Then, if they

consulted you, and submitted to your judgment, you would feel that their submission had in it the grace of being voluntary.'

'I should be very cross if they went against me,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'I am quite sure of that.'

'And I should object to the bad dressing,' said the Rector.

'Men are grievous fidgets about dress,' said Mrs. Malcolm, laughing. 'They make one spend more than one wishes upon it; never believing what it costs until the bill is sent in.'

'I only dislike to see you in rusty black silk,' said the Rector, meekly.

'And you would dislike anything rusty for your daughters,' I said. 'If so, you would have to give them a handsome allowance.'

'But there is all the difference,' said Mrs. Malcolm, 'between putting down fifteen golden sovereigns on the table every quarter-day, and saying to your daughter, "My dear, spend it as you will"; and going into a shop, and ordering a lovely silk for her, according to your own taste, and paying for it at your own convenience. One is exciting and agreeable; the other unexciting and disagreeable.'

'I am afraid there is a good deal in that,' said the Rector; 'but when the girls marry they can have their own way, within certain limits, which is, I believe, what Mrs. Blair desires.'

'And if they don't marry,' I said, 'the possession of independence to which they are unaccustomed, leads too often to a foolish disregard of conventionalities and a love of power, which is ruinous to any work they undertake.'

'You make me more and more thankful,' said Mrs. Malcolm, 'that I was not trusted with the guidance of girls. I know I don't understand them as I do boys. They are petty, and fanciful, and morbid; and so, no wonder that, when left to themselves, they can't rule wisely.'

'They will rule very well,' I said, 'if you only give them the opportunity, and show them where they make mistakes. The training which a boy receives when he is a prefect in a public school is, so it strikes me, very much what girls want, but don't often receive.'

'Their affections carry them away,' said the Rector.

'Yes,' I replied, 'and their affections are fostered and petted at the expense of reason and self-discipline.'

'A perfectly obedient and entirely affectionate daughter would be my ideal, I confess,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'I should wish for nothing beyond.'

'As long as you lived and thought only of yourself; but place this obedient and affectionate daughter at the head of a great school, and neither the obedience nor the affection will make her capable of ruling it.'

'You talk as if we were to become a nation of amazons!' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm. 'As if women were to have the upper-hand in everything.'

'I am talking only of what is in the air—what belongs to the spirit

of the age,' I said. 'That women are coming forward and claiming a prominent position in the world is an undoubted fact.'

'And that they will ultimately be put down is another fact, which I consider equally undoubted,' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'That they will be put down so far as their claims are preposterous, I have no more doubt than you have,' was my reply, 'but within certain limitations, as I believe that their claims are reasonable, so I believe they will ultimately be recognised. And this is why I am so anxious to prepare girls for the responsibilities which are coming upon them.'

'If they could only marry!' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm, 'it would cut the Gordian knot of so many difficulties.'

'But then they don't marry, and if they could, there are more women than men in the world,' I said, 'and there must be some employment provided for them; and that which comes most naturally involves the exercise of authority over each other.'

'Then you don't object to Sisterhoods?' said the Rector.

'I don't object to anything which enables women to lead religious and useful lives. I don't recognise a sisterhood life as in itself better than any other life; but I believe it may be made a means of much good, both to individuals and communities, if conducted upon sound principles.'

'Of which obedience must be one?' said the Rector.

'Obedience to *law*—yes; obedience to the *will* of the superior—*no*,' was my reply.

'A difficult distinction to work out,' said the Rector.

'Most difficult—but fundamental—and therefore all-important. But I am not prepared to discuss Sisterhoods. I have never lived in one, and the rumours which have reached me, as to the arbitrary authority which they admit, are no doubt one-sided. If I can establish my principle that girls are to be trained to obedience by the exercise of independent action and responsibility, *that* is all I care for.'

'I daresay you are right,' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm. 'You always are right, because you are so frightfully cold, and won't allow yourself to have any prejudice. But then you stand alone—in your wisdom. The world,—by which I mean all my friends and acquaintances,—have long ago decided that girls are to be either quite independent, or quite subject. Moderns uphold independence; Ancients cry out for subjection, and between them *via media* will as usual fall to the ground.'

'Or be greatly misunderstood and misrepresented,' I said. 'One must face that result bravely. At the risk of being supposed to uphold the new idea that girls may leave their homes, and set up a professional life for themselves, without guidance or chaperons, I would still say to every mother who would give me the opportunity of offering an opinion: "If you want your girls to be happy at home, give them some little sphere in which they may be quite independent. Let them have

some private and personal mental garden, in which they may plant weeds instead of flowers, if they like it. It is the only way in which they can be taught the difference between the two. Give them an allowance, that they may have an object for being economical, and learn the pleasure of denying themselves for the sake of others. Teach them to be obedient to the laws, according to which social intercourse is ruled, by giving them, within certain limits, a freedom of choice as to friends and acquaintances, and a habit of judging as to what is wise or unwise—correct or incorrect. Then when your girls grow up into full womanhood, they will be practised in self-discipline, and consideration for the claims of their equals, and will have learnt the elementary principle of that right and just government in which women who have been allowed no independence fail.'

'Hear! hear!' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm. 'I could believe myself listening to a speech from the platform of a Woman's Rights Meeting. Candidly, I entirely agree with you, so far as I understand you; and if I had fifty daughters I would place them all under your care to-morrow. Not having one, I deeply sympathise with all persons who have to bring up girls in this transition age, and join heartily in lamentations over the blessed bygone days, when female institutions were unknown, and women were not called upon to be responsible, except to parents and husbands.'

'And I could find it in my heart to agree with you,' I said; 'but the one thing which impresses itself upon me more and more every day I live is the duty of fitting oneself into the mould of circumstances and the conditions of existence in which it has pleased God that we should be born. To attempt to lead a mediæval life in the nineteenth century, appears to me to be a mistake which must end in failure. The spirit of the age is independent. It affects women especially. Recognising this, my desire would be to teach those primary laws of self-restraint which render girls' independence safe; in other words, to show them that the truest independence is to be found in absolute obedience,—the subjection of thought, word, and deed,—to the Will of Him whose service is perfect freedom.'

'And you would never ask—"What is the cause that the former days were better than these?"' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'Never! We are especially warned not to do so; and I should all the more willingly attend to the warning, because I am not at all sure that they were better.'

'All days are I suppose to be regarded as portions of a vast inscrutable whole,' said the Rector. 'In that view certainly each age has its work to do, which can be done by none other, and for which its own peculiar spirit is required.'

'Most true!' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm; 'but I am very wicked. I can't help being sorry that I belong to the age of Women's Rights.'

We had reached the entrance of the town, and were obliged to

separate. I feel that the conversation was unsatisfactory, and that I must have appeared vague in my ideas—for, in fact, they are vague. These social and educational problems are not to be solved by any one person in a day. One can but give the result of one's experience, and leave it to be taken for as much as it is proved to be worth. But I think discussions of the kind do good—if only by showing where the difficulties lie. I must give Mrs. Malcolm the benefit of some of my own early memories another day. It is from them that I have learnt most, and on them I found my theories.

(To be continued.)

ALMSGIVING.

THERE are two pictures, drawn by a Divine Hand, which are intended for all time. The rich, well-dressed man, living at his ease in plenty, and the beggar at the gate in abject poverty.

What is the exact lesson they teach us at the present day?

It is said that the Dives of the nineteenth century is a thousand times richer than his ancient namesake. The sumptuous fare becomes more sumptuous, more varied, and more costly, every year. It is trite to say that the purple and fine linen appear in an infinite variety of forms. No one need doubt it who takes up the advertisement-sheet of a newspaper, or walks down a London street, or stands still five minutes to watch the passers-by. In every department of life, the increase of money has simply increased and multiplied wants. In fact, as Miss Emily Faithfull expressed it, in her recent address on Modern Extravagance: 'English man and women seem to be expending toil and life itself to obtain outward luxury, thus stifling every nobler aspiration whether for this world or the next.'

Strange that it should be so, when that very word luxury, complacent self-engrossed luxury, sums up the curse of Dives!

And now for the companion picture, that must, whether we will or no, hang by the side of that of Dives—Lazarus in his misery. Where shall we find him now?

Not any longer at the rich man's gate. The rich and poor are not often neighbours in the sense of actual nearness. Lazarus is a long way off in these days, divided from us by a mile or two of distance, and hidden from our eyes by many a veil of brick and mortar. But when we do find him, he is miserable enough. The old contrast is strong as ever. From carefully-warmed, carpeted, scented rooms, we come to damp walls, dingy furniture, a handful of cinders, and scanty blankets. We need not fill in the picture; it has been painted in its darkest colours many, many times.

It is enough to say, ay, and to realise if we can, that in this

Christian country of England, there exists at the present moment *actual suffering from privation and want*—how much, the poor alone can tell.

Conscientious people are oppressed by the thought of these things. They may pass over the two extreme contrasts; yet they come to others less dramatic, but even more real. They compare the smooth prosperous lives of those who are rich, but not oppressively so, who have every comfort, but are not weighted with grandeur, with the lives that are a perpetual battle with poverty, whose histories would tell of brains tormented with incessant contriving, spirits kept down by unwholesome surroundings, bodies insufficiently fed, and worn out before their time.

The contrast must needs be bitter, and it is apt to haunt us and cut into our very souls. 'I will not enter the Church over the Body of Christ,' said one of the old Reformers, when he saw a number of famished people round the church door. That is in effect what many of us feel. Religion is a mockery, if Lazarus is allowed to suffer, unregarded by those who profess to call him brother. By all means, let us relieve the poor, and free ourselves from a terrible sin: So much is clear; the *will* is not wanting. Now for ways and means.

At first sight the whole question seems simple enough. What can be easier than to remedy the evils of poverty; at any rate, temporarily, by *giving*; i.e. to give the price of a good dinner, of a hundredweight of coals, or of a pair of blankets? Surely it is the very poetry of charity—to give where there is visible need—to (literally) feed the hungry and clothe the naked. Indeed, the impulse to give is often so strong, that we are inclined to conclude, logically as we think, that therefore it must be the true and right one. Besides, we should do violence to our better nature if we refrained from giving. It is a delightful act, and fills us with sensations that are luxury indeed; in the best sense of the word. When Lazarus falters out his thanks we are reaping a truly gratifying reward of our benevolence. We have softened the hard lot of the poor, and our consciences are at rest.

Thus argues that large section of society that has been called the 'benevolent world,' and thus, as a natural result, there flow into the great ocean of poverty very large sums in the course of every year.

But what do real workers among the poor tell us? That there is another side of almsgiving that the benevolent will not or do not know anything about. They say that alms have been known to do, if not actual harm, at least the very smallest possible amount of good. In some cases, indeed, alms have had a positively injurious effect on character, making the good bad, and the bad worse. In a word, it is by no means uncommon for charity (so called) to become, instead of a blessing, a bane and an evil.

We have heard of courts at the east end of London, of which the

rents have been raised in consequence of the lavish alms bestowed on their inhabitants, whether deserving or undeserving—an ingenious arrangement, by which the landlord as well as the tenants obtains a share of the golden shower! This may be an extreme case of charity misdirected; but everybody who has had practical parish experience must know lesser instances of the same kind. The main point is—that alms are always hurtful, if in the slightest degree they destroy independence, and take the place of honest labour, or, to use the word of the period, *pauperise*.

Just now, indeed, this latter view of the subject has been strongly adopted, and there is almost an outcry *against* almsgiving. The pendulum of popular opinion has always an inclination to swing too far back. At least let us hope that the reaction in favour of prudent almsgiving will not have the effect of curtailing the alms themselves. That evil would be worse than the first.

Let us try for a plain unexaggerated view of the whole matter.

Pity at the sight of suffering (of which want is one of the forms) was implanted in all human hearts by God Himself. And the next spontaneous impulse is to give relief in some shape or other. These natural feelings have been fostered to a higher and nobler growth by the religion that Christ has taught us. Almsgiving is one of the outward tokens of the love to one another which was taught us in His 'new commandment.' And it has been placed side by side with prayer. Are we not made in the image of Him Who is the Giver of all, and moulded by grace into the pattern of the Son, Who gave gifts unto men, crowning all with the gift of Himself? Here are the foundations on which almsgiving rests, the triple foundation of thanksgiving, of pity, and of love.

In the last ten centuries, alms have taken many forms. Our forefathers gave tithes of wheat, barley, flour, or other home produce, or a meal was given to the wayfarer or pilgrim; but all these picturesque modes of charity have merged in the prosaic one of giving money. Yet the principle is the same in all times. Money represents all material good, and there is no pollution in its touch. We need not shrink from it, but bravely accept what is perhaps the special trust given to us in these later days, *e.g.* how to dispense money rightly.

And this brings us back to the formidable difficulties which surround the whole subject of almsgiving. Theoretically, it may be an easy matter to give, and even to give wisely; practically, it is a problem of the hardest kind. To clear our way as we go, we will try to show how it is that almsgiving may be an evil.

One simple case may be a type of many more. A lady is sitting by a good fire, after a comfortable breakfast, employed in some light needlework. The drawing-room door opens, and the parlour-maid entering, informs her that 'a poor woman (nameless, apparently) wishes to speak to her.'

‘Does she look very poor, Sarah?’ says the lady, who has no difficulty in guessing the object of the proposed interview.

‘Yes, ma’am, she’s nothing but a thin shawl on, and such an old gown (with a spice of contempt in the tone), and it’s snowing ever so hard.’

‘Poor thing,’ responds the mistress, beginning to feel for her purse, ‘then give her this shilling from me, Sarah.’

The maid retires, and the lady thinks, ‘How selfish it would have been of me to sit by this good fire and give her nothing. She’ll go home and get a good dinner now.’ And with this comfortable reflection the lady dismisses the whole incident from her mind.

And now we will follow the nameless one as she leaves the benevolent lady’s door. She pays a few more visits of the same sort, with varying success. On the whole, the poor gown and the thin shawl tell much in her favour this cold day. At length she reaches her neglected home, to find a number of children and their father devouring some slices of ready-cooked meat from a shop round the corner. She sends out for beer and a bottle of gin, and so they make merry. What good has the shilling done? None, or worse than none. The husband becomes more and more disinclined for work, as the wife pursues her profitable trade of begging; the children learn to depend on it instead of on healthy labour, and thus the whole family become *pauperised*, in the worse sense of the word. And at the root of all these evils lies what?—Almsgiving.

This is clear enough, and it is unnecessary to multiply illustrations of so obvious a truth. But in commenting on such harmful charity, people are often inclined to draw rather an illogical conclusion. ‘Better’ say they, ‘if charitable folks would keep their money in their pockets, than throw it away in relieving impostors.’ Surely this reasoning is unsound. The root of the matter is untouched. It is not that our lady bestower of alms has done too much; on the contrary, *she has done too little*.

Let us be just. Her impulse was a right one as far as it went. But it was incomplete. It was a meagre unfinished attempt at charity, and as such was a lamentable failure. For slovenly efforts and slovenly work in God’s orderly world always are failures. We may ask, What was wanting in this particular instance? Alas! everything that makes charity worth having. What is charity, indeed, but love (*caritas*)? and how can there be love for the poor without personal knowledge of them, and personal knowledge without careful inquiry—in a word, without *pains*? Here is one clue in our maze of difficulty to guide us in our search for the truth. There can be no charity, rightly so-called, without personal labour and pains on the part of the giver, or of some other intermediate person. As for instance, when money is given to the Offertory, it is the Church authorities who, in that case, undertake the labour of its administration and bestowal.

The same may be said of money given to a hospital, or similar institution. The labour is not the giver's, but that of the managers, who give their work to utilize the alms of others. The rule almost invariably holds good that alms are dead and useless, nay, all but a curse, if there be no love and no sacrifice accompanying them, and changing them, as though by magic, from a hurtful into a holy and blessed thing.

Now, if our imaginary lady, instead of distributing shillings, after the easy fashion described above, had gone among the poor, and sought out for cases to whom relief in money would be little less than a God-send, how different the results would have been! For instance, what true charity it often is to make a small weekly allowance to an old widow, who has led a noble life of industry and independence, and who shrinks as instinctively as Mrs. Higden from the shelter of the 'House.' To her, alms are the greatest of blessings. The twilight time of old age, which may be a blessed waiting for eternity, should surely be undisturbed by strife with poverty, or even actual want. Yet there is too often no choice between this bitter struggle and the workhouse. If Christ's brethren are the poor, surely this is especially true of the aged poor. It is not easy to see how the deserving old can be pauperised by alms, any more than how a soldier who has nobly fought and suffered, can be pauperised by a pension from his country. It would be well if there were pensions for labourers in other lines who are 'past work,' not only for the army and navy and a few other callings. An argument which is very often used against making regular allowances to the old is that it removes a salutary burden from the shoulders of sons and daughters. Is such a burden salutary? Why should there be one code for 'gentlefolk' and one for the poor? For example, a poor incumbent would be thought all but insane if he were to refuse an allowance (say) from the Friend of the Clergy, for a widowed mother.

Surely the aged poor in their helpless years have an especial claim on the Church's alms. It is a blot on our escutcheon that so little is done for them by their living brethren. Nearly all almshouses are a contradiction in name, for they are supported not by the alms of the living, but by the bequests of the dead. The number of even these is small in proportion to that of the deserving old, who from necessity spend their last years in the workhouse, a shelter that is not amiss in itself, but with which, being supported by compulsory rates, alms have nothing to do.

Of course there is an ignoble, as well as a noble poverty. In these days few people believe in the regular street beggar. We have found him out, and are tolerably sure that he is morally and physically in an *unreal* attitude. To excite pity he feigns misery, often with a good idea of dramatic effect. He 'dresses to the situation' in rags, scanty in proportion to the coldness of the weather. The public has been so

often warned against him, that one might suppose his trade must be failing at last.

But there is another class of beggars to be met with in most large towns, who are resident, and are consequently 'above' street begging, yet reap a large harvest, by paying visits to the charitable, as described above. They come with a piteous tale that is in a degree genuine, as they really live in such a street, and are really in a state of poverty, that is, if scanty miserable furniture, and a total absence of pretty comfortable surroundings, do denote poverty. These beggars excite pity by their woe-begone looks and scanty poor clothing, though they will probably avoid actual rags.

'Law, ma'am, I should get nothing if I didn't go shabby,' one of this class naïvely remarked. All this is terribly demoralising to character, and the result is, that broadly, these beggars may be classed as the *least* deserving among the resident poor.

At best there must be an absence of self-respect in beggars, more especially if they are able-bodied, physically capable of work. If begging was recognised in Apostolic times, we may observe at the same time that the suppliants for alms were the lame, blind, or sick. Nowhere do we find begging exalted above honest labour. In those days charity was doubtless a more simple matter than at present. Real and apparent misery were far more often identical. Fraud or imposition require long years for their development. They grow in proportion as charity lacks vitality. It is a humbling thought, that the whole trade of imposture which has reached so great a height in civilised countries, was, if not created, at least fostered to an incalculable degree, by negligent almsgiving.

It is not too much to say that the slovenly bestowers of alms of past and present times are answerable for the system, and that now both givers and receivers are reaping its bitter fruits.

One strange error about almsgiving crept in long ago, and has not entirely disappeared at the present day. It is that of considering it a means of benefiting the *giver*, a kind of profitable exercise like self-examination or meditation. The receiver of the gift was dismissed to quite a secondary place in the donor's mind. Thus it is hardly to be wondered at, that almsgiving, springing from so unsure a foundation, wrought disastrous results. Or worse still, it was a kind of mercenary transaction, a trading with Heaven, so much money given to the poor, so much reward above,—a spirit that has very well been called 'other worldliness.' No, the demon of selfishness must be cast out first of all, subtle as he is, and prone to haunt us in a hundred forms.

To return to the question of imposture. This can hardly exist, certainly to no great extent, if there is investigation and intimate knowledge of the circumstances of the poor. To this fact we are daily becoming more alive. The Charity Organisation Society have

done us good service in many ways, but especially in keeping this principle foremost in all their proceedings. They act in a spirit the very reverse of the blindfold charity that gives, without ascertaining a single fact about the person relieved. They set on foot every possible inquiry, and use all legitimate means of discovering the previous histories, the characters, the wages, and general circumstances of all who apply to them.

A book is kept to which reference may be made by any one desiring information about a particular person, whether he or she be worthy of relief, and if his or her statements can be verified by ascertained facts.

The Charity Organisation Society will also undertake the judicious distribution of money entrusted to them. Thus there is far more equality in almsgiving, even among the deserving poor; for without some system there must inevitably be injustice, and as a natural result jealousies and heartburnings. For instance, one old widow reaps alms from six different people, while another of equal merit, but perhaps less attractive manners, is passed by. Yet all the time the givers are not acting in wilful unfairness, but in simple ignorance of facts.

Every town would do well to have a Charity Organisation office, superintended by a trustworthy person. But yet we must not rely upon any system as infallible. Systems are apt to stiffen into unbending shapes, and fail to adapt themselves to the infinite varieties of human nature. 'Cases' are, after all, human beings, and it is often literally impossible to classify them, or to prescribe the same treatment for all. There must be continual exercise of judgment in every individual case, much in the same way as a clever physician is bound by no routine, but adapts his prescriptions to the particular constitution of every patient who comes before him. The continual changes among the poor likewise compel continual oversight. Their circumstances change, if they themselves are stationary; for instance, suppose the united earnings of a family amounted to 30s. per week six months ago, it is by no means a matter of course that it is the same now. The sons may have left the home roof, the father through an illness is crippled, and only works half time. Yet the ominous 30s. still stands against his name, and keeps relief from him. In many parishes the task of distributing alms or 'tickets' is entrusted to district visitors. Very often this is a most harassing and perplexing part of their work. At first, probably, the real self-denial consists in *not* giving, as it is impossible to decide quickly who is deserving; yet even after due caution there are mistakes, and the visitor vainly longs for a complete code of rules to guide her.

It is indeed a vain wish! There is no 'receipt' for almsgiving, no rules, save of the very broadest kind.

Here are two families who may in some degree be typical of those to be found in every district or parish:

A. is a family outwardly as wretched as a family can be. There is an indescribable air of misery about everything that surrounds them, the house is comfortless and disorderly, the children are in rags, and their whole appearance appears to denote the extreme of poverty.

The visitor's feelings are aroused. Here is a scene that fully realises all her preconceived ideas of destitution. She feels strongly inclined to rush off to the nearest draper's to buy clothing for the shivering little ones, to send for bread, soup, tea, *anything* to allay what seems to her such keen distress. But if she is wise she will pause and do *nothing*, hard as it is, until she knows more of the case.

She finds on inquiry that the father is in regular work, earning 16s. per week, and that there is not actual scarcity of food. The secret of the wretchedness is, that the mother drinks. This is a very terrible revelation, but it fully accounts for the destitute appearance of the household, the scanty furniture and the children's rags. Things were different once, but the passion for drink has caused one article after another to find its way to the pawnshop. Of what use would alms be in a case like this? Money would be only so much fuel added to the flame which is already devouring the poor creature; and tickets, on which so much reliance is often placed, are no better, for they as well as clothing are easily converted into money.

Still, in a case like this the visitor is not urged to abstain from almsgiving altogether. There is a wiser charity than that of relieving immediate wants (even if she succeeded in doing so), and one that will do lasting and substantial good.

She sets her heart on rescuing *one* child at least from its miserable surroundings. The eldest girl is of an age for service, but, alas, she is totally unfitted for it by her life at home. She has had no training in orderly habits, and her wild unkempt appearance is enough to prejudice the most sanguine mistress against her. The only places open to her would be those of the lowest kind in inferior public-houses, where girls are exposed to the worst temptations. But happily there are Industrial Training Schools ready to welcome such cases as hers, that will transform her from a feckless lass into a tidy respectable servant-maid.

And so the lady scrapes the money together to pay for a year's schooling, and it is money that will bring in a noble return.

But the same amount given in alms would be merely like so many pounds flung into the sea, that disappear and leave no trace.

B. is a family of an altogether different type. There are few of the outward signs of poverty. The children are neatly dressed, and regularly at school, the house is clean, and there are a few attempts at ornament. Nor is there any inclination to beg, either openly, or by hints, such as 'We get nothing but what we work for, and it's little enough. A bit of grocery 'ud come very handy,' &c., &c. There is nothing of this, and a superficial observer might readily conclude that

there is no need for alms here. But nothing is more true of the poor, than that 'things are not what they seem.' We have need to look below the surface, and consider not appearances only, but *facts*. It may often be a tedious and unsatisfactory process to arrive at the truth, especially as, in the main, personal observation is the surest road of discovery.

Now, in the case of the *B.* family, the visitor 'bides her time.' By and by it comes to her knowledge that the husband has feeble and uncertain health, and too often in winter works only half time. In order to increase the scanty earnings, pay the rent, and keep the wolf from the door, the wife is in the habit of sitting up far into the night at needlework. It is no wonder that the faces of both husband and wife grow pinched and pale, for the struggle with poverty and hard times is often very sharp and terrible. Yet it is borne without a complaining word.

In such a case as this, the visitor may give—with a wise moderation, but yet frankly and fearlessly—even money, that terrible thing which is said to do so much harm to the poor, but which we never hear of as injuring the rich! And when the spring comes with its life-giving breath, the help is withdrawn, for it is no longer needed.

These are two not very uncommon types, but only two. It is hardly necessary to say that we cannot range all cases under two heads—no, nor under fifty. One of the many difficulties of almsgiving consists in the infinite variety of cases that may occur even in a single district. People are not consistently deserving, nor yet consistently undeserving. There is every possible degree between two widely removed extremes.

And therefore it is that rules must be general, so as to allow of much modification. Broadly it may be affirmed, that the old and the sick have the strongest claim on our alms, because they are disabled, partly, or entirely, from earning money for themselves. Sick-ness brings innumerable expenses in its train; food of a better kind is required, and also a larger amount of fuel; and even if the labourer belongs to a benefit club, there is not much money to spare for extra comforts. But here again, though sickness is a definite form of distress, let there be no deputing of others (say servants) to do the work of relief for us. Again it may be repeated that *almsgiving without trouble is worthless*. For instance, the poor do not care for broth that the lady never sees nor tastes, but which is left entirely to the cook to bestow as much (or as little) trouble upon it as she thinks well. And indeed, is it surprising that she should consider greasy, half-cooked soup good enough for the poor, when her mistress does not take the trouble even of walking into the kitchen to see it given away?

Widows with young children are necessarily less well off than women who have husbands to work for them. They receive a

shilling and a loaf for each child weekly from the parish, but this amount is obviously insufficient unless the mother earns something by hard daily work. She has thus to act the double part of father and mother, and the home duties must often be set aside while she goes out washing or charring. Surely with a clear conscience we may lighten her burden occasionally, or still better, regularly, by clothing one child, or giving her some small definite sum monthly.

The whole question of poor-law relief drags almsgiving into a new web of complication. In the first place, worthy, systematic, and careful almsgiving would have done away with the need of the poor-law. It is a bitter thought that one of its uses is, to keep people from being starved to death in this Christian country!

To put it in its best aspect, a paternal government stepped in to do what private charity could not or would not accomplish. Yet organised charity *might* have done all that the poor-law does, and far more. The opportunity is lost now, and poor-rates must be borne as the fit punishment of past years of apathy. Now almsgiving has awakened to fresh life, and she too often finds an antagonist in the poor-law. Each system of relief is inclined to view the other with suspicious looks. The bestower of alms is apt to withhold relief from people receiving parish pay, while on the other hand the Poor-law Board is chary of help to those who it is supposed receive alms. Surely *in some cases* the two systems might be made to work amicably together. For instance, an aged widow of good character receives a weekly allowance of 2s. 6d. or 3s. from the parish. Now it may be a not wholly impossible feat to live upon this, but it is decidedly difficult; considering that out of this sum, rent, fuel, food, and clothing, have to be paid for. But supplemented by another 2s. 6d. from charitable sources, it becomes a fair and reasonable, yet still strictly moderate income. Now, why may not the 2s. 6d. from alms be openly recognised by the Board, instead of being winked at by lenient Guardians, and considered by stern ones as a reason for stopping outdoor relief altogether. The result often is that old widows are driven into the house, where the 'keep,' clothing, &c., of each cannot cost less than 5s. per week, thus involving to the ratepayers an additional outlay of half-a-crown weekly.

Another difficulty in almsgiving is that of estimating the resources of the poor. One perplexity is uncertain work. When the visitor is told that 'John only did three days' work this week, and two and a half last,' she is lost in wonderment as to how six people have been fed for fourteen days on seven or eight shillings. It is worse than any arithmetical puzzle, and she lies awake thinking of the terribly short commons of that household of hungry children.

There may be a summer store of potatoes, but most likely the secret lies in the pawnshop, and the unpaid entries in the baker's book. She may give a little temporary help, but it seems an unsatisfactory process even when she has arrived at understanding why

there is such a small amount of employment. Probably the cause is that a rainy season has put a stop to agricultural operations, or trade generally is said to be slack, in consequence of which the best workmen only are employed, and the inferior ones 'go to the wall,' or the mere fact of its being winter has reduced work in proportion to the severity of its frosts. Thus there is a slack time, and as its result an impoverished time for the labourer, nearly every year.

Now it is a question whether almsgiving in the case of able-bodied labourer does not widen rather than heal the breach. If we want alms, we want them in a form that will teach the labourer to help himself. That he may do this is seen continually in France, where a stoppage of work does not throw the French peasant into such complete and immediate distress as it does in the case of his English brother.

Thrift can hardly be called an English characteristic. We are in many ways a wasteful nation, in our method of cooking, our expenditure of fuel, and our inability to make the most of trifles. English labourers seldom save, or lay by for a rainy day, to any great extent. Savings banks and provident clubs are not made half as much use of as they ought to be and might be. Here, then, is one definite and useful object of alms. Let them be used as an encouragement to providence, and bestowed *chiefly* on the principle of helping those who try to help themselves.

Suppose, for instance, there are ten hundredweight of coal to be given away. Instead of the simple and somewhat slovenly method of sending it to the so-called 'poorest people' of the parish, let a small coal club be formed, and the ten hundredweight be bestowed as bonuses on the sums deposited.

Once a district visitor heard a poor old widow woman warned by a neighbour that she would get no coal given her in charity. And why not? The reason will hardly be guessed. Because she contrived to put money into a coal club!

It revealed a state of things that a few years ago was common enough, i.e. of alms given on the superficial system, as a mode of relieving *apparent* want, with no inquiry whatever into character, or circumstances past or present. There was no difficulty in discovering why in that town there was abject dependence on charity instead of an honest self-help.

Still in this, as in all other things, there is no rule without exceptions. Though it may be the soundest charity to give alms as an encouragement to prudence, yet on the other hand it would be terribly fallacious to withhold all help from the undeserving. The family may starve while we are exhorting them to go to the savings bank. Let us remember that the 'ideal man does not need helping.' If there were universal foresight, prudence, and industry, there would be universal plenty and comfort. But this can never be, simply

because there will always be inequality of character. The communist's dream can never take substantial shape, because there can never be communism of intellect. There will ever be higher and lower degrees of intellectual ability, and the lower will inevitably sink to the bottom. The lowest stratum of society in a large town would not consist of what it does, *i.e.* the extremely poor, if the said poor were not of a somewhat low type intellectually, if not morally. And these need the utmost encouragement and the tenderest helping hand to enable them to make any effort to help themselves. To this class, saving money week by week is a task of the very hardest kind. It involves energy, resolution, self-denial, and that somewhat rare quality, perseverance. Can we reasonably look for all these, when we know that it is precisely the absence of these virtues that provides inhabitants for the airless court and miserable alley? The energetic, saving person simply would not live there.

Nor is it likely that the most successful worker among the poor will materially change character and transform the hand-to-mouth spendthrift into the model economist. Still we may throw our influence and our alms into the scale on the side of thrift and self-help. We may say, 'Only try to help yourself, and I will help you. I will come and collect your money week by week, so as to make saving more easy to you.' Such, in effect, is what is done by the Parochial Mission women in London, who spend their lives in trying to raise and improve the dwellers in those poor courts, on which 'hopeless' might almost be written. The very first step in the work is to induce the poor women to put by a penny weekly to buy a bed or some decent clothing. It may be a small matter, saving a penny instead of spending it, but it is an effort on the side of right, and as such may lead up to better things by degrees.

Mere money-giving would not call forth any effort whatever, whereas in meeting real endeavour half way the usefulness of our alms is increased tenfold. It is *not* the easiest plan, as it involves thought, anxiety, and probably not a few disappointments.

Nor was his 'the easiest plan' who went and traded with his Lord's money, and made it 'other five talents.' There was personal loving service in that careful stewardship, the very thing which Dives, living in ease and luxury, ignored. Both men had their reward.

When love and self-sacrifice are lavishly poured out, then fearlessly, and with no niggard hand, alms may be poured out also.

CAROLINE M. HALLETT.

MAGNUM BONUM; OR, MOTHER CAREY'S BROOD.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE COST.

'JOCK! say this is not true!'

The wedding had been celebrated with all the splendour befitting a marriage in high life. Bridesmaids and bridesmen were wandering about the gardens waiting for the summons to the breakfast, when one of the former thus addressed one of the latter, who was standing, gazing without much speculation in his eyes, at the gold fish disporting themselves round a fountain.

'Sydney!' he exclaimed, 'are not your mother and Fordham here? I can't find them.'

'Did you not hear, Duke has one of his bad colds, and mamma could not leave him? But, Jock, while we have time, set my mind at rest.'

'What is affecting your mind?' said Jock, knowing only too well.

'What Cecil says, that you mean to disappoint all our best hopes.'

'There's no help for it, Sydney,' said Jock, too heavy-hearted for fencing.

'No help. I don't understand. Why there's going to be war, real war, out there.'

'Frontier tribes!'

'What of that? It would lead to something. Besides, no one leaves a corps on active service.'

'Is mine?'

'It is all the same. You were going to get into one that is.'

'Curious reasoning, Sydney. I am afraid my duty lies the other way.'

'Duty to one's country comes first. I can't believe Mrs. Brownlow wants to hold you back; she—a soldier's daughter!'

'It is no doing of hers,' said Jock; 'but I see that I must not put myself out of reach of her.'

'When she has all the others! That is a mere excuse! If you were an only son, it would be bad enough.'

'Come this way, and I'll tell you what convinced me.'

'I can't see how any argument can prevail on you to swerve from the path of honour, the only career any one can care about,' cried Sydney, the romance of her nature on fire.

'Hush, Sydney,' he said, partly from the exquisite pain she inflicted, partly because her vehemence was attracting attention.

'No wonder you say Hush,' said the maiden; with what she meant for noble severity. 'No wonder you don't want to be reminded of all we talked of and planned. Does not it break Babie's heart?'

'She does not know.'

'Then it is not too late.'

But at that moment the bride's aunt, who felt herself in charge of Miss Evelyn, swooped down on them, and paired her off with an equally honourable best man, so that she found herself seated between two comparative strangers; while it seemed to her that Lucas Brownlow was keeping up an insane whirl of merriment with his neighbours.

Poor child, her hero was fallen, her influence had failed, and nothing was left her but the miserable shame of having trusted in the power of an attraction which she now felt to have been a delusion. Meanwhile the aunt, by way of being on the safe side, effectually prevented Jock from speaking to her again before the party broke up; and he could only see that she was hotly angered, and not that she was keenly hurt.

She arrived at home the next day with white cheeks and red eyes, and most indistinct accounts of the wedding. A few monosyllables were extracted with difficulty, among them a 'Yes' when Fordham asked whether she had seen Lucas Brownlow.

'Did he talk of his plans?'

'Not much.'

'One cannot but be sorry,' said her mother: 'but as your uncle says, his motives are to be much respected.'

'Mamma,' cried Sydney, horrified, 'you wouldn't encourage him in turning back from the defence of his country in time of war?'

'His country!' ejaculated Fordham. 'Up among the hill tribes!'

'You palliating it too, Duke! Is there no sense of honour or glory left? What are you laughing at? I don't think it a laughing matter, nor Cecil either, that he should have been led to turn his back upon all that is great and glorious!'

'That's very fine,' said Fordham, who was in a teasing mood.

'Had you not better put it into the *Traveller's Joy*?'

'I shall never touch the *Traveller's Joy* again!' and Sydney's high horse suddenly breaking down, she flew away in a flood of tears.

Her mother and brother looked at one another rather aghast, and Fordham said—

'Had you any suspicion of this?'

'Not definitely. Pray don't say a word that can develop it now.'

'He is all the worthier.'

'Most true; but we do not know that there is any feeling on his side, and if there were, Sydney is much too young for it to be safe to interfere with conventionalities. An expressed attachment would be very bad for both of them at present.'

'Should you have objected if he had still been going to India?'

'I would have prevented an engagement, and should have regretted her knowing anything about it. The wear of such waiting might be too great a strain on her.'

'Possibly,' said Fordham. 'And should you consider this other profession an insuperable objection?'

'Certainly not, if he goes on as I think he will; but such success cannot come to him for many years, and a good deal may happen in that time.'

Poor Lucas! He would have been much cheered could he have heard the above conversation instead of Cecil's wrath, which, like his sister's, worked a good deal like madness on the brain.

Mr. Evelyn chose to resent the slight to his family, and the ingratitude to his uncle, in thus running counter to their wishes, and plunging into what the young aristocrat termed low life. He did not spare the warning that it would be impossible to keep up an intimacy with one who chose to 'grub his nose in hospitals and dissecting rooms.'

Naturally Lucas took these as the sentiments of the whole family, and found that he was sacrificing both love and friendship. Sir James Evelyn indeed allowed that he was acting rightly according to his lights. Sir Philip Cameron told him that his duty to a widowed mother ought to come first, and his own Colonel, a good and wise man, commended his decision, and said he hoped not to lose sight of him. The opinions of these veterans, though intrinsically worth more than those of the two young Evelyns, were by no means an equivalent to poor Lucas. The 'great things' he had resolved not to seek involved what was far dearer. It was more than he had reckoned on when he made his resolution, but he had committed himself, and there was no drawing back. He was just of age, and had acted for himself, knowing that his mother would withhold her consent if she were asked for it; but he was considering how to convey the tidings to her, when he found that a card had been left for him by the Reverend David Ogilvie, with a pencilled invitation to dine with him that evening at a hotel.

Mr. Ogilvie, after several years of good service as curate at a district church at a fashionable south-coast watering place, sometimes known as the English Sorrento, had been presented to the parent church. He had been taking his summer holiday, and on his way back had undertaken to relieve a London friend of his Sunday services. His sister's letters had made him very anxious for tidings of Mrs. Brownlow, and he had accordingly gone in quest of her son.

He ordered dinner with a half humorous respect for the supposed epicurism of a young guardsman, backed by the desire to be doubly correct because of the fallen fortunes of the family, and he awaited with some curiosity the pupil, best known to him as a pickle.

'Mr. Brownlow.'

There stood a young man, a soldier from head to foot, slight, active, neatly limbed, and of middle height, with a clear brown cheek, dark hair and moustache, and the well-remembered frank hazel eyes, though their frolic and mischief were dimmed, and they had grown grave and steadfast, and together with the firm-set lip gave the impression of a mind resolutely bent on going through some great ordeal without finching or murmuring. With a warm grasp of the hand Mr. Ogilvie said—

'Why, Brownlow, I should not have known you.'

'I should have known you, sir, anywhere,' said Jock, amazed to find the Ogre of old times no venerable *seignior*, but a man scarce yet middle-aged.

They talked of Mr. Ogilvie's late tour, in scenes well known to Jock, and thence they came to the whereabouts of all the family, Armine's health and Robert's appointment, till they felt intimate ; and the unobtrusive sympathy of the old friend opened the youth's heart, and he made much plain that had been only half understood from Mrs. Morgan's letters. Of his eldest brother and sister, Jock said little ; but there was no need to explain why his mother was straitening herself, and remaining at Belforest when it had become so irksome to her.

'And you are going out to India ?' said Mr. Ogilvie

'That's not coming off, sir.'

'Indeed ; I thought you were to have a staff appointment.'

'It would not pay, sir ; and that is a consideration.'

'Then have you anything else in view ?'

'The hospitals,' said Jock, with a poor effort to seem diverted ; 'the other form of slaughter.' Then as his friend looked at him with concerned and startled eyes, he added, 'Unless there were some extraordinary chance of loot. You see the Pagoda tree is shaken bare, and I could do no more than keep myself and have nothing for my mother, and I am afraid she will need it. It is a chance whether Allen, at his age, or Armine, with his health, can do much, and some one must stay and get remunerative work.'

'Is not the training costly ?'

'Her Majesty owes me something. Luckily I got my commission by purchase just in time, and I shall receive compensation enough to carry me through my studies. We shall be all together with Friar Brownlow, who takes the same line in the old house in Bloomsbury, where we were all born. That she really does look forward to.'

'I should think so, with you to look after her,' said Mr. Ogilvie heartily.

'Only she can't get into it till Lady Day. And I wanted to ask you, Mr. Ogilvie, do you know anything about expenses down at your place ? What would tolerable lodgings be likely to come to, rent of

rooms, I mean, for my mother and the two young ones. Armine has not wintered in England since that Swiss adventure of ours, and I suppose St. Cradocke's would be as good a place for him as any.'

'I had a proposition to make, Brownlow.' My sister and I invested in a house at St. Cradocke's when I was curate there, and she meant to retire to me when she had finished Barbara. My married curate is leaving it next week, when I go home. The single ones live in the rectory with me, and I think of making it a convalescent home; but this can't be begun for some months, as the lady who is to be at the head will not be at liberty. Do you think your mother would do me the favour to occupy it? It is furnished, and my housekeeper would see it made comfortable for her. Do you think you could make the notion acceptable to her?' he said, colouring like a lad, and stuttering in his eagerness.

'It would be a huge relief,' exclaimed Jock. 'Thank you, Mr. Ogilvie. Belforest has come to be like a prison to her, and it will be everything to have Armine in a warm place among reasonable people.'

'Is Kenminster more unreasonable than formerly?'

'Not Kenminster, but Woodside. I say, Mr. Ogilvie, you haven't any one at St. Cradocke's who will send Armine and Babie to walk three miles and back in the rain for a bit of crimson cord and tassels?'

'I trust not,' said Mr. Ogilvie, smiling. 'That is the way in which good people manage to do so much harm.'

'I'm glad you say so,' cried Jock. 'That woman is worse for him than six months of east wind. I declare I had a hard matter to get myself to go to church there the next day.'

'Who is *she*?'

'The sister of the Vicar of Woodside, who is making him the edifying martyr of a goody book. Ah, you know her, I see,' as Mr. Ogilvie looked amused.

'A gushing lady of a certain age? Oh yes, she has been at St. Cradocke's.'

'She is not coming again, I hope!' in horror.

'Not likely. They were there for a few months before her brother had the living, and I could quite fancy her influence bringing on a morbid state of mind. There is something exaggerated about her.'

'You've hit her off exactly!' cried Jock, 'and you'll unhewitch our poor boy before she has quite done for him! Can't you come down with me on Saturday, and propose the plan?'

'Thank you, I am pledged to Sunday.'

'I forgot. But come on Monday then?'

'I had better go and prepare. I had rather you spoke for me. Somehow,' and a strange dew came in David Ogilvie's eyes, 'I could not bear to see her there, where we saw her installed in triumph, now that all is so changed.'

'You would see her the brightest and bravest of all. Neither she nor Babie would mind the loss of fortune a bit, if it were not, as Babie says, for "other things." But those other things are wearing her to a mere shadow. No, not a shadow—that is dark—but a mere sparkle ! But to escape from Belforest will cure a great deal.'

So Jock went away with the load on his heart somewhat lightened. He could not get home on Saturday till very late, when dinner had long been over. Coming softly in, through the dimly-lighted drawing-rooms, over the deeply-piled carpets, he heard Babie's voice reading aloud in the innermost library, and paused for a moment, looking through the heavy velvet curtains over the doorway before withdrawing one and entering. His mother's face was in full light, as she sat helping Armine to illuminate texts. She did indeed look worn and thin, and there were absolute lines on it, but they were curves such as follow smiles, rather than furrows of care ; feet rather of larks than of crows, and her whole air was far more cheerful and animated than that of her youngest son. He was thin and wan, his white cheeks contrasting with his dark hair and brown eyes, which looked enormous in their weary pensiveness, as he leant back languidly, holding a brush across his lips in a long pause, while she was doing his work. Barbara's bright keen little features were something quite different, as, wholly wrapped up in her book, she read—

'Oh ! then Ladurlad started,
As one who, in his grave,
Had heard an angel's call,
Yea, Mariately, thou must deign to save,
Yea, goddess, it is she,
Kailyal—'

'Are you learning Japanese ?' asked Jock, advancing, so that Armine started like Ladurlad himself.

'Dear old Skipjack ! Skipped here again !' and they were all about him. 'Have you had any dinner ?'

'A mouthful at the station. If there is any coffee and a bit of something cold, I'd rather eat it promiscuously here. No dining-room spread, pray. It is too jolly here,' said Jock, dropping into an arm-chair. 'Where's Bob ?'

'Dining at the school-house.'

'And what's that Mariolatry ?'

'Mariately,' said Babie. 'An Indian goddess. It is the Curse of Kehama, and wonderfully noble.'

'Moore or Browning ?'

'For shame, Jock !' cried the girl. 'I thought you did know more than examination cram.'

'It is the advantage of having no Mudie boxes,' said his mother. 'We are taking up our Southey.'

'And Army, how are you ?'

'My cough is better, thank you,' was the languid answer. 'Only they won't let me go beyond the terrace.'

'For don't I know,' said his mother, 'that if once I let you out, I should find you croaking at a choir practice at Woodside!'

Then, after ordering a refecton for the traveller, came the question what he had been doing.

'Dining with Mr. Ogilvie. It is quite a new sensation to find oneself on a level with the Ogre of one's youth, and prove him a human mortal after all.'

'That's a sentiment worthy of Joe,' said Babie. 'You used to know him in private life.'

'Always with a smack of the dominia. Moreover, he is so young. I thought him as ancient as Dr. Lucas, and behold, he is a brisk youth, without a grey hair.'

'He always was young-looking,' said his mother. 'I am glad you saw him. I wish he were not so far off.'

'Well then, mother, here's an invitation from Mahomet to the mountain, which Mahomet is too shy to make in person. That house which he and his sister bought at his English Sorrento has just been vacated by his married curate, and he wants you to come and keep it warm till he begins a convalescent home there next spring.'

'How very kind!'

'Oh! mother, you couldn't,' burst out Armine in consternation.

'Would it be an expense or loss to him, Jock?' said his mother, considering.

'I should say not, unless he be an extremely accomplished dissembler. If it eased your mind, no doubt he would consent to your paying the rates and taxes.'

'But, mother,' again implored Armine, 'you said you would not force me to go to Madeira with the Evelyns!'

'Are they going to Madeira?' exclaimed Jock, thunderstruck.

'Did you not hear it from Cecil?'

'He has been away on leave for the last week. This is a sudden resolution.'

'Yes, Fordham goes on coughing, and Sydney has a bad cold, caught at the wedding. Did you see her?'

'Oh yes, I saw her,' he mechanically answered, while his mother continued—

'Mrs. Evelyn has been pressing me most kindly to let Armine go with them; but as Dr. Leslie assures me it is not essential, and he seems so much averse to it himself——'

'You know, mother, how I wish to hold by poor neglected Woodside to the last,' cried Armine. 'Why is my health always to be made the excuse for deserting it?'

'You are not the only reason,' said his mother. 'It is hard to keep

Ether in banishment all this time, and I am in constant fear of a row about the shooting with that Gilbert Gould.'

'Has he been at it again!' exclaimed Jock, fiercely.

'You are as bad as Rob,' she said. 'I fully expect a disturbance between them, and I had rather be no party to it. O, I shall be very thankful to get away. I feel like a prisoner on parole.'

'And I feel,' said Armine, 'as if all we could do here was too little to expiate past carelessness.'

'Mind, you are talking of mother!' said Jock, firing up.

'I thought she felt with me,' said Armine, meekly.

'So I do, my dear; I ought to have done much better for the place, but our staying on now does no good, and only leads to perplexity and distress.'

'And when can you come, mother?' said Jock. 'The house is at your service *instantly*.'

'I should like to go to-night, without telling any one or wishing any one good-bye. No, you need not be afraid, Army. The time must depend on your brother's plans. S. Cradocke's is too far off for much running backwards and forwards. Have you any notion when you may have to leave us, Jock? You don't go with Sir Philip?'

'No, certainly not,' said Jock. Then, with a little hesitation, 'In fact, that's all up.'

'He has not thrown you over?' said his mother; 'or is there any difficulty about your exchange?'

Here Babie broke in, 'Oh, that's it! That's what Sydney meant! Oh, Jock! you don't mean that you let it prey upon you—the nonsense I talked! Oh, I will never, never say anything again!'

'What did she say?' demanded Jock.

'Sydney! Oh, that it would break her heart and Cecil's if you persisted, and that she could not prevent you, and it was my duty. Mother, that was the letter I didn't show you. I could not understand it, and I thought you had enough to worry you.'

'But what does it all mean?' asked their mother. 'What have you been doing to the Evelyns?'

'Mother, I have gone back to our old programme,' said Jock. 'I have sent in my papers; I said nothing to you, for I thought you would only vex yourself.'

'Oh, Jock!' she said, overpowered; 'I should never have let you!'

'No, mother, dear, I knew that, so I didn't ask you.'

'You undutiful person!' but she held out her arm, and as he came to her, she leant her head against him, sobbing a little sob of infinite relief, as though fortitude found it much pleasanter to have a living column.

'You've done it!' said Armine.

'You will see it gazetted in a day or two.'

'Then it is all over,' cried Babie, again in tears; 'all our dreams of honour, and knighthood, and wounds, and glorious things!'

'You can always have the satisfaction of believing I should have got them,' said Jock, but there was a quiver in his voice, and a thrill through his whole frame that showed his mother that it was very sore with him, and she hastened to let him subside into a chair while she asked if it was far to the end of the canto, and as Babie was past reading, she took the book and finished it herself. Nobody had much notion of the sense, but the cadence was soothing, and all were composed by the time the prayer-bell rang.

'Come to my dressing-room presently,' she said to Lucas, as he lighted her candle for her.

Just as she had gone up stairs, the front door opened to admit Bobus.

'Oh, you are here!' was his salutation. 'So you have done for yourself?'

'How do you know?'

'Your colonel wrote to my uncle. He was at the dinner, and made me come back with him to ask if I knew about it.'

'How does he take it?'

'He will probably fall on you, as he did on me to-night, calling it all my fault.'

'As how?'

'For looking out for myself. For my part, I had thought it praiseworthy, but he says none of the rest of us care a rush for my mother, and so the only one of us good for anything has to be the victim. But don't plume yourself. You'll be the scum of the earth when he has you before him. Poor old boy, it is a sore business to him, and it doesn't improve his temper. I believe this place is a greater loss to him than to my mother. What are your plans?'

'*Rotifer*, as before.'

'*Chacun à son gbut*,' said Bobus, shrugging his shoulders.

'I should have thought you would respect curing more than killing.'

'If there were not a whole bag of stones about your neck.'

'Magnets,' said Jock.

'That's just it. All the heavier.'

The brothers went up stairs together, and Jock was kept waiting a little while in the dressing-room, till his mother came out, shutting the door on Barbara.

'The poor Infanta!' she said. 'She is breaking her foolish little heart over something she said to you. "As bad as the woman in the *Black Brunswicker*," she says, only she didn't mean it. Was it so, Jock?'

'I had pretty well made up my mind before. Mother, are you vexed that I did not tell you?'

'You spared me much. Your uncle would never have consented. But oh, Jock ! I'm not a Spartan mother. My heart *will* bound.'

'My Colonel said it was right,' said Jock ; 'so did Cameron, and even Sir James, though he did not like it.'

'With such an array of old soldiers on our side we may let the young ladies rage,' said his mother, but she checked her mirth on seeing how far from a joke their indignation was to her son.

He turned and looked into the fire as he said—

'When did Sydney write that letter, mother ?'

'Before meeting you at the wedding. She has not written since.'

'I thought not,' muttered Jock, his brow against the mantel-piece.

'No, but Mrs. Evelyn has written such a nice letter, just like herself, though I did not understand it then. I think she was doubtful how much I knew, for she only said how *thankworthy* it must be to have such a self-sacrificing spirit among my sons, moral courage, in fact, of the highest kind, and how those who were lavish of strong words in their first disappointment would be wiser by and by. I was puzzled then. But oh, my dear, this must have been very grievous to you !'

'I couldn't go back, but I did not know how it would be,' said Jock, in a choked voice, collapsing at last, and hiding his face on his mother's lap.

'My Jock, I am so sorry ! I wish it were not too late. I could not have let you give up so much,' and she fondled his head. 'I did not think I had been so weak as to let you see.'

'No, mother. It was not that you were so weak, but that you were so brave. Besides, I ought to take the brunt of it. I ruined you all by being the prime mover with that assification, and I was the cause of Army's illness too. I ought to take my share. If ever I can be any good to any one again,' he added, in a dejected tone.

'Good !—unspeakably good ! This is my first bright spot of light through the wood. If it were but bright to you ! I am afraid *they* have been very unkind.'

'Not unkind. *She* couldn't be that, but I've shocked and disappointed her,' and his head dropped again.

'What in not being a hero ! My dear, you are a true hero in the eyes of us old mothers ; but I am afraid that is poor comfort. My Jock, does it go so deep as that ? Giving up *all* that for me ! Oh, my boy !'

'It is nonsense to talk of giving up,' said Jock, rousing himself to a common-sense view. 'What chance had I of her if I had gone to India ten times over !' but the wave of grief broke over him again. 'She would have believed in me, and, may be, have waited.'

'She will believe in you again.'

'No, I'm below her.'

'My poor boy, I didn't know it had come to this. Do you mean that anything had ever passed between you!'

'No, but it was all the same. Even Evelyn implied it, when he said they must give me up, if we took such different lines.'

'Cecil too! Foolish fellow! Jock, don't care about such absurdity. They are not worth it.'

'They've been the best of my life,' said poor Jock, but he stood up, shook himself, and said, 'A nice way this of helping you! I didn't think I was such a fool. But it is over now. I'll buckle to, and do my best.'

'My brave boy!' and as the thought of the *Magnum Bonum* darted into her mind, she said, 'You may have greater achievements than are marked by Victoria Crosses, and Sydney herself may own it.'

And Jock went to bed, cheered in spite of himself by his mother's pleasure, and by Mrs. Evelyn's letter, which she allowed him to take away with him.

Colonel Brownlow was not so much distressed by Lucas's retirement as had been apprehended. He knew the life of a soldier with small means too well to recommend it. The staff appointment, he said, might mean anything or nothing, and could only last a short time unless Lucas had extraordinary opportunities. It might be as well, he was very like his grandfather, poor John Allen, and might have had his history over again.

The likeness was a new idea to Caroline and a great pleasure to her. Indeed, she seemed to Armine unfeelingly joyous, as she accepted Mr. Ogilvie's invitation, and hurried her preparations. There was a bare possibility of a return in the spring, which prevented final farewells, and softened partings a little. The person who showed most grief of all was Mrs. Robert Brownlow, who, glad as she must have been to be free of Bobus and able to recall her daughter, wept over her sister-in-law as if she had been going into the workhouse, with tears partly penitent for the involuntary ingratitude with which past kindness had been received. She was, as Babie said, much more sorry for Mother Carey than Mother Carey for herself.

Yet the relief was all the greater that it was plain that Esther was not happy in her banishment; and that General Hood thought her visit had lasted long enough, while the matter was complicated at home by her sister Eleanor's undisguised sympathy with her cousin Bobus, for whom she would have sent messages if her mother had not, with some difficulty, exacted a promise never to allude to him in her letters.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BITTER FAREWELLS.

WELCOME shone in Mr. Ogilvie's face in the gaslight on the platform as the train drew up, and the Popinjay in her cage was handed out, uttering, '*Hic, hæc, hoc.* We're all Mother Carey's chicks.'

Therewith the mother and the two youngest of her chicks were handed to their fly, and driven, through raindrops and splashes flashing in the gas, to a door where the faithful Emma awaited them, and conveyed them to a room so bright and comfortable that Babie piteously exclaimed—

'Oh, Emma, you have left me nothing to do!'

Presently came Mr. Ogilvie to make sure that the party needed nothing. He was like a child hovering near, and constantly looking to assure himself of the reality of some precious acquisition.

Later in the evening, on his way from the night-school, he was at the door again to leave a parish magazine with a list of services that ought to have rejoiced Armine's heart, if he had felt capable of enjoying anything at S. Cradocke's, and at which Babie looked with some dismay, as if fearing that they would all be inflicted on her. He was in a placid, martyr-like state. He had made up his mind that the air was of the relaxing sort that disagreed with him, and no doubt would be fatal, though as he coughed rather less than more, he could hardly hope to edify Bobus by his death-bed, unless he could expedite matters by breaking a blood-vessel in saving some one's life. On the whole, however, it was pleasanter to pity himself for vague possibilities than to apprehend the crisis as immediate. It was true that he was very forlorn. He missed the admiring petting by which Miss Parsons had fostered his morbid state; he missed the occupations she had given him, and he missed the luxurious habits of wealth far more than he knew. After his winters under genial skies, close to blue Mediterranean waves, English weather was trying, and in contrast with southern scenery, people, and art, everything seemed ugly, homely, and vulgar in his eyes. Gorgeous cathedrals with their High Masses and sweet Benedictions, their bannered processions and kneeling peasantry, rose in his memory as he beheld the half-restored church, the stiff, open seats, and the Philistine precision of the S. Cradocke's Old Church congregation; and Anglicanism shared his distaste, in spite of the fascinations of the district church.

He was languid and inert, partly from being confined to the house on days of doubtful character. He would not prepare any work for Bobus, who, with Jock, was to follow in ten days, he would not second Babie's wish to get up a S. Cradocke's number of the *Traveller's Joy*, to challenge a Madeira one; he did little but turn over a few books,

say there was nothing to read, and exchange long letters with Miss Pearson.

'Armine,' said Mr. Ogilvie, 'I never let my friends come into my parish without getting work out of them. I have a request to make you.'

'I'm afraid I am not equal to much,' said Armine, not graciously.

'This is not much. We have a lame boy here for the winter, son to a cabinet-maker in London. His mind is set on being a pupil teacher, and he is a clever, bright fellow, but his chance depends on his keeping up his work. I have been looking over his Latin and French, but I have not time to do so properly, and it would be a great kindness if you would undertake it.'

'Can't he go to school?' said Armine, not graciously.

'It is much too far off. Now he is only round the corner here.'

'My going out is so irregular,' said Armine, not by any means as he would have accepted a behest of Petronella's.

'He could often come here. Or perhaps the Infanta would fetch and carry. He is with an uncle, a fisherman, and the wife keeps a little shop. Stagg is the name. They are very respectable people, but of a lower stamp than this lad, and he is rather lost for want of companionship. The London doctors say his recovery depends on sea air for the winter, so here he is, and whatever you can do for him will be a real good work.'

'What is the name?' asked Mrs. Brownlow.

'Stagg. It is over a little grocery shop. You must ask for Percy Stagg.'

Perhaps Armine suspected the motive to be his own good, for he took a dislike to the idea at once.

'Percy Stagg!' he began, as soon as Mr. Ogilvie was gone. 'What a detestable conjunction, just showing what the fellow must be. And to have him on my hands!'

'I thought you liked teaching!' said his mother.

'As if this would be like a Woodside boy!'

'Yes,' said Babie; 'I don't suppose he will carry onions and lollipops in his pockets, nor put cock-chafers down on one's book.'

'Babie, that was only Ted Stokes!'

'And I should *think* he might have rather cleaner hands, and not leave their traces on every book.'

'He'll do worse!' said Armine. 'He will be vulgarly stuck up, and exorcise me with every French word he attempts to pronounce.'

'But you'll do it, Army!' said his mother.

'Oh, yes, I will try if it be possible to make anything of him, when I am up to it.'

Armine was not 'up to it' the next day, nor the next. The third was very fine, and with great resignation, he sauntered down to Mrs. Stagg's.

Percy turned out to be a quiet, gentle, pale lad of fourteen, without Cockney vivacity, and so shy that Armine grew shyer, did little but mark the errors in his French exercise, hear a bit of reading, and retreat, bemoaning the hopeless stupidity of his pupil.

A few days later Mr. Ogilvie asked the lame boy how he was getting on.

'Oh, sir,' brightening, 'the lady is so kind. She does make it so plain in me.'

'The lady ? Not the young gentleman ?'

'The young gentleman has been here once, sir.'

'And his sister comes when he is not well ?'

'No, sir, it is his mother, I think. A lady with white hair—the nicest lady I ever saw.'

'And she teaches you ?'

'O, yes, sir ! I am preparing a fable in the Latin Delectus for her, and she gave me this French book. She does tell me such interesting facts about words, and about what she has seen abroad, sir ! And she brought me this cushion for my knee.'

'Percy thinks there never was such a lady,' chimed in his aunt. 'She is very good to him, and he is ever so much better in his spirits and his appetite since she has been coming to him. The young gentleman was haughty like, and couldn't make nothing of him ; but the lady—she's so affable ! She is one of a thousand !'

'I did not mean to impose a task on you,' said Mr. Ogilvie, next time he could speak to Mrs. Brownlow.

'Oh ! I am only acting stop-gap till Armine rallies and takes to it,' she said. 'The boy is delightful. It is very amusing to teach French to a mind of that age so thoroughly drilled in grammar.'

'A capital thing for Percy, but I thought at least you would have deputed the Infanta.'

'The Infanta was a little overdone with the style of thing at Woodside. She and Sydney Evelyn had a romance about good works, of which Miss Parsons completely disenchanted her—rather too much so, I fear.'

'Let her alone ; she will recover,' said Mr. Ogilvie, 'if only by seeing you do what I never intended.'

'I like it, teacher as I am by trade.'

So each day Armine imagined himself bound to the infliction of Percy Stagg, and compelled by headache, cough, or weather, to let his mother be his substitute.

'She is keeping him going on days when I am not equal to it,' he said to Mr. Ogilvie.

'Having thus given you one of my tasks,' said that gentleman, 'let me ask whether I can help you in any of your studies ?'

'I have been reading with Bobus, thank you.'

'And now ?'

'I have not begun again, though if my mother desires it, I shall.'

'So I should suppose; but I am sorry you do not take more interest in the matter.'

'Even if I live,' said Armine, 'the hopes with which I once studied are over.'

'What hopes?'

The boy was drawn on by his sympathy to explain his plans for the perfection of church and charities at Woodside, where he would have worked as curate, and lavished all that wealth could supply in all institutions for its good and that of Kenminster. It was the vanished castle over which he and Miss Parsons had spent so many moans, and yet at the end of it all, Armine saw a sort of incredulous smile on his friend's face.'

'I don't think it was impossible or unreasonable,' he said. 'I could have been ordained as curate there, and my mother would have gladly given land, and means, and all.'

'I was not thinking of that, my boy. What struck me was how people put their trust in riches without knowing it.'

'Indeed I should have given up all wealth and luxury. I am not regretting that!' exclaimed Armine, in unconscious blindness.

'I did not say you were.'

'I beg your pardon,' said Armine, thinking he had not caught the words.

'I said people did not know how they put their trust in riches.'

'I never thought I did.'

'Only that you think nothing can be done without them.'

'I don't see how it can.'

'Don't you? Well, the longer I live the more cause I see to dread and distrust what is done easily by force of wealth. Of course where the money is there, and is given along with one's self (as I know you intended), it is providential, but I verily believe it intensifies difficulties and temptations. Poverty is almost as beneficial a sieve of motives and stimulus to energy as persecution itself.'

'There are so many things one can't do.'

'Perhaps the fit time is not come for their being done. Or you want more training for doing them. Remember that to bring one's good desires to good effect, there is a *how* to be taken into account. I know of a place where the mere knowledge that there are unlimited means to bestow seems to produce ingratitude and captiousness for whatever is done. On the other hand, I have seen a far smaller gift, that has cost an effort most warmly and touchingly received. Again, the power of at once acting leads to over haste, want of consideration, domineering, expectation of adulation, impatience of counsel or criticism.'

'I suppose one does not know till one has tried,' said Armine, 'but I should mind nothing from Mr. or Miss Parsons.'

'I did not allude to any special case, I only wanted to show you that riches do not by any means make doing good a simpler affair, but rather render it more difficult not to do an equal amount of harm.'

'Of course,' said Armine, 'as this misfortune has happened, it is plain that we must submit, and I hope I am bowing to the disappointment.'

'By endeavouring to do your best for God with what is left you?'

'I hope so, but with my health there seems nothing left for me but unmurmuring resignation.'

Mr. Ogilvie was amused at Armine's notion of unmurmuring resignation, but he added only, 'Which would be much assisted by a little exertion.'

'I did exert myself at home, but it is all aimless now.'

'I should have thought you still equally bound to learn and labour to do your duty in Him and for Him. Will you think about what I have said?'

'Yes, Mr. Ogilvie, thank you. I know you mean it kindly, and no one can be expected to enter into my feeling of the uselessness of wasting my time over classical studies when I know I shall never be able to be ordained.'

'Are you sure you are not wasting it now?'

It was not possible to continue the subject. Mr. Ogilvie had failed in both his attempts to rouse Armine, and had to tell his mother, who had hoped much from this new influence. 'I think,' he said, 'that Armine is partly feeling the change from invalidism to ordinary health. He does not know it, poor fellow; but it is rather hard to give up being interesting.'

Caroline saw the truth of this when Armine showed himself absolutely nettled at his brothers, on their arrival, pronouncing that he looked much better—in fact quite jolly, an insult which he treated with Christian forgiveness.

Bobus had visited Belforest. His mother had never intended this, and still less that he should walk direct from the station to Kencroft, surprising the whole family at luncheon, and taking his seat among them quite naturally. Thereby he obtained all he had expected or hoped, for when the meal was over, he was able, though in the presence of all the family, to take Esther by both hands, and say in his resolute earnest voice, 'Good-bye, my sweet and only love. You will wait for me, and by and by, when I have made you a home, and people see things differently, I shall come for you,' and therewith he pressed on her burning, blushing, drooping brow four kisses that felt like fire.

Her mother might fret and her father might fume, but they were as powerless as the parents of young Lochinvar's bride, and the words of their protest were scarcely begun when he loosed the girl's hands, and turning to her mother said, 'Good-bye, Aunt Ellen. When we meet again, you will see things otherwise. I ask nothing till that time comes.'

This was not the part of his visit of which he told his mother, he only dwelt on a circumstance so opportune that he had almost been forgiven even by the Colonel. He had encountered Dr. Hermann, who had come down to make another attempt on the Gracious Lady, and had thus found himself in the presence of a very different person. An opening had offered itself in America, and he had come to try to obtain his wife's fortune to take them out. The opportunity of making stringent terms had seemed to Bobus so excellent that he civilly invited Demetrius to dine and sleep, and sent off a note to beg his uncle to come and assist in a family compact. Colonel Brownlow, having happily resisted his impulse to burn the letter unread as an impertinent proposal for his daughter, found that it contained so sensible a scheme, that he immediately conceived a higher opinion of his namesake than he had ever had before.

Thus Dr. Hermann found himself face to face with the very last members of the family he desired to meet, and had to make the best of the situation. Of secrets of the late Joseph Brownlow he said nothing, but based his application on the offer of a practice and lectureship he said he had received from New Orleans. He had evidently never credited that Mrs. Brownlow meant to resign the whole property without giving away among her children the accumulation of ready money in hand, and as he knew himself to be worth buying off, he reckoned upon Janet's full share. He had taken Mrs. Brownlow's own statements as polite refusals, and a lady's romance, until he found the uncle and nephew viewing the resignation of the whole as common honesty, and that she was actually gone. They would not give him her address, and prevented his coming in contact with the housekeeper, so that no more molestation might be possible, and meantime they offered him terms such as they thought she would ratify.

All that Joseph Brownlow had left was entirely in her power, and the amount was such that if she had died intestate, each of her six children would have been entitled to about 1,600*l.*, exclusive of the house in London. Janet had no right to claim anything now or at her mother's death, but the uncle and nephew knew that Mrs. Brownlow would not endure to leave her destitute, and they thought the deportation to America worth a considerable sacrifice. Therefore they proposed that on the actual *bona fide* departure, 500*l.* should be paid down, the interest of the 1,100*l.* should be secured to her, and paid half-yearly through Mr. Wakefield, who was to draw up the agreement; but the final disposal of the sum was not to be promised, but to depend on Mrs. Brownlow's will.

Such a present boon as 500*l.* had made Hermann willing to agree to anything. Bobus had seen the lawyer in London, and with him concocted the agreement for signature, making the payments pass through the Wakefield office, the receipts being signed by Janet Hermann herself.

'Why must all payments go through the office?' asked Caroline.

'Because there's no trusting that slippery Greek,' said Bobus.

'I should have liked my poor Janet to have been forced to communicate with me every half-year,' she sighed.

'What, when she has never chosen to write all this time?'

'Yes. It is very weak, but I can't help it. It would be something only to see her name. I have never known where to write to her, or I would have done so.'

'O, very well,' said Bobus, 'you had better invite them both to share the *ménage* in Collingwood Street.'

'For shame, Bobus,' said Jock. 'You have no right to say such things.'

'Only that all this might as well have been left undone if my mother is to rush on them to ask their pardon and beg them to receive her with open arms. I mean, mother,' he added with a different manner, 'if you give one inch to that Greek, he will make it a mile, and as to Janet, if she can't bring down her pride to write to you like a daughter, I wouldn't give a rap for her receipt, and it might lead to intolerable pestering. Now you know she can't starve on 50% a year besides her medical education. Wakefield will always know where she is, and you may be quite easy about her.'

Caroline gave way to her son's reasoning, as he thought, but no sooner was she alone with Jock, than she told him that he must take her to London to see Janet in her lodgings before the departure for the States.

He was at her service, and as they did not mean to sleep in town, they started at a preposterously early hour, with a certain mirth and gaiety at thus eloping together, as the mother's spirits rose at the bare idea of seeing the first-born child for whom she had famished so long. Jock was such a perfect squire of dames, and so chivalrously charmed to be her escort, that her journey was delightful, nor did she grow sad till it was over. Then, she could not eat the food he would have had her take at the station, and he saw tears standing in her eyes as he sat beside her in the omnibus. When they were set down they walked swiftly and without a word to the lodgings.

Dr. and Mrs. Hermann had 'left two days ago,' said the untidy girl, whose aspect, like that of the street and house, betokened that Janet was drinking of her bitter brewst.

'What shall we do, mother?' asked Jock. 'You ought to rest. Will you go to Mrs. Acton or Mrs. Lucas, while I run down to Wakefield's office and find out about them?'

'To Miss Ray's, I think,' she said faintly. 'Nita may know their plans. Here's the address,' taking a little book from her pocket, and ruffling over the leaves, 'you must find it. I can't see. O, but I can walk!' as he hailed a cab, and helped her into it, finding the address and jumping after her, while she sank back in the corner.

Very small and shrunken did she look when he took her out at the door leading to rooms over a stationer's shop. The sisters were somewhat better off than formerly, though good old Miss Ray was half ashamed of it, since it was chiefly owing to the liberal allowance from Mrs. Brownlow for the chaperonage in which she felt herself to have so sadly failed.

Jock saw his mother safe in the hands of the kind old lady, heard that the pair were really gone, and departed for his interview with Mr. Wakefield. No sooner had the papers been signed, and the 500*l.* made over to them, than the Hermanns had hurried away a fortnight earlier than they had spoken of going. It was much like an escape from creditors, but the reason assigned was an invitation to lecture in New York.

So there was nothing for it but to put up with Miss Ray's account of Janet, and even that was second-hand, for the gentle spirit of the good old lady had been so roused at the treachery of the stolen marriage, that she had refused to see the couple, and when Nita had once brought them in, she had retired to her bedroom.

Nita was gone on a professional engagement into the country for a week. According to what she had told her sister, Demetrius and Janet were passionately attached, and his manner was only too endearing; but Miss Ray had disliked the subject so much that she had avoided it in a way she now regretted.

'Everything I have done has turned out wrong,' she said with tears running down her cheeks. 'Even this! I would give anything to be able to tell you of poor Janet, and yet I thought my silence was for the best, for Nita and I could not mention her without quarrelling as we had never done before. O, Mrs. Brownlow, I can't think how you have ever forgiven me.'

'I can forgive every one but myself,' said Caroline sadly. 'If I had understood how to be a better mother, this would never have been.'

'You! the most affectionate and devoted.'

'Ah! but I see now it was only human love without the true moving spring, and so my poor child grew up without it, and these are the fruits.'

'But my dear, my dear, one can't *give* these things. Poor Janet always was a headstrong girl, like my poor Nita. I know what you mean, and how one feels that if one had been better oneself,' said poor Miss Ray, ending in utter entanglement, but tender sympathy.

'She might have been a child of many prayers,' said the poor mother.

'Ah! but that she can still be,' said the old lady. 'She will turn back again, my dear. Never fear. I don't think I could die easy if I did not believe she would!'

Jock brought back word that the lawyer had been entirely unaware of the Hermanns' departure, and thought it looked bad. He had seen

them both, and his report was less brilliant than Nita's. Indeed Jock kept back the details, for Mr. Wakefield had described Mrs. Hermann as much altered, thin, haggard, shabby, and anxious, and though her husband fawned upon her demonstratively before spectators, something in her eyes betokened a certain fear of him. He had also heard that Elvira was still making visits. There was a romance about her, which in addition to her beauty and future wealth made people think her a desirable guest. She was always more agreeable with strangers than in her own family; and as to the needful funds, she had her ample allowance; and no doubt her expectations secured her unlimited credit. Her conduct was another pang, but it was lost in the keener pain Janet had given.

As his mother could not bear to face any one else, Jock thought the sooner he could get her home the better, and all they did was to buy some of Armine's favourite biscuits, and likewise to stop at Rivington's, where she chose the two smallest and neatest Greek Testaments she could find.

They reached home three hours before they were expected, and she went up at once to her room and her bed, leaving Jock to make all the explanations, and receive all Bobus's indignation at having allowed her to knock herself up by such a foolish expedition.

Chill, fatigue, and, far more, grief after her long course of worry really did bring on a feverish attack, so unprecedented in her that it upset the whole family, and if Mr. Ogilvie had not been almost equally wretched himself, he would have been amused to see these three great sons wandering forlorn about the house like stray chicks who had lost their parent hen, and imagining her ten times worse than she really was.

Babie was really useful as a nurse, and had very little time to comfort them. And indeed they treated her as childish and trifling for assuring them that neither patient, maid, nor doctor thought the ailment at all serious. Bobus found some relief in laying the blame on Jock, but when Armine heard the illness ascribed to a long course of anxiety and harass, he was conscience-stricken, as he thought how often his perverse form of resignation had baffled her pleadings and added to her vexations. Words, impatiently heard at the moment, returned upon him, and compunction took its outward effect in crossness. It was all that Jock could do by his good-humoured banter and repartee to keep the peace between the other two, who, when unchecked by regard to their mother and Babie, seemed bent on discussing everything on which they most disagreed.

Babie was a welcome messenger to Jock at least, when she brought word that mother hoped Armine would attend to Percy Stagg, and would take him the book she sent down for him. Her will was law in the present state of things, and Armine set forth in dutiful disgust; but he found the lad so really anxious about the lady, and so much

brightened and improved that he began to take an interest in him and promised a fresh lesson with alacrity.

His next step in obedience was to take out his books, but Bobus had no mind for them, and said it was too late. If Armine had really worked diligently all the autumn, he might have easily entered King's College, London; but now he had thrown away his chance.

Mr. Ogilvie found him with his books on the table, plunged in utter despondency. 'Your mother is not worse!' he asked in alarm.

'O no; she is very comfortable, and the doctor says she may get up to-morrow.'

'Then is it the Greek?' said Mr. Ogilvie, much relieved.

'Yes. Bobus says my rendering is perfectly ridiculous.'

'Are you preparing for him?'

'No. He is sick of me, and has no time to attend to me now.'

'Let me see——'

'Oh! Mr. Ogilvie,' said Armine, looking up with his ingenuous eyes. 'I don't deserve it. Besides, Bobus says it is of no use now. I've wasted too much time ever to get into King's.'

'I should like to judge of that. Suppose I examined you—not now, but to-morrow morning. Meantime, how do you construe this chorus? It is a tough one.'

Armine winked out of his eyes the tears that had risen at the belief that he had really in his wilfulness lost the hope of fulfilling the higher aims of his life, and with a trembling voice translated the passage he had been hammering over. A word from Mr. Ogilvie gave him the clue, and when that stumbling-block was past, he acquitted himself well enough to warrant a little encouragement.

'Well done, Armine. We shall make a fair scholar of you after all.'

'I don't deserve you should be so kind. I see now what a fool I have been,' said Armine, his eyes filling again with tears.

'I have no time to talk of that now,' said Mr. Ogilvie. 'I only looked in to hear how your mother was. Bring down whatever books you have been getting up at twelve to-morrow; or if it is a wet day I will come to you.'

Armine worked for this examination as eagerly as he had decorated for Miss Parsons, and in the face of the like sneers; for Bobus really believed it was all waste of time, and did not scruple to tell him so, and to laugh when he consulted Jock, whose acquirements lay more in the way of military mathematics and modern languages than of university requirements.

Perhaps the report that Armine was reading Livy with all his might was one of his mother's best restoratives,—and still more that when he came to wish her good-night, he said, 'Mother, I've been a wretched self-sufficient brute all this time; I'm very sorry, and I'll try to go on better.'

And when she came down stairs to be petted and made much of by all the four, she found that the true and original Armine had come back, instead of Petronella's changeling. Indeed the danger now was that he would overwork himself in his fervour, for Bobus's continued ill-auguries only acted as a stimulus ; nor were they silenced till she begged as a personal favour that he would not torment the boy.

Indeed her presence made life smooth and cheerful again to the young people ; there were no more rubs of temper, and Bobus, whose departure was very near, showed himself softened. He was very fond of his mother, and greatly felt the leaving her. He assured her that it was all for her sake, and that he trusted to be able to lighten some of her burthens when his first expenses were over.

'And, mother,' he said, on his last evening, 'you will let me sometimes hear of my Esther ?'

'Oh, Bobus, if you could only forget her !'

'Would you rob me of my great incentive—my sweet image of purity, who rouses and guards all that is best in me ? My "loyalty to my future wife" is your best hope for me, mother.'

'Oh, if she were but any one else ! How can I encourage you in disobedience to your father and to hers ?'

'You know what I think about that. When my Esther ventures to judge for herself, these prejudices will give way. She shall not be disobedient, but you will all perceive the uselessness of withholding my darling. Meanwhile, I only ask you to let me see her name from time to time. You won't deny me that !'

'No, my dear, I cannot refuse you that, but you must not assume more than that I am sorry for you that your heart is set so hopelessly. Indeed I see no sign of her caring for you. Do you ?'

'Her heart is not opened yet, but it will.'

'Suppose it should do so to any one else ?'

'She is a mere child ; she has few opportunities ; and if she had—well, I think it would recall to her what she only half understood. I am content to be patient—and, mother, you little know the good it does me to think of her and think of you. It is well for us men that all women are not like Janet.'

'Yet if you took away our faith, what would there be to hinder us from being like my poor Janet ?'

'Heaven forbid that I should take away any one's honest faith ; above all, yours or Essie's.'

'Except by showing that you think it just good enough for us.'

'How can I help it, any more than I can help that Belforest was left to Elvira ? Wishes and belief are two different things.'

'Would you help it if you could ?' she earnestly asked.

He hesitated. 'I might wish to satisfy you, mother, and other good folks, but not to put myself in bondage to what has led blindfold to half the dastardly and cruel acts on this earth, beautiful dream though it be.'

'Ah, my boy, it is my shame and grief that it is not a beautiful reality to you.'

'That you were too wise to bore us. You have only fancied that since you fell in with the Evelyns.'

'Ah, if I had only bred you up in the same spirit as the Evelyns!'

'It would not have answered. We are of different stuff. And after all, Janet and I are your only black sheep. Jock has his convictions in a strong, practical working order, as real to him as ever his drill and order-book were. Good old fellow, he strikes me a good deal more than all Ogilvie's discussions.'

'Mr. Ogilvie has talked to you?'

'He has done his part both as cleric and your devoted servant, mother, and, I confess, made the best of his case, as an able man heartily convinced can do. Good night, mother.'

'One moment, Bobus, my dear; I want one promise from you, to your old Mother Carey. Call it a superstition and a charm if you will, but promise. Take this Greek Testament, keep it with you, and read a few verses every night. Promise me!'

'Dear mother, I am ready to promise. I have read those poems and letters several times in the original.'

'But you will do this for me, beginning again when you have finished? Promise.'

'I will, mother, since it comforts you,' said Bobus, in a tone that she knew might be trusted.

The other little book, with the like request, in urgent and tender entreaty, was made up into a parcel to be forwarded as soon as Mr. Wakefield should learn Janet Hermann's address. It was all that the mother could do, except to pray that this living Sword of the Spirit might yet pierce its way to those closed hearts.

Nor was she quite happy about Barbara. Hitherto the girl had seemed, as it were, one with Armine, and had been led by his precocious piety into similar habits and aspirations, which had been fostered by her intercourse with Sydney and the sharing with her of many a blissful and romantic dream.

All this, however, was altered. Petronella had drawn Armine aside one way, and now that he was come back again, he did not find the same perfectly sympathetic sister as before. Bobus had not been without effect upon her as the impersonation of common sense and antagonism to Miss Parsons. It had not shown at the time, for his domineering tone and his sneers always impelled her to stand up for her darling; but when he was 'poor Bobus' gone into exile and bereft of his love, certain poisonous germs attached to his words began to grow. There was no absolute doubt—far from it—but there was an impatience of the weariness and solemnity of religion.

To enjoy Church privileges to the full, and do good works under Church direction, had in their wandering life been a dream of modern

chivalry which she had shared with Sydney, much as they talked of going on a crusade. And now she found these privileges very tedious, the good works onerous, and she viewed them somewhat as she might have regarded Cœur de Lion's camp had she been set down in it. Armine would have gone on hearing nothing but 'Remember the Holy Sepulchre,' but Barbara would soon have seen every folly and failure that spoiled the glory of the army—even though she might not question its destination—and would have been unfeignedly weary of its discipline.

So she hung back from the frequent Church ordinances of S. Cradocke's, being allowed to do as she pleased about everything extra; she made fun of the peculiarities of the varieties of the genus Petronella who naturally hung about it, and adopted the popular tone about the curates, till Jock told her 'not to be so commonplace.' Indeed both he and Armine had made friends with them, as he did with every one; and Armine's enjoyment of the society of a new, young, bright deacon, who came at Christmas, perhaps accounted for a little of her soreness, and made Armine himself less observant that the two were growing apart.

Her mother saw it though, and being seconded by Jock, found it easier than of old to keep the tables free from sceptical and semi-sceptical literature; but this involved the loss of much that was clever, and there was no avoiding those envenomed shafts that people love to strew about, and which, for their seeming wit and sense, Babie always relished. She did not think—that was the chief charge; and she was still a joyous creature, even though chafing at the dulness of S. Cradocke's.

'Gould and another, *versus* Brownlow and another, to be heard on the 18th,' Mr. Wakefield writes. 'So we must leave our peaceful harbour to face the world again!'

'Oh, I'm so glad!' cried Barbara. 'I am fairly tingling to be in the thick of it again!'

'You ungrateful infant,' said Armine, 'when this place has done every one so much good!'

'So does bed; but I feel as if it were six in the morning and I couldn't get the shutters open!'

'I wonder if Mr. Ogilvie will think me fit to go in for matriculation for the next term?' said Armine.

'And I ought to go up for lectures,' said Jock, who had been reading hard all this time under directions from Dr. Medlicott. 'I might go on before, and see that the house is put in order before you come home, mother.'

'Home! It sounds more like going home than ever going back to Belforest did!'

'And we'll make it the very moral of the old times. We've got all the old things!'

'What do you know about the old times—baby that you are and were?' said Jock.

'The Drakes move to-morrow,' said his mother. 'I must write to your aunt and Richards about sending the things from Belforest. We must have it at its best before Ali comes home.'

'All right!' said Babie. 'You know our own things have only to go back into their places, and the Drake carpets go on. It will be such fun; as nice as the getting into the Folly!'

'Nice you call that?' said her mother. 'All I remember is the disgrace we got into and the fright I was in! I wonder what the old home will bring us!'

'Life and spirit and action,' cried Babie. 'Oh, I'm wearying for the sound of the wheels and the flow of people!'

'Oh, you little Cockney!'

'Of course. I was born one, and I am thankful for it! There's nothing to do here.'

'Babie!' cried Armine, indignantly.

'Well, you and Jock have read a great deal, and he has plunged into night-schools.'

'And become a popular lecturer,' added Armine.

'And you and mother have cultivated Percy Stagg, and gone to Church a great deal—*pour passer le temps*.'

'Ah, you discontented mortal!' said her mother, rising to write her letters. 'You have yet to learn that what is stagnation to some is rest to others.'

'Oh yes, mother, I know it was very good for you, but I'm heartily glad it is over. Sea and ogre are all very well for once in a way, but they pall, especially in an east wind English fog!'

'My Babie, I hope you are not spoilt by all the excitements of our last few years,' said the mother. 'You won't find life in Collingwood Street much like life in Hyde Corner.'

'No, but it will be *life*, and that's what I care for!'

No, Barbara, used to constant change, and eager for her schemes of helpfulness, could not be expected to enjoy the peacefulness of St. Cradocke's as the others had done. To Armine, indeed, it had been the beginning of a new life of hope and vigour, and a casting off of the slough of morbid self-contemplation, induced by his invalid life, and fostered at Woodside. He had left off the romance of being early doomed, since his health had stood the trial of the English winter, and under Mr. Ogilvie's bracing management, seconded by Jock's energetic companionship, he had learnt to look to active service, and be ready to strive for it.

To Jock, the time had been a rest from the victory which had cost him so dear, and though the wounds still smarted, there had been nothing to call them into action; and he had fortified himself against the inevitable reminders he should meet with in London. He had

been studying with all his might for the preliminary examination, and eagerness in so congenial a pursuit was rapidly growing on him, while conversations with Mr. Ogilvie had been equally pleasant to both, for the ex-schoolmaster thoroughly enjoyed hearing of the scientific world, and the young man was heartily glad of the higher light he was able to shed on his studies, and for being shown how to prevent the spiritual world from being obscured by the physical, and to deal with the difficulties that his brother's materialism had raised for him. He had never lost, and trusted never to lose, hold of his anchor in the Rock; but he had not always known how to answer when called on to prove its existence and trace the cable. Thus the winter at S. Cradocke's had been very valuable to him personally, and he had been willing to make return for the kindness for which he felt so grateful by letting the Vicar employ him in the night-schools, lectures, and parish diversions—all in short for which a genial and sensible young layman is invaluable when he can be caught.

And for their mother herself, she had been sheltered from agitation, and had gathered strength and calmness, though with her habitual want of self-consciousness she hardly knew it, and what she thanked her old friend for was what he had done for her sons, especially Armine. 'He and I shall be grateful to you all the rest of our lives,' she said, with her bright eyes glistening.

David Ogilvie, in his deep, silent, life-long romance, felt that precious guerdons sometimes are won at an age which the young suppose to be past all feeling—guerdons the more precious and pure because unconnected with personal hopes or schemes. He still knew Caroline to be as entirely Joseph Brownlow's own as when he had first perceived it, ten years ago, but all that was regretful jealousy was gone. His idealisation of her had raised and moulded his life, and now that she had grown into the reality of that ideal, he was content with the sunshine she had brought, and the joy of having done her a real service, little as she guessed at the devoted homage that prompted it.

(To be continued.)

HERIOT'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'NELLIE'S MEMORIES,' 'WOODED AND MARRIED,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

'WHICH SHALL IT BE?'

'She looked again, as one that half afraid
Would fain be certain of a doubtful thing;
Or one beseeching, "Do not me upbraid!"
And then she trembled like the fluttering
Of timid little birds, and silent stood.'

—JEAN INGELOW.

DR. HERIOT started for London the day after he had received Mildred's letter; as he intended, his appearance took them all by surprise.

Mildred was the first to detect the well-known footsteps on the gravelled path; but she held her peace. Dr. Heriot's keen glance, as he stood on the threshold, had time to scan the features of the little fireside group, before a word of greeting had crossed his lips; he noticed Polly's listless attitude as she sat apart in the dark window-seat, and the moody restlessness of Roy's face as he lay furtively watching her. Even Mildred's heightened colour, as she bent industriously over her work, was not lost on him.

'Polly!' he said, crossing the room, and marvelling at her unusual abstraction.

At the sound of the kind, well-known voice, the girl started violently; but as he stooped over her and kissed her, she turned very white, and involuntarily shrank from him, but the next moment she clung to him almost excitedly.

'Oh, Heriot, why did you not come before! You knew I wanted you,—you must have known how I wanted you.'

'Yes, dear, I knew all about it,' he replied quietly, putting away the little cold hands that detained him, and turning to the others.

A few kind inquiries after the invalid were met at first very irritably, but even Roy's moody jealousy could not be proof against such gentleness, and he forgot his wretchedness for a time while listening to home messages, and all the budget of Kirkby Stephen gossip which Dr. Heriot retailed over the cosy meal that Mildred provided for the traveller.

For once Dr. Heriot proved himself an inexhaustible talker; there was no limit to his stock of anecdotes. Roy's sulkiness vanished; he grew interested, almost amused.

'You remember old Mrs. Parkinson and her ginger-cakes, Polly,' he said, with a weak ghost of a laugh; but then he checked himself with a frown. 'How was it one could not hate this fellow, who had defrauded him of Polly?' he thought, clenching his hand impatiently. 'Why was he to succumb to a charm of manner that had worked him such woe!'

Dr. Heriot's fine instinct perceived the lad's transition of mood.

'Yes, Polly has a faithful memory for an old friend,' he said, answering for the girl, who sat near him with a strip of embroidery from which she had not once raised her eyes. As he looked at her, his face worked with some strong emotion; his eyes softened, and then grew sad.

'Polly is Faith itself,' speaking with peculiar intonation, and laying his hand on the small shining head. 'You see I have a new name for you to-night, Heartsease.'

'I think I will go to bed, Aunt Milly,' broke out poor Roy, growing suddenly pale and haggard. 'I—I—am tired, and it is later to-night, I think.'

Dr. Heriot made no effort to combat his resolution. He stood

aside while Mildred offered her arm to the invalid. He saw Polly hurriedly slip her hand in Roy's, who wrung it hard with a sort of laugh.

'It is good-bye for good and all, I suppose, to-night?' he said. 'Heriot means to take you away, of course!'

But Polly did not answer; she only hid her red quivering hand under her work as though she feared Dr. Heriot would see it.

But the next moment the work was thrown lightly to the ground, and Dr. Heriot's fingers were gently stroking the ill-used hand.

'Poor little Polly; does he often treat you to such a rough handshake?' he said, with a half-amused, tender smile.

'No, never,' she stammered; but then, as though gaining courage from the kind face looking down at her, 'Oh, Heriot, I am so glad he is gone. I—I—want to speak to you.'

'Is that why you have been so silent?' drawing her nearer to him as she stood beside him on the rug. 'Little Heartsease, did you like my new name?'

'Don't, Heriot; I—I—do not understand you; I have not been faithful at least.'

'Not in your sense of the word, perhaps, dear Polly, but in mine.

What if your faithfulness should save us both from a great mistake?'

'I—I—do not understand you,' she said again, looking at him with sad, bewildered eyes. 'You shall talk to me presently; but now I want to speak to you. Heriot, I was wrong to come here, wrong and self-willed. Aunt Milly was right, I have done no good. Oh, it has all been so miserable—a mistake from beginning to end; and then I thought you would never come.'

'Dear Polly, it could not be helped. Neither can I stay now.'

'You will not go and leave me again?' she said, faltering and becoming very pale. 'Heriot, you must take me with you; promise me that you will take me with you.'

'I cannot, my dear child. Indeed—indeed—I cannot.'

'Then I will go alone,' she said, throwing back her head proudly, but trembling as she spoke. 'I will not stay here without you—not for a day—not for a single day.'

'But Roy wants you. You cannot leave him until he is better,' he said, watching her; but though she coloured perceptibly, she stood her ground.

'I was wrong to come,' she returned, piteously. 'I cannot help it if Rex wants me. I know he does. You are saying this to punish me, and because I have failed in my duty.'

'Hush, my child; I at least have not reproached you.'

'No, you never reproach me; you are kindness itself. Heriot,' laying down her face on his arm, and now he knew she was weeping, 'I never knew until lately how badly I have treated you. You ought not to have chosen a child like me. I have tried your patience, and

given you no return to your goodness ; but I am resolved that all this shall be altered.'

'Is it in your power, Polly ?' speaking now more gravely.

'It must—it shall be. Listen to me, dear. You asked me once to make no unnecessary delay, but to be your wife at once. Heriot, I am ready now.'

'No, my child, no.'

'Ah, but I am,' speaking with difficulty through her sobs. 'I never cared for you so much. I never wanted you so much. I am so full of gratitude—I long to make you so happy—to make somebody happy. You must take me away from here, where Roy will not make me miserable any more, and then I shall try to forget him—his unhappiness, I mean, and to think only of you.'

'Poor child,' speaking more to himself than to her ; 'and this is to what I have brought her.'

'You must not be angry with Roy,' continued the young girl, when her agitation had a little subsided. 'He could not help my seeing what he felt ; and then he told me to go back to you. He has tried his hardest, I know he has ; every night I prayed that you might come and take me away, and every morning I dreaded lest I should be disappointed. Heriot, it was cruel—cruel—to leave me so long.'

'And you will come back with me now ?'

'Oh, yes,' with a little sighing breath.

'And I am to make you my wife ? I am not to wait for your nineteenth birthday ?'

'No. Oh, Heriot, how self-willed and selfish I was.'

'Neither one nor the other. Listen to me, dear Polly. Nay, you are trembling so that you can hardly stand ; sit beside me on this couch ; it is my turn to talk now. I have a little story to tell you.'

'A story, Heriot ?'

'Yes ; shall we call it "The Guardian's Mistake." I am not much of a hand in story-telling, but I hope I shall make my meaning clear. What, afraid, my child ? nay, there is no sad ending to this story of mine ; it runs merrily to the tune of wedding bells.'

'I do not want to hear it,' she said, shrinking nervously ; but he, half-laughingly and half-seriously, persisted :—

'Once upon a time, shall we say that, Polly ? Little Heartsease, how pale you are growing. Once upon a time, a great many years ago, a man committed a great mistake that darkened his after-life.

'He married a woman whom he loved, but whose heart he had not won. Not that he knew that. Heaven forbid that any one calling himself a man should do so base a thing as that ; but his wishes and his affection blinded him, and the result was misery for many a year to come.'

'But he grew comforted in time,' interrupted Polly, softly.

'Yes, time, and friendship, and other blessings, bestowed by the

good God, healed the bitterness of the wound, but it still bled inwardly. He was a weary-hearted man, with a secret disgust of life, and full of sad loathing for the empty home that sheltered his loneliness, all the more,' as Polly pressed closer to him, 'that he was one who had ever craved for wife and children.

'It was at this time, just as memory was growing faint, that a certain young girl, the daughter of an old college friend of his, was left to his care. Think, Polly, how sacred a charge to this desolate man; a young orphan, alone in the world, and dependent on his care.'

'Heriot, I beseech you to stop; you are breaking my heart.'

'Nay, dearest, there is nothing sad in my story; there are only wheels within wheels, a complication heightening the interest of the plot. Well, was it a wonder that this man, this nameless hero of ours, a species of Don Quixote in his way, should weave a certain sweet fancy into his dreary life, that he should conceive the idea of protecting and loving this young girl in the best way he could by making her his wife, thinking that he would make himself and her happy, but always thinking most of her?'

'Oh, Heriot, no more; have pity on me.'

'What, stop in the middle of my story, and before my second hero makes his appearance! For shame, Heartsease; but this man for all his wise plans and benevolent schemes, proved himself miserably blind.

'He knew that this girl had an adopted brother whom she loved dearly. Nay, do not hide your face, Polly; no angel's love could have been purer than this girl's, for this friend of hers; but alas, what no one had foreseen, had already happened; unknown to her guardian, and to herself, this young man had always loved, and desired to win her for his wife.'

'She never knew it,' in a stifled voice.

'No, she never knew it, any more than she knew her own heart. Why do you start, Heartsease! Ah, she was so sure of that, so certain of her love for her affianced husband, that when she knew her friend was ill, she pleaded to be allowed to nurse him. Yes, though she had found out then the reason of his unhappiness.'

'She hoped to do good,' clasping her hands before her face.

'True, she hoped to do good; she fancied, not knowing the world and her own heart, that she could win him back to his old place, and so keep them both, her guardian and her friend. And her guardian, heart-sick at the mistake he had made, and with a new and secret sorrow preying upon him, deliberately suffered her to be exposed to the ordeal which her own generous imprudence had planned.'

'Heriot, one moment; you have a secret sorrow!'

'Not an incurable one, my sweet; you shall know it by and by; if I do not mistake, it will yield us a harvest of joy; but I am drawing near the end of the story.'

'Yes, you have quite finished—there is nothing more to say ; nothing, Heriot.'

'You shall tell me the rest, then,' he returned, gravely. 'Was she true to her guardian, this girl ; true in every fibre and feeling ? or did her faithful heart really cleave to the companion of her youth, calling her love by the right name, and acknowledging it without fear ?

'Polly, this is no time for a half-truth ; which shall it be ? Is your heart really mine, or does it belong to Roy ?'

She would have hidden her face in her hands, but he would not suffer it.

'Child, you must answer me ; there must be no shadow between us,' he said, holding her before him. There was a touch of sternness in his voice ; but as she raised her eyes appealingly to his, she read there nothing but pity and full understanding ; for one moment she stood irresolute, with palpitating heart and white quivering lips, and then she threw herself into his arms.

'Oh, Heriot, what shall I do ? What shall I do ? I love you both, but I love Roy best.'

When Mildred re-entered the room, an hour later, somewhat weary of her banishment, she found the two still talking together. Polly was sitting in her little low chair, her cheek resting on her hand. Dr. Heriot seemed speaking earnestly, but as the door opened, he broke off hastily, and the girl started to her feet.

'I must go now,' she whispered ; 'don't tell Aunt Milly to-night. Oh, Heriot, I am so happy ; this seems like some wonderful dream ; I don't half believe it.'

'We must guard each other's confidence. Remember, I have trusted you, Polly,' was his answer, in a low tone. 'Good-night, my dearest child ; sleep well, and say a prayer for me.'

'I do—I do pray for you always,' she affirmed, looking at him with her soul in her eyes ; but as he merely pressed her hand kindly, she suddenly raised herself on tiptoe and kissed his cheek. 'Dear—dear Heriot, I shall pray for you all my life long.'

'Are you going, Polly ?' asked Mildred in surprise.

'Yes, I am tired. I cannot talk any more to-night,' returned the girl, hastily.

Her face was pale, as though she had been weeping ; but her eyes smiled radiantly under the wet lashes.

Mildred turned to the fire, somewhat dissatisfied.

'I hope things are right between you and Polly,' she said, anxiously, when she and Dr. Heriot were left alone.

'They have never been more so,' he replied, with a mischievous smile ; 'for the first time we thoroughly understand ourselves and each other ; she is a dear good child, and deserves to be happy.'

But as Mildred, somewhat bewildered at the ambiguous tone, would have questioned him still further, he gently but firmly changed the subject.

It was a strange evening to Mildred ; outside, the rain lashed the panes. Dr. Heriot had drawn his arm-chair nearer to the glowing fire ; he looked spent and weary—some conflicting feelings seemed to fetter him with sadness. Mildred, sitting at her little work-table, scarcely dared to break the silence. Her own voice sounded strange to her. Once when she looked up she saw his eyes were fixed upon her, but he withdrew them again, and relapsed into his old thoughtfulness.

By and by he began to talk, and then she laid down her work to listen. Some strange chord of the past seemed stirred in the man's heart to-night. All at once he mentioned his mother ; her name was Mildred, he said, looking into the embers as he spoke ; and a little sister whom they had lost in her childhood had been called Milly too. For their sakes the name had always been dear to him. She was a good woman, he said, but her one fault in his eyes had been that she had never loved Margaret ; a certain bitter scene between them had banished his widowed mother from his house. Margaret had not understood her, and they were better apart ; but it had been a matter of grief to him.

And then he began to talk of his wife—at first hesitatingly—and then, as Mildred's silent sympathy seemed to open the long-closed valves, the repressed sorrow of years began to find vent. Well might Mildred marvel at the secret strength that had sustained the generous heart in its long struggle, at 'the charity that had suffered so long.' What could there have been about this woman, that even degradation and shame could not weaken his faithful love, that even in his misery he should still pity and cleave to her.

As though answering her thought, Dr. Heriot suddenly placed a miniature in her hand.

'That was taken when I first saw her,' he said, softly ; 'but it does not do her justice ; and then, one cannot reproduce that magnificent voice. I have never heard a voice like it.'

Mildred bent over it for a moment without speaking ; it was the face of a girl taken in the first flush of her youth ; but there was nothing youthful in the face, which was full of a grave matured beauty.

The dark melancholy eyes seemed to rivet Mildred's ; a wild sorrow lurked in their inscrutable depths ; the brow spoke intellect and power ; the mouth had a passionate, irresolute curve. As she looked at it she felt that it was a face at might well haunt a man to his sorrow.

'It is beautiful—beautiful—but it oppresses me,' she said, laying it down with a sigh. 'I cannot fancy it ever looking happy.'

'No,' he returned, with a stifled voice. 'Her one trouble embittered her life. I never remember seeing her look really happy till I placed

our boy in her arms ; he taught her to smile first, and then he died, and our happiness died with him.'

'You must try to forget all this now,' she said, alluding to his approaching marriage. 'It is not well to dwell upon so mournful a past.'

'You are right ; I think I shall bury it from this night,' he returned, with a singular smile. 'I feel as though you have done me good, Mildred—Miss Lambert—but now I am selfishly keeping you up, after all your nursing too. Good-night.'

He held her hand for a moment in both his ; his eyes questioned the pale worn face, anxiously, tenderly.

'When are you going to get stronger ! You do me no credit,' he said, sadly.

And his look and tone haunted her, in spite of her efforts. He had called her Mildred too.

'How strange that he should have told me all this about his wife. I am glad he treats me as a friend,' she thought. 'A little while ago I could not have spoken to him as I have to-night, but his manner puts me at my ease. How can I help loving one of the noblest of God's creatures !'

'Can you trust Roy to me this morning, Miss Lambert !' asked Dr. Heriot, as they were sitting together after breakfast.

Polly, who was arranging a jar of chrysanthemums, dropped a handful of flowers on the floor, and stooped to pick them up.

'I think Roy will like his old nurse best,' she returned, doubtfully.

But Dr. Heriot looked obstinate.

'A new regime and a new prescription might be beneficial,' he replied, with a suspicion of a smile. 'Roy and I must have some conversation together, and there's no time like the present, and with a grave, mischievous bow, he quietly quitted the room.

'Aunt Milly, I must go and match those wools, and get the books for Roy,' began Polly, hurriedly, as they were left alone. 'The rain does not matter a bit, and the air is quite soft and warm.'

Mildred shook her head.

'You had better wait an hour or two till it clears up,' she said, looking dubiously at the wet garden paths and soaking rain. 'I am going to my own room to write letters. I have one from Olive that I must answer. If you will wait until the afternoon, Dr. Heriot will go with you.'

But Polly was not to be dissuaded ; she had nothing to do, she was restless, and wanted a walk ; and Roy must have his third volume when he came down.

It was not often that Polly chose to be wilful, and this time she had her way. Now and then Mildred paused in the midst of her correspondence to wonder what had detained the girl so long. Once

or twice she rose and went to the window to see if she could catch a glimpse of the dark blue cloak and black hat, but hours passed and she did not return.

By and by Dr. Heriot's quick eyes saw a swift shadow cross the studio window; and, as Polly stole noiselessly into the dark passage, she found herself captured.

'Naughty child, where have you been?' he said, removing her wet cloak, and judging for himself that she had sustained no further damage.

Polly's cheeks, rosy with exercise, paled a little, and she pleaded piteously to be set free.

'Just for a moment, Heriot! 'Please let me go for a moment! I will come presently.'

'You are not to be trusted,' he replied, not leaving hold of her. 'Do you think this excitement is good for Roy—that in his state he can bear it. He has been dressed and waiting for you for hours. You must think of him, Polly, not of yourself.' And Polly resisted no longer.

She followed Dr. Heriot, with downcast eyes, into the studio. Roy was not on his couch; he was standing on the rug, in his velvet coat; one thin hand grasped the mantelpiece nervously; the other was stretched out to Polly.

'You must not let him excite himself,' was Dr. Heriot's warning, as he left them together.

Poor Polly, she stood irresolute, not daring to advance, or look up, and wishing for the ground to swallow her.

'Polly—dear Polly—will you not come to me?' and Roy walked feebly to meet her. Before she could move or answer, his arms were round her. 'My Polly—my own now,' he cried, rapturously pressing her to him with weak force, 'Heriot has given you to me.'

Polly looked up at her young lover shyly. Roy's face was flushed, his eyes were shining with happiness, a half-proud, half-humble expression lingered round his mouth; the arm that supported her trembled with weakness.

'Oh, Rex, how wrong of me to let you stand,' she said, waking up from her bewilderment; 'you must lie down, and I will take my old place beside you.'

'Yes, he has given you the right to nurse me now,' whispered Roy, as she arranged the cushions under his head. 'I am more than your adopted brother now.' And Polly's happy blush was her only answer.

'You will never refuse to sing to me again?' he said, presently, when their agitation had a little subsided.

'No, and you will let me have my old ring,' she returned, softly. 'Oh, Rex, I cried half the night, when you would not let me wear it. I never cared so much for my beautiful diamonds.'

A misty smile crossed Roy's face.

'No, Polly, I never mean to part with it again. Look here,'—and he showed her the garnets suspended to his watch-chain—'we will exchange rings in the old German fashion, dear. I will keep the garnets, and I will buy you the pearl hoop you admired so much; you must remember, you have chosen only a poor artist.'

'Oh, Rex, how I shall glory in your pictures!' cried the girl, breathlessly. 'I have always loved them for your sake, but now it will be so different. They will be dearer than ever to me.'

'I never could have worked without you, Polly,' returned the young man, humbly. 'I tried, but it was a miserable failure; it was your childish praise that first made me seriously think of being an artist; and when you failed me, all the spirit seemed to die out of me, just as the sunshine fades out of a landscape, leaving nothing but a grey mist. Oh, Polly, even you scarcely know how wretched you made me.'

'Do not let us talk of it,' she whispered, pressing closer to him; 'let us only try to deserve our happiness.'

'That is what he said,' replied Roy, in a low voice. 'He told me that we were very young to have such a responsibility laid upon us, and that we must help each other. Oh, what a good man he is,' she continued, with some emotion, 'and to think that at one time I almost hated him.'

'You could not help it,' she answered shyly. To her there was no flaw in her young lover; his impatience and jealousy; his hot and cold fits that had so sorely tried her; his singular outbursts of temper, had only been natural under the circumstances; she would have forgiven him harder usage than that; but Roy judged himself more truly.

'No, dear, you must not excuse me,' was the truthful answer. 'I bore my trouble badly, and made every one round me wretched; and now all these coals of fire are heaped upon me. If he had been my brother, he could not have borne with me more gently. Oh,' cried the lad, earnestly, 'it is something to see into the depths of a good man's heart. I think I saw more than he meant me to do, but time will prove. One thing is certain; that he never loved you as I do, Polly.'

'No; it was all a strange mistake,' she returned, blushing and smiling; 'but hush! here comes Aunt Milly.'

'Am I interrupting you?' asked Mildred, a little surprised at Polly's anxious start.

She had moved a little away from Roy; but now he stretched out his hand to detain her.

'No, don't go, Aunt Milly,' and a gleam of mischief shot from his blue eyes. 'Polly has only been telling me a new version of the old song—"It is well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new." After all, Polly has found out that she likes me best.'

'Children, what do you mean!' returned Mildred, somewhat sternly.

Polly and even Roy were awed by the change in her manner; a sort of spasm crossed her face, and then the features became almost rigid.

'Aunt Milly, don't be angry with us,' faltered Polly; and her breast heaved a little. Did this dearest and gentlest creature, who had stood her in the stead of mother, think she was wrong? 'Listen to me, dear; I would have married Heriot, but he would not let me; he showed me what was the truth—that my heart was more Roy's than his, and then he brought us together; it is all his doing, not Roy's.'

'Yes, it was all my doing,' repeated Dr. Heriot, who had followed Mildred in unperceived. 'Did I not tell you last night that Polly and I never understand each other so well;' and he put his arm round the girl with almost fatherly fondness, as he led her to Mildred. 'You must blame me, and not this poor child, for all that has happened.'

But the colour did not return to Mildred's face; she seemed utterly bewildered. Dr. Heriot wore his inscrutable expression; he looked grave, but not otherwise unhappy.

'I suppose it is all for the best,' she said, somewhat unsteadily. 'I had hoped that Polly would have been a comfort to you, but it seems you—you are never to have that.'

'It will come to me in time,' he returned, with a strange smile; 'at least, I hope so.'

'Come here, Aunt Milly,' interrupted Roy; and as Mildred stooped over her boy he looked up in her face with the old Rex-like smile.

'Dr. Heriot says I should never have lived if it had not been for you, Aunt Milly. You have given me back my life, and he has given me Polly; and,' cried the lad, and now his lips quivered, 'God bless you both.'

CHAPTER XXXII.

A TALK IN FAIRLIGHT GLEN.

'O finer far! What work so high as mine,
Interpreter betwixt the world and man,
Nature's ungathered pearls to set and shine,
The mystery she wraps her in to scan;
Her unsyllabic voices to combine,
And serve her with such love as poets can;
With mortal words, her chant of praise to bind,
Then die, and leave the poem to mankind?'

—JEAN INGELow.

DR. HERIOT did not stay long in London; as soon as his mission was accomplished he set his face resolutely homewards.

Christmas was fast approaching, and it was necessary to make arrangements for Roy's removal to Hastings, and after much discussion and a plentiful interchange of letters between the cottage and

the vicarage, it was finally settled that Mildred and Richard should remain with the invalid until Olive and Mr. Lambert should take their place.

Mr. Lambert was craving for a sight of his boy, but he could not feel justified in devolving his duties on his Curate until after the Epiphany, nor would Olive consent to leave him; so Mildred bravely stifled her homesick longings, and kept watch over the young lovers, smiling to herself over Roy's boyishness and Polly's fruitless efforts after staidness.

From the low bow-window jutting on to the beach, in the quiet corner where Richard had found them lodgings, she would often sit following the young pair with softly amused eyes as they stood hand in hand with the waves lapping to their feet; at the first streak of sunset they would come slowly up the shore. Roy still tall and gaunt, but with a faint tinge of returning health in his face; Polly fresh and blooming as a rose, and trying hard to stay her dancing feet to fit his feeble paces.

'What have you done with Richard, children?' Mildred would ask as usual.

'Dick? ah, he decamped long ago, with the trite and novel observation that "two are company and three none." We saw him last in the midst of an admiring crowd of fishermen. Dick always knows when he is not wanted, eh, Polly?'

'I am afraid we treat him very badly,' returned Polly, blushing. Roy threw himself down on the couch with a burst of laughter. His mirth had hardly died away when his brother entered.

'You have got back, Roy—that's right. I was just going in search of you. There is a treacherous wind this evening. You were standing still ever so long after I left you.'

'That comes of you leaving us, you see,' replied Roy slyly. 'It took us just half an hour to discover the reason of your abrupt departure.' Richard's eyes twinkled with dry humour.

'One must confess to being bored at times. Keppel was far more entertaining company than you and Polly. When I am in despair for a little sensible conversation I must come to Aunt Milly.'

Aunt Milly was the universal sympathiser, as usual. Richard's patience would have been sorely put to proof, but for those grave-toned talks in the wintry twilights, with which the grey sea and sky seemed so strangely to harmonise. In spite of his unselfishness, the sight of his brother's happiness could not fail to elicit at times a disturbing sense of contrast. Who could tell what years rolled between him and the fruition of his hope?

'In patience and confidence must be your strength, Richard,' Mildred once said, as they stood looking over the dim waste of waters, grey everywhere, save where the white lips touched the shore; behind them was the dark Castle Hill, windy flickers of light came from the espla-

nade; far out to sea a little star trembled and wavered like the timid pioneer of unknown light; a haze of uncertainty bordered earth and sky; the soft wash of the insidious waves was tuneful and soothing as a lullaby. The neutral tints, the colourless conditions, neither light nor dark, even the faint wrapping mist, that came like a cloud from the sea, harmonised with Mildred's feelings as she quoted the text softly. An irrepressible shiver run through the young man's frame. Waiting, did he not know what was before him—years of uncertainty of alternate hopes and fears.

'Yes, I know,' he replied, with an accent of impatience in his voice. 'You are right of course; one can only wait. As for patience, it is hardly an attribute of youth; one learns it by degrees, but all the same, uncertainty and these low grey skies oppress one. Sea-fog does not enhance cheerfulness, Aunt Milly. Let us go in.'

Richard's moods of discontent were brief and rare. He was battling bravely with his disappointment. He had always been grave and staid beyond his years, but now faintly-drawn lines were plainly legible in the smooth forehead, and a steady concentrated light in the brown eyes, bore witness to abiding and careful thought. At times his brother's unreasoning boyishness seemed almost to provoke him; want of earnestness was always a heinous sin in his judgment. Roy more than once winced under some unpalatable home-truth which Richard uttered in all good faith and with the best intentions in the world.

'Dick is the finest fellow breathing, but if he would only leave off sermonising until he is ordained,' broke out Roy with a groan, when he and Mildred were alone; but Mildred was too well aware of their affection for each other to be made uneasy by any petulance on Roy's part. He would rail at his brother's advice, and then most likely digest and follow it; but she gave Richard a little hint once.

'Leave them alone; their happiness is still so new to them,' pleaded the soft-hearted woman. 'You can't expect Rex to look beyond the present yet. Now Polly is with him—when he is stronger—he will settle down to work.' And though Richard shook his head a little incredulously, he wisely held his peace.

But he would have bristled over with horror and amazement if he had known half of the extravagant day-dreams and plans which Roy was for ever pouring into Aunt Milly's ear. Roy, who was as impetuous in his love-making as in other things, could not be made to understand that there was any necessity for waiting; that Polly should be due north while he was due south was clearly an absurdity to his mind, and he would argue the point until Mildred was fairly bewildered.

'Rex, my dear boy, do be reasonable,' she pleaded once; 'what would Richard say if he heard you? You must give up this daft scheme of yours; it is contrary to all common-sense. Why, you have never earned fifty pounds by your painting yet.'

'Excuse me, Aunt Milly, but it is so difficult to make women see anything in a business point of view,' replied the invalid, somewhat loftily. 'Polly understands me, of course, but she is an exception to the general rule. I defy any one—even you, Aunt Milly—to beat Polly in common sense.'

'He means, of course, if his picture be sold,' returned Polly sturdily, who feared nothing in the world but separation from Roy. She was ready to eat bread and cheese cheerfully all her life, she thought. Both young people were in the hazy atmosphere of all youthful lovers, when a crust appears a picturesque and highly desirable food, and rent and taxes and all such contemptible items are delusions of the evil one, fostered in the brain of careful parents.

'Of course Rex only means if his picture fetch a good price. He will then be sure of work from the dealers.'

'There, I told you so,' repeated Roy triumphantly, 'as though Polly did not know the ups and downs of an artist's life better than you, or even me, Aunt Milly. It is not as though we expected champagne and silk dresses, and all sorts of unnecessary luxuries.'

'Or velvet coats,' quietly added Mildred, and Roy looked a little crest-fallen.

'Aunt Milly, how can you be so unkind, so disagreeable!' cried Polly, with a little burst of indignation. 'I shall wear print dresses or cheap muslin. There was such a pretty one at sevenpence-halfpenny the yard, at Oliver's, but of course Rex must have his velvet coat, it looks so well on an artist, and suits him so. I would not have Roy look shabby and out of elbows, like Dad Fabian, for the world.'

'You would look very pretty in a print dress, Polly, I don't doubt,' returned Roy a little sadly, 'but Aunt Milly is right, and it would not match my velvet coat. We must be consistent, as Richard says.'

'French muslin is not so very dear, and it wears splendidly,' returned Polly, in the tone of one elated by a new discovery, 'and with a fresh ribbon now and then, I shall look as well as I do now. You don't suppose I mean to be a slattern if we are ever so poor. But you shall have your velvet coat, if I have to pawn the watch Dr. Heriot gave me.' And Roy's answer was not meant for Mildred to hear.

Mildred felt as though she were turning the page of some story-book as she listened to their talk. How charmingly unreal it all sounded; how splendidly coloured with youth and happiness. After all, they were not ambitious. The rooms at the little cottage at Frognaal bounded all their desires. The studio with the cross light and faded drapery, the worn couch and little square piano, was to be their living room. Polly was to work and sing, while Roy painted. Dull! how could they be dull when they had each other! Polly would go to market, and prepare dainty little dishes out of nothing, she could train flowers round the porch and under the windows, and

keep chickens in the empty coop by the harbour. With plenty of eggs and fresh vegetables, their expenses would be trifling. Dugald had taught Rex to make potatoe soup and herring salad. Why, he and Dugald had spent he did not know how little a week, and of course his father would help him. Polly was penniless and an orphan, and it was his duty to work for her as well as for himself.

Mildred wondered what Dr. Heriot would think of the young people's proposition. As Polly was under age, he had a voice in the matter, but she held her peace on this subject. After all, it was only a day-dream—a very pleasant picture. She was conscious of a vague feeling of regret that things could not be as they planned. Roy was boyish and impulsive, but Polly might be trusted, she thought. Every now and then there was a little spirt of shrewdness and humour in the girl's words that bubbled to the surface.

'Roy will always be wanting to buy me new books and new music, but I shall punish him by liking the old ones best,' she said with a laugh. 'And no more boxes of cigarettes, or bottles of lavender-water; and oh, Rex, you know your extravagance in gloves.'

'I shall only wear them on Sundays,' replied Roy virtuously, 'and I shall smoke pipes—an honest meerschaum after all is more enjoyable, and in the evenings we will take long walks towards Hendon or Barnet. Polly is a famous walker, and on fine Sundays we will go to Westminster Abbey, or St. Paul's, or some of the grand old city Churches; one can hear fine music at the Foundling, and at St. Andrew's, Wells Street. Polly does not know half the delights of living in London.'

'She will know it in good time,' returned Mildred, softly. She would not take upon herself to damp their expectations; in a little while they would learn to be reasonable. In the meanwhile she indulged in the petting that was with her as a second nature.

But it was a relief when her brother and Olive arrived; she had no idea how much she had missed them, until she caught sight of her brother's bowed figure and grey head, and Olive's grave, sorrowful face beside it.

It was an exciting evening. Mr. Lambert was overjoyed at seeing his son again, though much shocked at the still visible evidences of past suffering. Polly was warmly welcomed with a fatherly blessing, and he was so much occupied with the young pair, that Mildred was at liberty to devote herself to Olive.

She followed her into her room ostensibly to assist in unpacking, but they soon fell into one of their old talks.

'Dear Olive,' she said, kissing her, 'you don't know good it is to see you again. I never believed I could miss you so much.'

'You have not missed me half so much as I have you,' returned Olive, blushing with surprised pleasure. 'I always feel so lost without you, Aunt Milly. When I wanted you very badly—more than usual, I

mean—I used to go into your room and think over all the comforting talks we have had together, and then try and fancy what you would tell me to do in such and such cases.’

‘Dear child, that was drawing from a very shallow well. I remember I told you to fold up all your perplexities in your letters and I would try and unravel them for you; but I see you were afraid of troubling me.’

‘That was one reason, certainly; but I had another as well. I could not forget what you told me once about the bracing effects of self-decision in most circumstances, and how you once laughingly compared me to Mr. Ready-to-Halt, and advised me to throw away my crutches.’

‘In other words, solving your own difficulties; certainly I meant what I said. Grown-up persons are so fond of thinking for young people, instead of training them to think for themselves, and then they are surprised that the brain struggles so slowly from the swaddling-bands that they themselves have wrapped round them.’

‘It was easier than I thought,’ returned Olive, slowly; ‘at first I tormented myself in my old way, and was tempted to renew my arguments about conflicting duties, till I remembered there must be a right and wrong in everything, or at least by comparison a better way.’

‘Why, you have grown quite a philosopher, Olive; I shall be proud of my pupil,’ and Mildred looked affectionately at her niece. What a noble-looking woman Olive would be, she thought. True, the face was colourless, and the features far too strongly marked for beauty, but the mild, dark eyes and shadowy hair redeemed it from plainness, and the speaking, yet subdued intelligence that lingered behind the hesitating speech, produced a pleasing impression; yet Mildred, who knew the face so well, fancied a shadow of past or present sadness tinged the even gravity that was its prevailing expression.

Olive’s thoughts unfolded slowly like flowers, they always needed the sunshine of sympathy; a keen breath, the light mockery of incredulity, killed them on the spot. Now of her own accord she began to speak of the young lovers.

‘How happy dear Roy looks, Polly is just suited for him. Do you know, Aunt Milly, I had a sort of presentiment of this, it always seemed to me that she and Dr. Heriot were making believe to like each other.’

‘I think Dr. Heriot was tolerably in earnest, Olive.’

‘Of course he meant to be; but I always thought there was too much benevolence for the right thing; and as for Polly—oh, it was easy to see that she only tried to be in love—it quite tired her out, the trying I mean, and made her cross and pettish with us sometimes.’

‘I never gave you credit for so much observation.’

‘I daresay not,’ returned Olive, simply, ‘only one wakes up some-

times to find things are turning out all wrong. Do you know they puzzled me to-night—Rex and Polly, I mean. I expected to find them so different, and they are just the same.'

'How do you mean? I should think it would be difficult to find two happier creatures anywhere; they behave as most young people do under the circumstances, are never willingly out of each other's sight, and talk plenty of nonsense.'

'That is just what I cannot make out, it seems such a solemn and beautiful thing to me, that I cannot understand treating it in any other way. Why, they were making believe to quarrel just now, and Polly was actually pouting.'

Mildred with difficulty refrained from a smile.

'They do that just for the pleasure of making it up again. If you could see them this moment you would find them like a pair of cooing doves; it will be "Poor Rex!" and "Dear Rex!" all the evening. There is no doubt of his affection for her, Olive; it nearly cost his life.'

'That is only an additional reason for treating it seriously. If any one cared for me in that way,' went on Olive, blushing slightly over her words—'not that I could believe such a thing possible,' interrupting herself.

'Why not, you very wise woman?' asked her aunt, amused by this voluntary confession. Never before had Olive touched on this threadbare and oft-maligned subject of love.

'Aunt Milly, as though you could speak of such a thing as probable!' returned Olive, with a slight rebuke in her voice. 'Putting aside plainness, and want of attraction, and that sort of thing, do you think any man would find me a help-meet?'

'He must be the right sort of man, of course,'—'a direct opposite to you in everything,' she was about to add, but checked herself.

'But if the right sort is not to be found, Aunt Milly?' with a touch of quaintness that at times tinged her gravity with humour. 'Didn't you know "Much-Afraid" was an old maid?'

'We must get rid of all these old names, Olive; they will not fit now.'

'All the same, of course I know these things are not possible with me. Imagine being a wet blanket to a man all his life! But what I was going to say was, that if any one cared for me, as Rex does for Polly, I should think it the next solemn thing to death—quite as beautiful and not so terrible. Fancy,' warming with the visionary subject, 'just fancy, Aunt Milly, being burthened with the whole happiness and well-being of another—never to think alone again!'

'Dear Olive, you cannot expect all lovers to indulge in these metaphysics, common-place minds remain common-place, the Divinities are silent within them.'

'I think this is why I dislike the subject introduced into general

conversation,' replied Olive, pondering heavily over her words, 'people are for ever dragging it in. So-and-so is to be married next week, and then a long description of the bride's trousseau and the bridesmaids' dresses; the idea is as paganish as the undertaker's plume of feathers and mutes at a funeral.'

'I agree with you there; people almost always treat the subject coarsely, or in a matter-of-fact way. A wedding-show is a very pretty thing to outsiders, but, like you, Olive, I have often marvelled at the absence of all solemnity.'

'I suppose it jars upon me more than on others because I dislike talking on what interests me most. I think sacred things should be treated sacredly. But how I am wandering on, and there was so much I wanted to tell you!'

'Never mind, I will hear it all to-morrow. I must not let you fatigue yourself after such a journey. Now I will finish the unpacking while you sit and rest yourself.'

Olive was too docile and too really weary to resist. She sat silently watching Mildred's brisk movements, till the puzzled look in the dark eyes passed into drowsiness.

'The Eternal voice,' she murmured, as she laid her head on the pillow, and Mildred bade her good-night, 'it seems to lull one into rest though, a tired child would sleep without rocking listening to it;' and so the slow, majestic washing of the waves bore her into dreamland.

Mildred did not find an opportunity of resuming the conversation until the following afternoon, when Richard had planned a walk to Fairlight Glen, in which Polly reluctantly joined, but Mildred, who knew Roy and his father had much to say to each other, had insisted on not leaving her behind.

She was punished by having a very silent companion all the way, as Richard had carried off Olive; but by and by Polly's conscience pricked her for ill-humour and selfishness, and when they reached the Glen, her hand stole into Mildred's muff with a penitent squeeze, and her spirits rising with the exhilaration of the long walk, she darted off in pursuit of Olive and brought her back, while she offered herself in her place to Richard.

'You have monopolised her all the way, and I know she is dying for a talk with Aunt Milly; you must put up with me instead,' said the little lady, defiantly.

Mildred and Olive meanwhile seated themselves on one of the benches overlooking the Glen; the spot was sheltered, and the air mild and soft for January; there were patches of cloudy blue to be seen through the leafless trees, which looked like a procession of grey, hoary skeletons in the hazy light.

'Woods have a beauty of their own in winter,' observed Mildred, as she noticed Olive's satisfied glance round her. Visible beauty always rested her, Olive often said.

'Its attraction is the attraction of death,' returned her companion, thoughtfully. 'Look at these old giants waiting for their resurrection, to be "clothed upon," that is just the expression, Aunt Milly.'

'With their dead hopes at their feet; you are teaching me to be poetical, Olive. Don't you love the feel of those crisp yellow leaves crunching softly under one's feet? I think a leaf-race in a high wind is one of the most delicious things in nature.'

'Ask Cardie what he thinks of that.'

'Cardie would say we are talking highflown nonsense. I can never make him share my admiration for that soft grey light one sees in winter.'

'I remember we were walking over Hillsbottom one lovely February afternoon, the shades of the landscape was utterly indescribable, half light, and yet so softly blended, the grey tone of the buildings was absolutely warm—that intense greyness—and all I could get him to say was, that Kirkby Stephen was a very ugly town.'

'Roy is more sympathetic about colours; Cardie likes strong contrasts, decided sunsets, better than the glimmering of moonlight nights; he can be enthusiastic enough over some things. I have heard him talk beautifully to Ethel.'

'By the bye, you have told me nothing of her. Is she still away?'

'Yes, but they are expecting her back this week or next. It seems such a pity Kirkleatham is so often empty. Mrs. Delaware says it is quite a loss to the place.'

'It is certainly very unsatisfactory; but now about your work, Olive; how does it progress?'

Olive hesitated. 'I will talk to you about that presently; there is something else that may interest you to hear. Do you know Mr. Marsden is thinking of leaving us?'

Mildred uttered an expression of surprise and disappointment. 'Oh, I hope it is not true!' she reiterated in a regretful tone.

'You say that because you do not know,' returned Olive, with her wonted soft seriousness; 'he has told me everything. Only think, Aunt Milly, he asked my advice, and really seemed to think I could help him to a decision. Fancy my helping any one to decide a difficult question,' with a smile that seemed to cover deeper feelings.

'Why not? it only means that he has recognised your earnestness and thorough honesty of purpose. There is nothing like honesty to inspire confidence, Olive. I am sure you would help him to a very wise decision.'

'I think he had already decided for himself before he came to me,' returned the girl, meditatively; 'one can always tell when a man has made up his mind to do a thing. You see he has always felt an inclination for missionary work, and this really seems a direct call.'

'You forget you have not enlightened me on the subject,' hinted Mildred gently.

'How stupid of me, but I will begin from the beginning. Mr. Marsden told me one morning that he had had letters from his uncle, Archdeacon Champneys, one of the most energetic workers in the Bloemfontain Mission. You have read all about it, Aunt Milly, in the quarterly papers. Don't you recollect how interested we all were about it?'

'Yes, I remember. Richard seemed quite enthusiastic about it.'

'Well, the Archdeacon wrote that they were in pressing need of clergy. Look, I have the letter with me. Mr. Marsden said I might show it to you. He has marked the passage that has so impressed him.'

'I am at my wits' end to know how to induce clergy to come out. Do you know of any priest who would come to our help? If you do, for God's sake use your influence to induce him to come.'

'We want help for the Diamond Fields; Theological College Brotherhood at Middleport; Itinerating work; Settled Parochial work at Philippolis and elsewhere.'

'We want men with strong hearts and active, healthy frames—men with the true missionary spirit—with fixedness of will and undaunted purpose, ready to battle against obstacles, and to endure peacefully the "many petty prosaic, commonplace, and harassing trials" that beset a new work. If you know such an one, bid him God-speed, and help him to find his way to us. I promise you we shall see his face as the "face of an angel."'

'A pressing appeal,' sighed Mildred; she experienced a vague regret she hardly understood.

'Mr. Marsden felt it to be such. Oh, I wish you had heard him talk. He said, as a boy he had always felt a drawing to this sort of work; that with his health and strength and superabundant energies he was fitter for the rough life of the colonies than for the secondary and supplementary life of an ordinary English curate. "Give me plenty of space and I could do the work of three men," and as he said it he stretched out his arms. You know his way, Aunt Milly, that makes one feel how big and powerful he is.'

'He may be right, but how we shall miss him,' returned Mildred, who had a thorough respect and liking for big, clumsy Hugh.

'Not more than he will miss us, he says. He will have it we have done him so much good; but there is one thing he feels, that Richard will soon be able to take his place. In any case he will not go until the autumn, not then if his mother be still alive.'

'Is he still so hopeless about her condition?'

'How can he be otherwise, Aunt Milly, when the doctor tells him it is only a question of time. Did you hear that he has resigned all share in the little legacy that has lately come to them? He says it will make them so comfortable that they will not need to keep their little school any longer; is it not good of him?' went on Olive, warming into enthusiasm.

'I think he has done the right thing, just what I should have expected him to do. And so you have strengthened him in his decision, Olive?'

'How could I help it?' she returned, simply. 'Can there be any life so noble, so self-denying? I told him once that I envied him, and he looked so pleased, and then the tears came into his eyes, and he seemed as though he wanted to say something but checked himself. Do you know,' drooping her head and speaking in a deprecating tone, 'that hearing him talk like this has made me feel dissatisfied with myself and—and my work?'

'Poor little nightingale! you would rather be a working bee,' observed Mildred, smiling. This was the meaning then of the shadowed brightness she had noticed last night.

'No, but somehow I could not help feeling his work was more real. The very self-sacrifice it involves sets it apart in a higher place, and then the direct blessing, Aunt Milly,' with an effort. 'What good does my poetry do to any one but myself?'

'S. Paul speaks of the diversities of gifts,' returned Mildred soothingly. She saw that daily contact with perfect health and intense vitality and usefulness had deadened the timid and imaginative forces that worked beneath the surface in the girl's mind; a warped sense of duty or fear from the legions of her old enemies had beset her pleasure with sick loathing—for some reason or other Olive's creative work had lain idle.

'Do you recollect the talent laid up in the napkin, Olive?'

'But if it should not be a talent, rather a temptation,' whispered the girl under her breath. 'No, I cannot believe it is that after all, Aunt Milly, only I have got weary about it. Have I not chosen the work I liked best—the easiest, the most attractive?'

'Do you think a repulsive service would please our beneficent Creator best?'

Olive was silent. Were the old shadows creeping round her again?

'Your work just now seems very small by the side of Mr. Marsden's. His vocation and consecration to a new work in some way, and by comparison, overshadows yours; perhaps, unconsciously, his words have left an unfavourable impression; you know how sensitive you are, Olive.'

'He never imagined that they could influence me.'

'No, he is the kindest-hearted being in the world, and would not willingly damp any one, but all the same he might unconsciously vaunt his work before your eyes; but before we decide on the reality or unreality of your talent, I want to recall something to your mind that this same good Bishop of Bloemfontain said in his paper on women's work. I remember how greatly I was struck with it. His exact words, as far as I can remember them, were—"that work—missionary work—demands fair health, unshattered nerves, and that general equableness of spirits which so largely depends upon the physical state. A morbid mind or conscience" (mark that Olive) "is unfit for the work."'

'But, Aunt Milly,' blushing slightly, 'I never meant that I thought myself fit for mission work. You do not think that I would ever leave papa!'

'No, but a certain largeness of view may help us to exorcise the uneasy demon that is harassing you. You may not have Bloemfontain in your thoughts, but you may be trying to work yourself into the belief that God may be better pleased if you immolate your favourite and peculiar talent and devote yourself to some repugnant ministry of good works where you would probably do more harm than good.'

'I confess some such thoughts as these have been troubling me.'

'I read them in your eyes. So genius is given for no purpose but to be thrown aside like a useless toy. What a degradation of a sacred thing! How could you be such a traitor to your own order, Olive! This vacillating mood of yours makes me ashamed.'

'I wish you would scold me out of it, Aunt Milly; you are doing me good already. Any kind of doubt makes me positively unhappy, and I really did begin to believe that I had mistaken my vocation.'

'Olive will always be Olive as long as she lives,' returned Mildred in a grieved tone, but as the girl shrank back somewhat pained, she hastened to say—'I think doubtfulness—the inward tremblings of the fibres of hope and fear—are your peculiar temptation. How would you repel any evil suggestion that came to you, Olive—any unmistakably bad thought I mean!'

'I would try and shut my mind to it, not look at it,' replied Olive warmly.

'Repel it with disdain. Well, I think I should deal with your doubts in the same way; if they will not yield after a good stand-up fight, entrench yourself in your garrison and shut the door on them. Every work of God is good, is it not?'

'The Bible says so.'

'Then yours must be good, since He has given you the power and delight in putting together beautiful thoughts for the pleasure and, I trust, the benefit of His creatures, and especially as you have dedicated it to his service. What if after all you are right!' she continued presently, 'and if it be not the very highest work, can you not be among "the little ones" that do His will? Will not this present duty and care for your father and the small daily charities that lie on your threshold suffice until a more direct call be given to you? It may come, I do not say it will not, Olive; but I am sure that the present work is your duty now.'

'You have lifted a burthen off me,' returned Olive gratefully, and there was that in the clear shining of her eyes that echoed the truth of her words: 'it was not that I loved my work less, but that I tried not to love it. I like what you said, Aunt Milly, about being one of "His little ones."'

(To be continued.)

OLD POLLY CRANE.
AN INDIAN STORY, 1790.

BY E. W. LATIMER.

CHAPTER II.

'Thy Name is my refuge in sorrow and danger ;
My strength when I suffer ; my hope when I fall ;
My comfort and joy in this land of the stranger ;
My treasure, my glory, my trust, and my all.'

W. YOUNG.

WE left Lady Harriet and her children Louis and Mélanie asleep under the half-deck of the heavy awkward barge in which they were attempting, March 30, 1790, to float with the current down the Ohio River.

Very early in the morning poor little Polly Crane, the orphan child engaged by Lady Harriet as her nurse, heard voices in her dreams, and going on deck found that those in charge of the unwieldy ark had been hailed by two white men from the bank of the river.

In vain some of the party pronounced the tale of danger and distress they shouted from the shore, a trap to decoy the lumbering boat out of the middle of the Ohio. Polly even told Winder that she thought she recognised in one of them a fellow who had been two nights before at Morgan's Tavern, and who could not therefore have been, as he affirmed, with the party plundered by the Indians four days before.

The child was, however, of too little consequence to be attended to, and Lady Harriet came forward on the side of pity. She heard their cries as they walked along the bank, and she joined her entreaties to those of others of the party who were willing to risk something for the sake of taking them on board.

The men continued down the bank abreast of the big boat, and repeated their sad story with wails and cries, till the suspicions that had arisen in the minds of the more cautious of the crew were considerably weakened. At length they urged their claims to help with so much earnestness, and stated so many particulars connected with their situation, that the feelings of all on board became enlisted in their favour, and they began seriously to discuss the question of putting in to the land.

The first inquiries addressed to the strange men had been about the smoke which had been seen rising from their side of the river ; but they denied that they knew of any fire. This manifest falsehood ought to have determined the party in the barge to close their ears against them ; but Skyles, an old backwoodsman, explained this untruth by the supposition that they had been under the necessity of kindling a

fire because of the weather, which was wet and cold, and that they were unwilling to acknowledge they had lighted any lest the boat-party might suspect that there were Indians on shore.

By this time the boat's progress in the water was so much faster than theirs on land that she had rounded a bend below them, and her passengers were almost beyond reach of their cries. Skyles then proposed that the boat should run in and touch the beach just long enough to let him leap on shore. He said that if there were Indians lying in wait the boat must be greatly ahead of them by this time, and that the moment he had landed, his companions could turn back into the stream and secure their own safety. By this means all the danger, he protested, would be his alone. He would question the two men, and ascertain by personal observation whether there was any reason for anxiety. If he saw any likelihood of there being lurking Indians in the neighbourhood, he was a first-rate hunter, had a good rifle, and would make his way across the land to a small settlement called Limestone, where the boat and its party proposed to put in for provisions the next day. On the contrary, should all fears prove groundless, they could put back and take him and the two men on board.

In yielding, however, to this reasoning and to the feelings of humanity, which gave it weight, they all forgot that crossing the current in such a craft was a very different thing from being floated by it down the river. The boat was so long getting to the shore, that, by the time they reached it, and had landed Skyles, they beheld to their utmost astonishment and dismay a party of painted Indians rushing down the bank of the river.

The man at the steering-oar, and all the rest, with oars and poles attempted to shove off as quickly as possible; but in their haste the high bows of the boat became entangled in the thick branches of a tree that hung over the edge of the water.

The men worked frantically to free the boat. Lady Harriet with her children sat white as death under the half-deck, having been fiercely ordered to a place of safety. Little Polly, who knew more about river navigation than most of the men on board, worked with them with a will, and even sometimes assumed authority, and shouted out directions.

Presently the whole body of Indians, over fifty in number, as the unhappy whites afterwards knew, after firing a few scattering shots as they came up, and overpowering Skyles, whom they severely wounded, took a position not more than sixty feet from the boat, and, rending the air with their wild war-whoop, poured their whole fire into the clumsy vessel. Four of the men were killed, and one was badly wounded. The trader from Lower Virginia had two horses on the deck which were shot in many places, and greatly increased the danger and confusion by their frantic kicks and struggles.

A number of the Indians then plunged into the stream and swam

towards the high stern of the vessel. Some of them climbed into the branches of the tree that held her fast, and dropped down into the midst of the passengers. In a few minutes there were twenty of them with tomahawks standing among the white passengers in the bloody vessel.

As they came on board, one of the men who wore a broad-cloth coat, buttoned over a red waistcoat, rose to his feet and shook hands with them. He was a poor unhappy creature, lost, as every one believed, to every sense of manliness through drink, and only put up with because frontier civilisation extends a sort of contemptuous toleration to anything.

By reason of his greeting, his brass buttons and red waistcoat, the Indians took him for the chief, and called him 'Cappitan.'

The boat all this time was covered by the rifles of the party on shore. Those who had captured her pushed her stern close to the bank, her bows still sticking in the tree that overhung the river. The other Indians quickly came on board laughing, and shaking hands, and crying 'how do!' to all who were still living. They were in high good humour at their great success, a good humour which increased as they examined their booty.

Two of the men had goods on board especially selected to please the taste of savages, whilst Lady Harriet's trunks were filled with things that to them were both novel and valuable.

After examining and fingering everything, they threw the dead bodies of the horses and men overboard, having first torn off the scalps, and then went on shore taking the prisoners and plunder along with them.

Polly Crane carried little Mélanie in her arms. Lady Harriet led Louis by the hand. The weather was very cold. The Indians lighted an immense fire, and pulled off all the outer garments of their prisoners. Lady Harriet shivered in the icy wind which blew across the river. One of the Indians, called Tom Lewis, as they learned afterwards, among the whites, took the greasy blanket from his own back and put it over Lady Harriet's shoulders.

He was a young warrior then, but he rose to the rank of chief among the Shawnees, and was always a friend to the Americans. There is a town called after him in Preble County, Ohio. As civilisation advanced he retired with his band beyond the Mississippi, where he lived to extreme old age, and witnessed the extinction of his tribe by the pressure of white civilisation.

Poor Polly was too young to suffer from the despairing thoughts and fears that must have made captivity dreadful to her older and better-informed companions. She had lost nothing but her little bundle. She was delivered from Mother Morgan, she was close to Lady Harriet; even the sights of the scalps, which turned the English lady sick when she looked at them stretched upon bent sticks and

drying before the fire, were no such dreadful sight to a rude child of the frontier. Lady Harriet, as she sat beside the fire, held out part of the blanket the Indian had given her. Poor Polly crept under it with the baby. Louis was already on his mother's lap. Lady Harriet put her arm round Polly and folded her close with her own children. For the first time the little outcast felt the shelter of motherhood. She would have died for her dear lady from that day.

After a while, Lady Harriet said to her in a whisper (they were sitting with their backs against a fallen log)—

'Polly, can you, under shelter of this blanket, gently scratch a hole under this log? Put it if possible in shadow, and don't let any of them—Indians or white men—see what you are doing.'

With a bit of forked stick, Polly scratched the hole in the rich wood loam, hiding herself under the blanket as her mistress bade her. Then Lady Harriet drew out the diamond necklace—the 'dew-drop thing' Polly had seen at Morgan's. She dropped it in the hole with some rings off her fingers, and then Polly covered them all up, and put leaves, moss, and stones over the place, so that no Indian might suspect what she had been doing.

'Take good notice of the place, Polly,' said her lady in a whisper. 'If you live and I am killed, I charge you to find the spot again with my husband. Louis has his father's name and other directions tied round his neck with a piece of whipcord. Try to reach my husband. Tell him always to take care of you like one of his own little ones, for I have brought you into this trouble.'

Polly seized her lady's hand under the blanket, kissed it, and cried bitterly.

Hardly was this done when the two white men, who had deceived the boat-load of their countrymen, came up and joined the party. Polly saw at once that one of them was the rascal who had been at Morgan's only two nights before. She felt sure he had betrayed them to the Indians, especially when they ordered Lady Harriet to get up, and set an old squaw (five or six of whom now appeared among them) to search her and her children thoroughly. They were evidently looking for something expected by this man. He made a motion as of something round his neck. They searched Lady Harriet herself, her trunks, the boat, Polly, and the little children. Polly heard him curse her through his teeth, and say he knew she had it; he had seen it through chinks in the loft at Morgan's. Then Polly knew that eyes of greed and covetousness had been fixed on her dear mistress, and that while she had been planning how to do her good, this wretch had been meditating fraud, cruelty, and treachery.

However, the rare prize he sought lay safe. The Indians lost their interest in the search, and the murderous wretch got no reward for his trouble.

There had been liquor on the boat, not in any quantity, but sufficient

to make Indians and whites noisy, for the male prisoners were permitted to drink freely with their captors. The sun went down on a rough orgie; one Indian declaring that spirits must be distilled from hearts and tongues, for when he drank he was fluent enough to talk before the greatest chiefs, and had courage enough to fight the bravest warriors.

The principal white men of the party were disposed to jeer the fellow the Indians had called 'Cappitan' from his red vest and metal buttons. This man had fallen very low in the estimation of his countrymen; he had 'thrown himself away,' as they phrased it; but the deference paid him by the Indians seemed suddenly to have aroused his self-respect. He did not join the drinkers, though very often called upon to do so, but stood near Lady Harriet and her children, as if in case of need he intended to protect them by his singularly acquired authority.

It was very painful and very noteworthy to Lady Harriet, that though few of the Indians could speak English, every man of them could swear roundly. As the drinking bout went on her ears were greatly shocked by oaths and curses.

'This is more than I can bear!' she cried at last.

'Can I do anything to help you?' whispered the Cappitan.

'Nothing,' she answered, 'with the Indians. But, oh! could you not ask some of our own men not to take God's Holy Name so freely on their lips? In His protection lies our only hope. His Name is to me that of my dear Father in Heaven. It adds greatly to my distress to hear it made so light of. You know we pray, "Hallowed be Thy Name."'

'I have not heard a prayer these many years,' he answered, 'and it's not for me to stop them. Besides, they are too far gone in liquor to know what they say. I could not do it—if I tried.'

Just then, without any warning, any dispute, or any apparent cause to lead to an attack, but from caprice that suddenly assailed him, one of the Indians ran up to the place where Cappitan was standing, and making a lunge at him with his tomahawk, which grazed his cheek, shouted, 'I say—you say Curse America!'

'That's what I never will do!' cried Cappitan, straightening himself suddenly.

Several Indians ran up at that moment. A few words passed, and a general determination was entered into to make him curse his country.

'I was born of good white blood,' said Cappitan, speaking slowly and distinctly. 'My father fought for freedom in the War of Independence. If I haven't been all I ought, I am not fallen quite so low as to curse my country to please savages. So, here goes,' he added, drawing himself up, and waving his old hat above his head, 'God bless the United States of America! Hurrah for her old flag—red, white, and blue! Hurrah for General Washington!'

The Indians caught the word 'flag' as he uttered it, and one or two of them set off running to the boat, where a small flag was still waving, fastened to a pole. They brought it up hastily, whooping in triumph, and spread it before Cappitan. They spat on it, they trampled it, they broke out into loud cries of rage, pointing to a line of trees that had been blazed by a party of surveyors. They poured forth curses on the whites with bitterness and fury, working themselves into a state of frenzy, crying out threateningly to Cappitan, and shaking in his face their tomahawks and arrows.

'No man shall ever hear me curse my country,' was all he said, as they raged round him; 'nor will I ever tread upon her glorious flag. If I cannot do anything else to show myself born white—I'll die for it!'

'Old fellow, *make believe*, if you can't do it!' cried one of the white bystanders.

'Making believe I'd speak a word unhandsome of my country would be as bad as doing it,' said the poor fellow, firmly. 'My country shall not fare the worse for *me*. Let them come on. A man can die but once. I stand true to the last to my white name and privileges!'

Then began a scene of cruel savagery. Lady Harriet, after being held down forcibly by two old squaws (for she was calling out to offer them her diamonds, 'only' as old Polly said, 'nobody understood what she was saying'), hid her face in her blanket, sick with horror and compassion.

They seized him suddenly; made incisions through the muscular parts of his arms between the elbow and the shoulder, and by thongs of buffalo-hide passed through the wounds, he was secured to a strong stake.

'I'll honour my country to the last,' he cried; 'and die like an American, which I take it is the best way to honour her before these wretched Redskins—and may the Father of us all have mercy on my soul.'

They dragged off his gay clothes—red waistcoat, blue coat and metal buttons. They rushed at him with blazing pine knots, and applied the flame to his fingers. They bored his flesh with splinters of fat pine, and lighted up both ends of them.

Lady Harriet had fainted; but Polly, with her heart full of what she had herself so lately learned, and with an instinct that in this extremity holy words alone could help or save, ran through the crowd, up to the stake, crying—

'Pray, Cappitan! Pray, "Our Father which art in heaven: Hallowed be Thy Name!"'

'Ah, child!' he said, 'tell her I'm sorry now I did not hallow it; but I'll respect my country to the last—the best that I know how. America! God bless her! Hip, hip, hurrah!'

And at this shout came a stroke, sent by a Father's mercy, to one whom Lady Harriet always thought was a repentant sinner. A

drunken Indian's tomahawk whizzed through the air, and struck him on his head and face. His limbs relaxed and he fell forward.

The party who had captured the boat consisted of warriors from several tribes—Wyandottes, Delawares, Shawnees, and Cherokees. That night they passed before a fire fifty feet long. Before settling for the night, however, they held a sort of council. An old Shawnee Chief stood at the head of the great fire and harangued the party. He frequently lifted his eyes and pointed upward. Sometimes he pointed to the earth, and often to the lady.

Lady Harriet and Polly were very much frightened ; it was evident their fate was under discussion. Lady Harriet's face was very white, and she clasped her children closer as she watched the speaker. Polly heard her repeating what she afterwards knew to be part of the Litany Service—

'O God, Merciful Father, that despisest not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as be sorrowful : Mercifully assist our prayers that we make before Thee in all our troubles and adversities whensoever they oppress us ; and graciously hear us, that those evils, which the craft and subtilty of the Devil or man worketh against us, be brought to nought.

'O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for Thy Name's sake.

'O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for Thine honour.'

Over and over again, when the gestures of the Cherokee waxed more and more expressive, her trembling lips repeated—

'O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for Thy Name's sake.

'O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for Thine honour.'

And at last—'All *will* be for Thine honour, whatever happens. Thy Will ! Thy Will be done !'

At last the speaker ended. The rest of the Indians grunted assent to whatever he had been proposing. He came towards Lady Harriet, and raised her from the ground. She motioned to Polly to follow her, and took the hand of little Louis in her own. But the Indians thrust Polly back, and tore the boy's hand out of his mother's grasp. With a shriek she turned to clasp her children. They were thrust back, she was dragged forward.

'Polly !' she cried, 'Don't leave them. If I am killed, take care of them. Teach them to honour God—to hallow His Holy Name. Do not let them forget that poor man who died just now, standing up for his country's honour. If they honour God, they cannot but love Him and serve Him. To *honour* includes everything. Take care of them among these heathens. Oh ! promise me, Polly !'

'Never fear, my lady,' little Polly cried ; 'I'll do my best by them. I'll be true to them and you.'

Polly and the other prisoners looked to see her struck down at once and scalped ; but it was not to be. She was given over to the care of a tall, fierce-looking Cherokee.

Another Chief then rose and made a speech, in which he pointed to the children and to Polly. When it ended, they were given into the custody of one of the Shawnees; so on with all the party, some falling to the Cherokees, and some to the Shawnees; but none to the Wyandottes or Delawares, probably because these tribes were not at war with the United States, and were afraid to carry home white captives to their villages.

But though their lives were spared, they were no longer permitted to be together. Polly's owner kept her apart from her dear lady, who was bound, with a cord around her neck, to a stake driven firmly into the earth and painted red.

Polly and the children were put into the company of the squaws and had more liberty. The Indian women set Polly to make bread for them, and she, knowing their love for sweet things, boiled up some flour in a mess of sugar and chocolate they had got from the boat's stores, which appeared to please their appetites exceedingly. At night Polly spread over the children the skirt of her warm homespun gown. A ragged deer-skin was given them to lie on. Polly was well used to hardships, and would have slept better than many of the white men, but for her great anxiety for her dear lady. Under pretence of collecting sticks for fuel, she was astir almost all night, trying on various pretexts to get near to the stake and speak to her dear mistress. She was too closely watched, however, and did not succeed in doing so.

Lady Harriet thought they were reserving her for torture the next day, and Polly heard her praying in her loneliness—

'Oh Lord, my God and heavenly Father, give me strength to honour Thee to the last, as that poor man honoured his country. Let me think of the martyrs how they honoured Thee in suffering—calling upon Thy Holy Name—singing the Gloria—"We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, O Lord God, Heavenly King, God the Father Almighty."'

'I don't see why you want to bless and thank God for bringing you and your children to a pass like this,' said one of the blasphemers who was near her. 'Pears to me, that though He might not have been willing to help *us*, He might have stretched a point to have helped *you*.'

'He will help me!—He will help all of us, I trust!' cried Lady Harriet, eagerly. 'I know in Whom I have believed, and I can trust Him. That is all I can do now to honour Him. Do not try to take my trust away.'

'You think these painted savages will let go of their prey? Is that what you expect?' said the backwoodsman.

'Perhaps they will not,' said Lady Harriet. 'Indeed, I do not think I shall escape. But He will make our troubles so to end, that to all eternity we shall say: "He hath done all things well!"'

'Then you are not afraid to die!—to die like that poor man we saw tortured to death yonder?'

'I don't know until death comes,' said Lady Harriet. 'He will not make it too hard for me. Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him. What I dread most is to leave my little children.'

And here in a low voice, as if communing with her own heart, and strengthening herself to take up her last and sorest trial, she said, slowly—

'I have always thought that nothing but a double portion of God's spirit could make any mother calmly give up her young children. It seems to need more grace than martyrdom. O God! if I must leave them orphans in this wilderness—cast unprotected on this heathen world—help me to trust in all those strengthening promises by which so many mothers have died comforted. Suffer me not, through pains of death, or through maternal fears, to fall from Thee!'

'I think,' said aged Polly, as she told us this, 'my lady was not conscious that she spoke aloud—I heard her—for just then I had crept near the spot; but I think none of the rest heard her. The Cherokees were at the furthest end of the encampment. And the stake to which they had bound her stood alone. And there all night she stood apart with God. For now one of the old squaws caught me, cuffed me, and drove me back to bed, with Master Louis and with little Mélanie. But all night long I knew her prayers and praises kept ascending to God's throne, while holy, trustful thoughts, remembrances of promises, and wafts of heavenly consolation kept coming back into her heart like answers to prayer. It was as if she talked with God. "A word to God is a word from God." She prayed, and He answered her. Who says such prayers are lost, even if not answered in the sense we hoped when we were praying them?'

MARIE AND JEANIE ; OR, THE CROSS OF LOVE.

BY E. KEARY.

CHAPTER XIV.

'WELCOME HOME.'

It was the end of the second week in May, a hot and cloudy afternoon, when M. Marcellin, seated upon his garden-wall intensely meditating upon some subject which appeared to trouble him, caught a glimpse of two well-known figures rounding that corner of the road which skirted his little property. Instantly, with a face all smiles, the old man hastened forward to meet and greet the travellers. Marie could not be induced to enter inside his garden-wall, but she stayed willingly to chat with him for a quarter of an hour at least, narrating

volubly the marvellous history of Amélie's cure, dropping as she went along many and devout expressions of gratitude to the blessed ones who had effected it. Monsieur Marcellin's sympathy was all on her side, and, with ears too delighted to drink in again the tones of her voice, he would not have found a history twice the length of this one too long. It came to an end all too soon for him; and when Marie took leave, with her pretty bow and her radiant good evening, and hurried on towards home, he stood looking after the retreating figures, as long as the least flutter was to be seen, with a wistful look upon his face, half-remorseful also, as if he thought he had been indulging in a selfish pleasure.

A few drops of thunder-rain began to fall as the sisters reached that narrow path winding down into the valley which turns from the high-road beside the triple-trunked ilex. The valley lay beneath, still with even an unusual stillness, sombre under a cloudy sky, the first spring green already deadened in an atmosphere that seemed to pant with the heat: it was just two months since Marie had left it upon that early March morning when its depths were red with flowers. Those flowers were withered now, the lilacs were all dead and the guelder-roses, but a heavy scent of orange-blossoms was to be caught now and then. The rain fell, and the big drops pattering disturbed the silence, and, just as Marie and Amélie neared the familiar group of houses, one trill, then a long, soft, tender call, from a solitary nightingale stirred the heavy air. Marie stopped and kissed her hand gaily to the unseen singer.

'Ah, thou too, little friend,' she said, 'thou also rejoicest at our return, as I do at thine! See, there, I kiss my hand to thee, dear little bird.' For she took that sweet song of his for a love-greeting and a welcome home.

'Ah, they do not expect us,' said the sisters to one another, 'or all would not have left the valley to-day. No matter,' added Marie, 'we will make everything comfortable for Aunt David and Jeanie, and have the supper ready by the time they get back.'

So saying, they pressed forward, Amélie walking as briskly as her sister, and pushing before her so that she might be the first to open the door.

'But Jeanie!' exclaimed the child in amazement as she hurried in. Marie staggered in the doorway, and a mist came over her eyes; she doubted whether she were awake or dreaming. Had she not seen all this once before? Yes, there stood Jeanie, more beautiful than any dream, in bridal dress, with her bridegroom at her side. Oh, there was no doubt about who the bridegroom was; he would not change into any other *this* time. Jeanie and Sébastien stood side by side before her; that very morning had made them one. Jeanie and *her* lover—*her own—her own*; and she standing there alive to see it. Not long, however could such intensity of life sustain itself; the brain became

numb from acute perceiving, the heart stopped by its own excess, and Marie fell prone across the threshold of her home.

When Marie opened her eyes that vision met them no longer, and the house was empty of every one excepting herself and her aunt, Madame David. The latter was sitting upon the bed—Marie's own bed—waiting for her to come round. With sudden intensity the girl became conscious of her surroundings; her mind took in all without the aid of sight almost, or at any rate with instantaneous vision. She was in her own little roughly furnished room, Amélie's small bed beside hers, the dear Madonna against the wall, the holy-water cruise, a few coloured pictures of saints, the orange-tree's branch, flower-laden, sweeping across the window, the valley's narrow boundary seen beyond. How it stifled her! How close, how thick the air of the valley felt after that of the mountains! What could it be that choked her breath? Marie raised herself upon her elbow and looked at her aunt inquiringly. Madame David was in holiday costume, dressed as her niece had never seen her dressed before, and her countenance wore an expression of solemnity and importance far beyond what it was wont to wear. Suddenly a great stab pierced the girl's heart as that other vision painted itself again before her inward eye, wiping out all the seeing of her natural ones. She covered her face with her hands as if they could wipe it away; then stretched the poor arms out, blindly, hopelessly, towards the one human being near her, and moaned for help. Alas! that it was not to a mother or to a sister she turned and moaned. Poor Madame David—how could she take the desolate one to her heart and soothe her, for had not she herself half dealt the blow under which the child was withering before her eyes? What she could do, however, the good woman did; she talked, and out of the talk at last, by means of sentences here and there, Marie dragged the history of those weeks that divided her present from her former life.

'It was the talk about Emmanuele,' Madame David once said, 'that decided him at last, I think,—what silly Louis said—not that I ever believed it. How should one trust an innocent like that? But there, what would you have, when a young man becomes rich by the will of the good God, and a beautiful girl like my Jeanie, with a portion to meet his, comes in the way and you, Heaven knows where, Marie, but never a sign of you, child, for weeks and weeks. Our Lord knows I thought He had taken you to Himself, for I never believed harm of my Miette—never.'

So Madame David talked on and on, making it appear all the while that she alone of the whole little company of relations and goasps had understood and trusted her niece, working solely for her benefit, forgetful even of her own beautiful daughter. Ah, there was

no need to look far for lovers of her Jeanie, and one or two rich ones amongst them too. Was there not cousin Jules, with property that must come to him by and by joining Madame David's own? The whole little valley might have been Jeanie's had her mother selected Jules for her, who, poor fellow, was pining his heart away now on her account. But there, the Lord had willed it otherwise, since He took Sébastien's uncle to Himself, and it was found that Sébastien had been left his sole heir, and was *so rich—so rich*—in money too, which was suitable for Jeanie, who, because of the good education she had had, could help keep the shop they would set up in Ville Blanche, and who loved to live in the town, and would never have taken to field-labour in company with Jules, poor fellow. 'No, no—it was all too clear what the will of the good God had been all along, and Sébastien waiting and waiting for news of you, Miette, and you never coming back, and everybody saying that Piedmontese boy had gone after you, until, at last, silly Louis came with the word in his mouth—the Lord must have put it there—that he had seen you and Emmanuele getting married to one another in the church at Château Vaux. Come, cheer up, my child,' Madame David concluded at last; 'trust the good God to have decided wisely both for Sébastien and you. You must allow that Jeanie will do well at Ville Blanche, and you—ah, you know, Marie, that I had already provided handsomely for you before you told me that silly love-story of yours, which I ought never to have listened to—God forgive me! The next time Monsieur Marcellin calls——'

Marie had become unconscious again and Madame David stopped. She was longing to join the wedding party, which had assembled for the afternoon of dancing and feasting in the village Cabaret, there being no house in the valley large enough to contain all the guests, so looking up at the sky, and perceiving that the threatening thunderstorm still delayed, she convinced herself that her niece was comfortably asleep, and making the most of her opportunity, hurried away before she need be detained by any newly-fancied duty towards the sufferer.

In her secret heart Madame David was inexpressibly thankful to the good God for what He had done for her; how wonderfully, she said to herself as she hastened to the festive gathering, every little circumstance had worked in her favour: Marie's delay in the mountains, Sébastien's distrust and fickleness, Emmanuele's journey, Louis's libels, her own astute caution in keeping Jeanie's richest suitor, Jules, waiting until she saw if any one more desirable should turn up.—Ah, little she had ever thought it would be Sébastien!—Sébastien's unexpected good fortune, just saved from benefiting Marie by Louis's unaccountable invention, Sébastien's hastiness in pressing on the marriage, which—Madame David shuddered as she thought of this—might never have taken place at all, had even one day's delay occurred.

Her heart positively brimmed over with thankfulness, and she praised our blessed Lady and the Saints with greater fervour than she had ever done in her life before, as she enumerated the advantages which, by the past course of events, had accrued to her Jeanie. Sébastien, after spending one happy week with his bride, was to go the next to Bordeaux, finally to arrange his uncle's affairs, and then the two were to set up in a flourishing business, which Madame David by her own savings had bought for them in the busy bright watering-town of Ville Blanche, only a few miles distant from her own property. She should see with her own eyes this dear daughter, for whom she had starved and saved and prayed—not in vain—established with a man for her husband who had brought substantial possessions to add to her own—a steady, hard-working youth too, who would, she doubted not, add more and more to the stock. Money seemed to pile itself up in heaps along a bright never-ending road that it cheered the mother inexpressibly to travel over in imagination.

And Jeanie would be happy, free to show off her charms and dress becomingly, and see visitors and lead a gay, cheerful life, such as the mother had never allowed to herself, but gloried to think of her child possessing.

(To be continued.)

MONT S. MICHEL, AU PÉRIL DE LA MER; PALACE, MONASTERY, AND PRISON.

(THE BEST WAY TO GET TO IT.)

BY A. E. T.

CHAPTER II.

THE MOUNT ITSELF.

THE great advantage of approaching the Mount from the Avranches side is that one obtains a view of the château, abbey, and little town, at an angle that gives the best possible aspect of the place, and in this way the eye takes in, at a glance, the remarkable 'pyramidity,' so to speak, of the whole structure which rises from the flat sands in a series of stages as picturesque as agreeable.

As one draws nearer, the deep shadows of the trees on the northern and western sides 'throw up' the gables of the building called the 'Meerville,' together with the cluster of flying buttresses round the apse of the abbey. The houses of the little town, too, are set and framed by the old fortifications which are here seen to their greatest advantage—the sea bastion, with its watch-tower at the salient, the engaged towers, and the machicolated walls, which rise up the slope of the rock

and join on to the main body of the fortress, thus defending the town on what was evidently deemed its most vulnerable side.

The great wonderment of the place, to my mind, as regards its exterior, consists in its unexpected state. You are taken aback, not only by the beauty and singularity of what you see, but by its completeness. An island one can comprehend ; a castle on an island comes within the range of ordinary imagination ; but here we have a different combination ; the old feudal stronghold, rising, by stern steps and mighty in construction, externally bald and simple, to asceticism in form and ornamentation, to a mass of clustering richness that reminds one of nothing so much as the pistils of some grand flower ; the stamen being the bell-tower that issues from among them—the lower buildings, the petals that surround and guard them. It is not too much to say that, in this point of view, the buildings seem to *grow* rather than to rise from their base, and the marvellous art with which the buttresses and engaged towers are built, favours this fancy of a flower ; for there is no horizontalism—everything springs *upward* into the clear air of Heaven ;—only the blunt apex of the bell-tower disappoints the craving for verticality created by the rest of the building ; and we hence comprehend what a glorious finish to the whole structure must have been the gilded colossal figure of the Archangel Michael, which, with sword pointing to the skies, turned on a pivot, flashing for many a mile the sun's rays, as they fell on the uplifted glaive, at once a beacon and a trophy.

A few steps onwards bring us to the entrance gate, a low archway set in the walls and approached by the rudest of causeways, which turns at a sharp angle into the first court, where there is a second portal, well defended, with a scutcheon over it whereon are carved the arms of the château. At either side of this gate repose two huge mediæval cannon, of English make, it is said, taken from Lord Scrope when he attacked the mount from the little island of Tombelaine.

These cannon, '*Les Michelettes*,' as they are called, have of late attracted great attention. They are said to be the largest guns of their kind in Europe, and very much resemble the Armstrongs of our day, being made of wrought-iron bars welded together with iron hoops shrunk over them. The largest, which lies to the right of the '*Lion*' gate, has a curious caudal appendage of iron, evidently meant to facilitate its being pivoted about. It carries a stone ball of twelve inches diameter, one of which is actually in the gun, and others lie about. Some years ago our artillery officers had them photographed, and their portraits repose, I believe, in the arsenal at Woolwich. They were abandoned by the English when they raised the siege of the Mount in 1424.

This court derives its name of the '*Lion's Court*,' from a shield carved with a lion which is set in the wall. Similarly, the next court is called the '*Court of the Herse*,' or '*Portcullis*,' from the remnants

of the portcullis which still protrude through the deep groove formed in the arch to receive it. Here commences the town proper. The little inn, the *Lion d'Or*, which you enter, Norman fashion, through the kitchen, is to the left of the court. You may light on far worse quarters, far scantier civility, and far heavier charges, than in this out-of-the-way quaint hostelry.

But who is this that comes forward to meet us, though we are but pedestrians, and not 'carriage people,' and to vaunt the honours of the rival inn farther up the narrow street? A giant, clad, or rather unclad, à la montois, as the inhabitants of the Mount are called.

Corporeally, a fine specimen of the *genus homo*, height about six feet four inches, weight some sixteen to eighteen stone, dress the very minimum of clothing; an old *camisole*, or knitted worsted jacket, a cap of no particular shape or colour, breeches of coarse blue linen reaching to the knees, leaving bare a pair of brawny brown legs worthy of the Hercules he apparently is. Such a face—so sad, and yet so impudent—so brutalised, and yet so impetuous! And to think that this man came of decent people; that he had once an education, once a position in society, such as it was, but is now sunk to the threefold misery of acting as ostler, tout, and guide, which, being translated, means bully, liar, and impostor! In winter his lot is misery and semi-starvation—a lair in the hay bin, if hay be left, in summer almost continuous intoxication, a *gîte* on the ramparts, never ending disputes, fulsome cajolery, repaid by unmitigated contempt from all and sundry; and yet this being has a history which shows him to have been capable of better things, and here it is, as it was told to me.

Pierre—for so we will call him—is a Picard and a soldier; he is not a Montois, except by accident of domicile. His family—for he comes of a very fair family—hold their heads high, though he is dead to them. Years back, goaded by some act of that insufferable tyranny and brutality which, unhappily, used to characterise the French non-commissioned officer, he struck his sergeant. Pierre was condemned to death, and it was only by recourse to vast interest with the Emperor Napoleon III., secured by huge largesses to very many who ought to have known better and to have held their hands from corruption, that his sentence was commuted to life-long imprisonment. Why he was sent to Mont S. Michel, and not to a regular military prison, does not clearly appear. Perhaps it was with a view to hide the act of mercy the more effectually from those who clamoured for Pierre's blood; and they were not a few, for they say that when he struck the sergeant, he struck hard; he killed him on the spot.

Time rolled on. Pierre was foremost among the prisoners at the Mount for so-called order, intelligence, and obedience, which, in such a place, generally means obsequious submission to warders and gaolers. Be the truth as it may, his chance came. A fearful *émeute* broke out

amid the eight hundred prisoners then quartered in the château, the nature of which, and its causes, will be mentioned hereafter—the little garrison was powerless to quell the insurrection—the townspeople had to be summoned to aid the cause of order, and the very convicts were armed against their fellows. Pierre cast in *his* lot with the authorities. His gigantic frame, his well-known desperation, helped to secure submission. Into the bargain, he saved the life of a greater villain than any incarcerated in the château, and rescued this man's wife from a worse fate than death. He was rewarded and decorated—all but pardoned; and thus the ostler of the *auberge*, called the Hôtel of S. Michel, bears on his breast the ribbon of the 'legion of honour.' There was one condition, however, attached to his liberation—for he obtained a quasi-freedom—he was *never to set foot on the mainland of France*. He was exiled to the Mount. If he broke this condition, he was instantly to revert to his former position as a man condemned to death, and only permitted to live by favour. Found on the mainland, any one could denounce him, any *gendarme* arrest him, and even kill him if he showed fight. He was as much an exile from France as if he had been deported to New California or Cayenne.

Such is Pierre's story, as told to me. I neither endorse it nor deny it; doubtless it contains elements of truth strangely overlaid by fiction,—for in these western provinces of France legends spring up like mushrooms; and although the poetry of life *seems* to be hid away—far away from the Norman and Breton peasant—it is there all the while, and reasserts itself on the slightest provocation.

I knew Pierre well, and had constant communication with him. Delicacy, whether of frame of body, or of manners and speech, was *not* Pierre's specialty. He went to meet every carriage that came over the sands from the *rive* or bank of the mainland; and by dint of cajolery, impudence, and sometimes, where there were no *men* of the party, downright bullying, used to constitute himself 'guide' where no guide was wanted, and levied black mail on the ignorant or timid ones who fell into his hands. I believe that Pierre had once on a time done good service in rescuing somebody who had got into grief among the quicksands, and for this, as well as for the other matter I have glanced at, he was 'decorated.' To hear him talk, you would think that he had all the energy of the Humane Society concentrated in his burly person.

'*Eh bien, Pierre,*' demand I, 'how goes it with you?'

'Ah! *monsieur,*' answers the giant, reproachfully, 'you never come *our way now*. You take all your compatriots to that brigand at the *Lion d'Or*.'

And here Pierre gives vent to something between a groan and a mighty oath, happily quite untranslatable.

'And why not?' I answer. 'Do you think I am going to surrender them to *you* to be flayed alive?'

'I slay them! Monsieur is joking. I am their best friend. I guide them. I show them everything. I save their lives. Monsieur knows that I have saved fourteen individuals!'

'Bah! Pierre,' I retort; 'tell that to the Parisians; they'll believe anything, for they believe nothing.'

Pierre, being a provincial, and a Picard, has the deepest contempt for Parisians, especially a Parisian *voyageur*.'

'Ah! the *canaille*! *dame, oui*, they are as ignorant as pigs, and as haughty as if they had grandfathers, when, as all the world knows, they mostly come out of the basket;' alluding to the basket hung at the gates of the Foundling Hospital.

'I expressed my sentiments,' continued he, 'to one of those *guenue* pretty plainly the other day; the *canaille* offered me ten sous for helping to pull his accursed *voiture* out of the sands. *Parbleu!* I let him have it!'

And Pierre expectorated hugely to emphasize his wrath and contempt.

'I have no doubt of it, Pierre,' said I; 'your cause was so just!'

The giant looked down on me with a sinister leer of his impudent eye.

'Monsieur is laughing at me; but Monsieur is wrong; a man must live—ten sous! the *infâme*!'

I had a great mind to make him the famous retort, that I did not see the necessity of *his* living at all; but I thought it wiser not to bandy words with the fellow, who could, on occasion, become the veriest ruffian, and would find plenty of his like on the Mount to aid and abet him in his brutalities; so I contented myself with saying—

'Look here, Pierre, I am going up to the château for an hour or two. Before I go away I shall want some cockles. I must have them—good, fresh, not too dear; and you may rely on a *pourboire*.'

This last word cleared Pierre's brow like magic.

'Monsieur may rely on me. Cockles! Ah! *dame*, I should think I, Pierre, *can* get cockles! Ah-h-h, *dame, oui*, but Monsieur knows that I enter not the hôtel of that brigand?'

'Never mind,' say I; 'put them in the *coffre* of the first *voiture* going to Avranches, and tell the *conducteur* to drop them at Mont Jarry,' turning aside in order to mount the steps to the ramparts which lead you, somewhat circuitously, but very pleasantly, to the château, avoiding the steep, dirty, and slippery alley, dignified with the name of street, that rises from the Portcullis Court to the foot of the château.

From these old ramparts, the view on a fine bright day is as interesting as beautiful. Immediately below you, coming up to the very foot of the walls, is the wide waste of grey sand from which the Mount emerges, studded here and there with stake nets, and dotted with

groups of cockle-gatherers, who ply their work in security while the treacherous tide is far away on the horizon, the cockle beds to the north and east of the Mount being enormous, and, practically, almost inexhaustible.

In the mid-distance, to the east, rises the curious islet of Tombelaine, of which more anon, the horizon, on this side, being bounded by the highlands between which the rivers Sélune and Sée descend to the sea, and whereseon, far away, Avranches towers on high. To the west, the view is fringed by the wooded cliffs of Cancale, while to the north one catches a glimpse of the bright blue open sea. It is an interesting, but melancholy prospect, and requires a bright day and glowing sun to light it up. It is more often shrouded in sea mist and treacherous fog, and then the aspect of the sands is truly weird and dread—all the stories, and they are not few nor wanting in terror, that one has been told about the quicksands and their horrors come rushing into the mind; and one shivers, and is glad to turn away and encourage one's soul with the sight of the château, with its lofty walls and huge buttresses, as solid, to all appearance, as the very day they were built, or the rock on which they stand. A few steps onward brings one to the bastion, where some one has made a little garden bright with gay flowers, which contrasts well with the grey hue of every object around them. From this point commence the steps which bring one up to the two towers that flank the great, grim, dark portal. On the lowest of the huge steps we will rest a while, and realise, as well as we may, *where we are*.

When I knew the château best it was a prison, a very bad prison, and a very terrible one; but *that* fact did not in my eyes take away from its charm—yea, it rather enhanced it. There was something in this destination that accorded well, to my mind, with the stern and ascetic architecture of the place, something that is wanting at this day, now that the show-box element is in the ascendant at the chateau, and black virgins and quasi-relics form part of the entertainment. In *my* day there was an awful reality about the inhabitants of this vast and lonely pile, which, it seems to me, is wanting in the 'brethren,' excellent as they may be, who lodge therein. Far more 'in keeping,' a thousand times, to my thinking, were the pale, meagre, white-bloused convicts, who swarmed in every nook and corner of the vast halls, or met you in the many corridors. Far better the rough and stern warder, with his many keys, his wary eye, his grim legends, and his real interest in the old place, than the weary worn-out 'guides' who seem, and very naturally, to loathe trotting up and down interminable stairs, retailing facts of no earthly benefit or interest, to the *gobe-mouches* they 'conduct,' and replying to queries, the folly and stupidity of which is but rarely redeemed by any flash of intelligence or humour.

And yet withal the place is full of the deepest interest, mystery, and romance even yet, when *rightly* studied. To begin with, the *locale*

itself is not half known. Constant discoveries are being made of staircases here, *oubliettes* there. In one place they find a corridor well-nigh paved with human bones—in another, chambers utterly undreamt of, and the like. It will be years before any complete plan of the château is made, and I doubt if, even then, ALL will be known. In the simple matter of doors and windows the place is a marvel, and a good story hangs thereby.

In the heyday of the Second Empire, the prisoners at Mont S. Michel were deported, for some reason or other unknown to the general public, to what is called a *Maison Centrale de Detention*, certainly for their good in many ways, and probably for that of the world around them. The château was hence 'left desolate,' and no one knew what to do with it. Suggestion on suggestion was made, but each one involved such an outlay of money, that the Government hesitated to adopt any one of the various plans submitted to it.

At last the late Bishop of Avranches and Contances, an excellent, though superstitious divine, of whom, space permitting, I could and perhaps may tell a most romantic and touching story, plucked up courage, and boldly asked Napoleon III. to let him have the château and abbey much for the purpose to which it is now assigned—a kind of ecclesiastical show place in the interest of pilgrimages. The Emperor, they say, was greatly relieved at this application, for the good Bishop asked for no money, as every one else had done.

'Certainly, Monseigneur—certainly,' said the Emperor most graciously; 'you can have Mont S. Michel—château and abbey—no one has a better claim, or will make a better use of them.'

The Bishop bowed low, yet added—

'But, sire, in thanking you most humbly for your gracious and royal gift, I wish to ask your Majesty if I am to pay the contributions.'

'Certainly, Monseigneur—certainly,' answered the Emperor. 'Why not?'

'Because in that case,' replied the Bishop, 'I must decline the honour your Majesty has done me. The *portes et fenêtrées*, alone would consume all the revenues of my diocese.'

And so in good faith they would, since a 'door and window tax' is levied in France, though abolished in England; and report says, there are upwards of *one thousand doors and windows in the château and abbey*. The payment of this tax would alone have exhausted the Bishop's income, which is about as copious as the ordinary revenue of a district Church in a large town in England.

It is needless to say that the Bishop was exempted from *this sacrifice*, and that the château and abbey speedily passed into the hands of the ecclesiastics, to whom they are rather a source of revenue than of loss.

ST. ANDREW'S COTTAGE, CLEWER.

'While we seek mirth and beauty,
And music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door ;
Though their voices are silent,
Their pleading looks will say
"Oh, hard times, come again no more !"'

SOME years ago an account of St. Andrew's Cottage appeared in this Magazine, and an appeal was made in behalf of the fund raised to help some of the poor ladies who had been there. That appeal was very kindly answered by the *Monthly Packet* readers, and they may now be interested in hearing a little more about the changes at St. Andrew's Cottage, and the work of the 'Cottagers' Friendly Society.'

There are now so many institutions for helping invalids that the Cottage no longer receives them, but is converted into a 'House of Rest for Ladies of small means.' The terms for board and lodging, ten or fourteen shillings a week, remains as before. To this pleasant little haven, close to Windsor Castle and Forest, within easy reach of the services either at the Parish Church or at St. George's Chapel, come many and many a poor worn-out creature, weary of battling with the 'waves of this troublesome world.' Here they find time to look round them, and consider how they can possibly continue the struggle for life. Here, often from unwilling lips, the dear kind Sister in charge and her assistant draw forth the touching story of want and distress, from ladies as well born and gently nurtured as many of those who are now ornaments to society. How deeply poverty has set its mark on soul and body we may partly imagine, when we hear that many ladies have been thankful in the past severe winter for a gift of coals to keep some warmth in themselves and their dear ones.

As was before mentioned, no funds are asked in aid of St. Andrew's Cottage, but those at the head of it have a fund for helping such cases as pass through their hands as they deem most in need of it. This is 'St. Andrew's Cottagers' Fund.' But first we should say a few words about the 'Friendly Society of St. Andrew's Cottagers,' whose motto explains its object: 'By love serve one another.' It is composed of those who have at any time resided at St. Andrew's Cottage, and who only bind themselves to help each other whenever it is in their power to do so. No subscription is required, but all should do what they can. Most of the cottagers are of course in want of help themselves. But a few are better off, for when there is room, any lady wishing for rest of mind and body may be received at the Cottage on payment of thirty shillings a week.

There is no limit to those who are helped by the Sister and Secretary of St. Andrew's Cottage out of the very small means at their disposal. They help persons in *any* part of England, being more or less educated women of *any* class in life, and of *any* religious views. The only condition annexed to the help given is, that it should be really needed, and how much it is needed. How desperate often becomes the state of a poor lady ere she can bring herself to reveal her destitution only those know who have worked among such classes.

We can realise readily, and we stretch forth our hands to drive away 'the wolf at the door' from the poor of our working classes, and all the time we know not how the wolf has entered the abode of the poor among the educated middle and upper classes, and is already gnawing away the life of widow and child, helpless invalid and hardworking sister, or orphans left to struggle on as they can, feeling the 'hard times' far more acutely than those born in a lowlier station. Here are a few of the cases which have lately been discovered—

1. Three sisters, all between 70 and 80 years of age, quite penniless and friendless.

2. Old lady of 70, helpless from rheumatism, well educated, but with no friends and no means at all.

3. An officer's daughter, aged 55, left penniless.

4. Two governesses, living on charity, being too ill to continue work, and not old enough to get grants from any institution or fund.

5. A lady, formerly a governess, has now only 10*l.* a year, and takes in needlework.

Now these cases, and such as these, do not always require entire support, but they often want a lift, and then they can go on. At this instant, 60*l.* are urgently needed, and two poor ladies could be started in a lodging-house, which would give them a means of maintaining themselves for life.

In the past year, out of about 230*l.* which passed through the Treasurer's hands, sixty-six persons were helped, nine only receiving annual grants of from 10*l.* to 30*l.*, the others being all cases of temporary help over a difficulty, such as paying a journey, help with rent or a doctor's bill, strengthening food or coals, or clothes to fit them for a situation, &c.

Now there are four chief ways in which this good work may be helped—

- I.—Money. Any sums for the Cottagers' Fund may be sent to the Treasurer, Miss E. C. STERKY, *St. Andrew's Cottage, Clewer, Windsor*. But I have a proposal to make to the readers of the *Monthly Packet*. I see how very kindly they send annual subscriptions to cots in different hospitals, and it has struck me that perhaps they might not be unwilling to try to contribute annually a 'Cottagers' Annuity' of 20*l.* Or if any four readers would undertake to collect 5*l.* per annum

each, the thing would be done. Young ladies with plenty of time and plenty of friends might surely undertake this; and though begging from one's friends is disagreeable work, yet when one remembers the terrible distress of those members of Christ for whom one does it, would not the Love of Christ constrain us to do even this unpleasant task?

II.—Help may be given by sending clothes of all sorts to Miss Sterky, even ball-dresses she takes, as she can sell them. Very few ladies know how much good may be got out of clothes too old for them to wear. Furniture too is much needed, as they want to help one or two ladies just now to furnish their rooms. Any one who is willing to give furniture, should first write on the subject to the Treasurer.

III.—The Treasurer would be most grateful to any one who would get some of these poor ladies help from other societies; especially she would be glad of Letters for the Surgical Aid Society, Votes of United Kingdom Beneficent Association, Votes for the Incurable Homes.

IV.—And chiefly, those who are doing this work ask your prayers, that He who had not where to lay His Head may prosper our endeavours by love to serve one another.

It may be added that the Treasurer is always glad of orders for Christmas cards, birthday cards, and lace-edged pictures, of which she has a large number for sale.

Will not those who dwell in the midst of their own home comforts, with dear faces around them, help these poor, often homeless ladies? will they not, out of their abundance, give—not a trifle—but abundantly; and those who have themselves known the pressure of hard times will gladly do their utmost for fellow-sufferers; and may all who help win the beatitude on him who considereth the poor and needy, in that 'day of trouble' which comes alike to rich and poor.

ANDOVER, *Holy Week*, 1879.

BOG-OAK.

Spider Subjects.

THE definition of greatness is best and most tersely done by Cormorant; most amusingly by Bubbles. Chelsea China and Bog-Oak are so admirable that it is a pity to have no room for them. Rafela good, but long; Cape Jasmine and Grizel, sensible; Lady Betty and Gabrielle, next in order; Annie Laurie, Thistle, Wallflower, Ostrich, A. Brownie, fair; Dorothy, too personal. The Muffin Man makes perseverance into greatness when dealing with Palissy, for enamelling earthenware was not a great object. Edytha, Eurydice, fair; Sycamore fancies unselfishness is greatness.

DEFINITION OF A GREAT MAN.

A GREAT man is one who is as conspicuous in the moral or political world as a giant is in the physical world. He is rendered thus conspicuous by a certain force of character which causes him to leave some impress of himself upon his generation, and perhaps upon all generations to come. The elements of this force which constitutes greatness, are strength of will, and entire devotion to some purpose not entirely selfish.

Greatness is frequently, but very erroneously, confounded with goodness. It is true that every good man must, in so far as he is part of 'the salt of the earth,' have some touch of greatness in him; but (unfortunately for the world) history has proved that the greatest of mankind are by no means always the best, and that there is no paradox in Gray's famous line—

'Beneath the good how far, but far above the great.'

CORMORANT.

DEFINE WHAT IS MEANT BY A GREAT MAN.

Lucy. A meeting of the Female Debating Society is forthwith called. Miss Florence West, as an ardent supporter of the rights of the sex, is voted into the chair. Mr. Herbert West is permitted by a stretch of indulgence, never before exercised, to be present, though not to vote in the division, should such occur. Subject of debate—'A definition of what is meant by a great man.'

Herbert. Would it not be more appropriate to the nature of the learned society to demand a definition of a great woman?

Lucy. Order! I should say that in most people's minds 'a great man' is almost a synonymous term with 'a celebrated man.' Thus any one whose name does not sink into oblivion, because he has left 'footsteps in the sands of time,' may be called great.

Herbert. Burke and Hare, for example? or Oliver Cromwell?

Harriet. Many people would think Cromwell great, for, say what you like, his influence went far towards effecting a change in the British Constitution, the traces of which will never be effaced.

Florence. But the end does not justify the means, and no man can

be called great who does not scruple to employ any means, however disgraceful, in order to attain his object, more especially if that object be a selfish one. If you call Cromwell great at all it must be a great rebel! True, he possessed the talents necessary to greatness, but he wanted the principle—the underlying motive power.

Herbert. Agreed. Amend the definition, or the category will include many murderers and cut-throats.

Florence. I cannot exactly define what I understand by 'a great man,' but it would be something like this: A man who is inspired by a high motive to use natural gifts of an exceptionally high order in the performance of some great work.

Harriet. The opportunity of doing a great work is needed. For many talented and good men have never gained a great name from the fact that they lived under circumstances where they were never called upon to do any great deed.

Lucy. But performing a single deed, however noble, can hardly make a man great; he must have the habits of greatness.

Florence. True! I often think that men are undeservedly considered great because of some single act of heroism, and especially there is a tendency to magnify any man who has died a noble death.

Herbert. Yes! A noble death must crown a noble life to make a truly great man.

Lucy. I think we have attained to several truths. First, that few men, comparatively, are called upon to prove themselves great in the eyes of the world; and secondly, that a man who is given the opportunity of doing so, must possess (1), 'great parts both natural and acquired' (to use the quaint words of an old writer), and (2), a high motive to turn those powers into the right channel, and to prevent the man from using unworthy means to attain his object.

Harriet. Another question arises. Any men whose influence and deeds affect the fate of nations, who stand out prominently before us in history as great statesmen, divines and commanders, would be at once acknowledged by the world as great men; but have not men of exceptional genius in any one branch of art or science the same claim? May not Shakespeare, Raffaele, Beethoven, and Sir Isaac Newton, for example, be called great men?

Florence. I think so, for, as a rule, are not all great men great only in some one thing? And if you judge greatness by effect, what men have had a more lasting influence over their fellow-men than poets, painters, and musicians? or who have conferred greater benefits upon mankind than eminent scientific men by their important discoveries?

Herbert. But how far must we judge by effect? And if the attainment of power and influence be a proof of greatness, many people who hardly come up to my standard must be called great.

Lucy. We must judge greatness more or less by effect, for in many cases we have nothing else to go by. But visible and immediate success is not always a test of greatness, or else we should have to exclude all who have lost their lives in the cause for which they were contending.

Florence. I have read somewhere that 'nothing can make a man truly great but being truly good and partaking of God's Holiness.' I

think the words are Matthew Henry's. It may be said that if you make that your test of greatness but few men whom the world would call great would come up to the standard.

Herbert. But do you not think that you are free to set your standard higher than the world does, nay, even so high that you can hardly name any man who comes up to it, and that then you may judge of the greatness of a man by the degree in which he attains to it. Every one has, I suppose, an ideal standard of goodness, which, as absolute perfection does not exist in this world, is not fully attained by man. And why should it not be the same with greatness?

Harriet. Yes, I do not see any reason why the standard of greatness should be placed lower than that of goodness.

Florence. And I think the standard of a great man is this—one who, when called upon to do so, uses the exceptional talents with which he is gifted, systematically and perseveringly in the performance of whatever great work God has set before him, and who does so, not from any low-minded ambition or self-seeking, but from a high, would it be too much to say, the highest motive.

BUBBLES.

THE HABITS OF THE THRUSH FAMILY.

THERE are in England of the Thrush genus, seven species:—

1. *Missel Thrush* (*Turdus viscivorus*).
2. *Song Thrush* (*Turdus musicus*). Grive, and Petite Grive (Fr.); Tordo, and Tordo Bottaccio (Italian); Singdrossel, and Weissdrossel (German); Thrastle, or Mavis (provincial English); Aderyn Brow-fraith of the ancient British; and Greybird in Cornwall.
3. *Fieldfare* (*Turdus pilaris*). La Litorne (Fr.); Wachholderdrossel (German).
4. *Redwing* (*Turdus iliacus*). Merle Mauvis (Fr.); Rothdrossel (German).
5. *Ring Ouzel* (*Turdus torquatus*). Merle à plastron (Fr.); Merlo alpestro (Italian); Ringdrossel (German); Rock Ouzel, Tor Ouzel (provincial English).
6. *Blackbird* (*Turdus merula*). Merle noir (Fr.); Schwartzdrossel (German); Merle (Scotch).
7. *Water Ouzel* (*Sturnus cinclus*). Merlo aquatus (Italian); Merle d'eau (Fr.); Water-piet-Dipper (English).

The *Missel* or *Mistle Thrush** is the largest British song-bird. He delights to sit upon a post or high branch, when the wind is whistling and the thunder rolling, and shriek away in defiance of the elements; hence he has gained the name of Storm-cock. He is bold and quarrelsome, and generally victorious in his warfare; hence the Welsh call him Penn-y-llwyn—'master of the coppice.' These birds build early, generally on the fork of a branch, high up the tree. The nest is carefully made with lichens, moss, dry grass, within a layer of mud, then a lining of fine grass; they lay four or five greenish-white eggs, spotted with reddish brown. In spring and summer the bird feeds on worms and insects; in autumn and winter on berries. One of the English names for this bird is the Holm Thrush. 'Holm' is an old Saxon term; it signifies the ilex, or evergreen oak, and was applied to the

* In Herefordshire called the Mistletoe Thrush.

bird probably because it was observed to frequent that kind of tree, on which the mistletoe, of whose berries it is very fond, grew most plentifully. The poetical allusions are the following :—

'See the blackbird and the thrush
Are inmates of the lowly bush ;
And, nestling in the lofty tree,
The missel-bird our inmate see.'

—BISHOP MANT.

'The thrush may chant to the forsaken grove.'

—POPE.

The *Song Thrush* is known also by the names *Mavis* and *Throstle*. Its habits are almost the same as those of the *Missel Thrush*. It is an early breeder, and there are generally two broods in the year. Its musical powers are very great. This bird also feeds on garden and wood snails, beating the shell against a stone until it is completely broken.

'The mavis wild, wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest.'

—BURNS.

'The throstle had not been
Gathering worms upon the green.'

—W. BROWNE.

'When throstles sung in Hare-head shaw.'

—SCOTT, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

'The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush
Hailing the setting sun, sweet in the green thorn-bush.

—BURNS, *Brigs of Ayr*.

'And hark how blithe the throstle sings—
He troth is no mean teacher.'

—WORDSWORTH.

'Hark ! how each bough a several music yields ;
The lusty throstle, early nightingale,
Accord in tune though vary in their tale.'

—BEN JONSON, *The Bower*.

'The lark that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh ! with hey ! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.'

—SHAKESPEARE, *A Winter's Tale*.

'Then, while a sweeter music wakes,
And thro' wild March the throstle calls.'

—TENNYSON, *Ode*.

The *Fieldfare*.—This species is a native of the cold regions of Norway, Sweden, Lapland, and other northern countries, whence, as winter sets in, it migrates southwards. It seldom visits our island before the latter part of November, and departs again northwards late in May. It breeds in pine or fir-trees, and the eggs are bluish-green, spotted with reddish-brown. During its sojourn in England the fieldfare associates in flocks, which, as long as the weather is open, frequent meadows and pasture-grounds, feeding upon worms and slugs, but in severe frosts it resorts to hedges, copses, and plantations, for the sake of hawthorn, holly, and mountain-ash berries. The fieldfare is shy and wary, and not easily approached within gun-range, and consequently gives some trouble to sportsmen, unless when pressed by hunger, and found too much engaged in eating to attend to what passes around it.

The Redwing.—This bird, like the fieldfare, is a native of Norway, Sweden, &c., and visits England about the latter part of October, associating in flocks, which, like those of the fieldfare, continue their migration southwards should the weather be severe. During deep snows numbers of them often perish with hunger. This bird very much resembles the thrush, and they may often be seen together roaming over the meadows in search of food. The song of the redwing in its native woods is so good that it has been called the 'nightingale of Norway.' Its common note is rather a harsh scream, but during fine weather, when perched on a high tree, it may be heard singing in a subdued though pleasant manner. In different parts of England the bird is called the red-sided thrush, wind-thrush, and swine-pipe.

For this bird and the fieldfare I can find no poetical allusions.

The Blackbird.—This is a shy bird, and is more frequently heard than seen. Its mellow song may be heard from dawn to twilight. It frequents hedgerows, thickets, shrubberies, and large gardens. When disturbed or surprised it escapes, uttering a loud, sharp cry of alarm. Its song is not so varied as that of the thrush. It is very fond of fruit, and makes much havoc in a garden; its general food is the same as that of the thrush. It begins its nest early in spring, in some well-hidden bush or hedge; the eggs are four or five in number, of a bluish-green, variegated with darker markings. Occasionally white blackbirds, or albinos, are found. Those writers who call the thrush the mavis, usually term the blackbird a merle.

'Merry it is in the good green wood,
When the mavis and merle are singing.'

—SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake*.

'On his dulcet pipe the merle doth ever play.'

—DRAYTON.

'Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing,
The merle in his noontide bower
Makes woodland echoes ring.'

—BURNS.

'The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake.'

—THOMSON, *Spring*.

'The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush.'

—SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake*.

'The merle's dulcet pipe—melodious bird!
He, hid behind the milk-white sloe-thorn spray,
(Whose early flowers anticipate the leaf),
Welcomes the time of buds, the infant year.'

—BEN JONSON, *The Bower*.

Shakespeare speaks of—

'The woosel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill.'

'Golden bill! golden bill!
Lo! the peep of day;
All the air is cool and still,
From the elm-tree on the hill
Chant away.'

—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

'The black-cap has caught from the blackbird his rich mellow note.'

The Ring Ouzel.—This bird is a summer visitant. It arrives in our islands in the spring, and resorts to the mountain districts to breed.

They haunt the wildest and most solitary glens, building their nests, which in form and texture resemble that of a blackbird, under the covert of grass or heath, or in the fissure of a rock. The male utters his song while perched on the top of some rock; it consists of a few clear notes, and is not unlike that of the missel-thrush. He is very fierce in driving away all intruders during the breeding season. Its food consists of insects, snails, and slugs. In October it passes southwards; it is larger than the blackbird, and also shyer.

'The ouzel, lone frequenter of the grove
Of fragrant pines, in solemn depths of shade
Finds rest, or mid the holly's shining leaves;
A simple bush the piping thrush contents,
Though in the woodland concert he aloft
Trills from his spotted throat a powerful strain,
And scorns the humble choir.'

—BIDLAKE.

The Water Ouzel.—This bird frequents rivers and streams, perching on stones or on the banks, descending to the bottom in search of aquatic insects and small shell-fish, on which it principally feeds. It may be often seen on the edge of a rock which is jutting out of the water in the centre of the stream, dipping its head and jerking its tail, as a wren does. Then it will suddenly disappear beneath the water, come out again at some considerable distance, settle on a stone, and utter a low, sweet song. Its nest is always carefully hidden by stones or branches, and is made of mosses and lichens. The eggs, five in number, are white.

'The neat little dipper, he lives by the stream,
Where the beams of the sun on the bright ripples gleam;
And he builds him a house all of moss, soft and warm,
To shelter his young from the wind and the storm.
There he pops in and out, and he flits up and down,
And he stays 'neath the wave till you think he would drown.'

WAKATU.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

Write the history of a pane of glass.

Write the history of the siege of La Rochelle.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

The Genus *Geranium*.

STAMPS RECEIVED.

Annie Laurie, Helen Elrington, Ilia, Peaseblossom, Lambda, F. L. Et., Geometric Spider, Kentish Cherry, A. E. I., The Turk, Little Bopeep, A. S. C., Thistle, A. Brownie, Wallflower, Spinning Jenny, Edytha, Bruce's Spider, Tadpole, Spear Maiden, Julia, Miss Wigan, Sintram, E. E. L., Mrs. Muggins, Mignon, Wakatu, Devonshire Cream, Tarantula.

Notices to Correspondents.

QUESTIONS.

Bella wishes for information as to the means of obtaining employment in a High School.

Will any one give some books for a Choir Boys' Library? Their ages vary from eight to twenty. Any of Ballantyne's Works would be gratefully received, or any books with a good Church tone. Address—*Miss Hailstone, Walton Hall (Wakefield), Sandal and Walton Station, Midland Rail.*

Will any one kindly tell me of a temporary home for a respectable young married woman who has lately become mentally afflicted through sorrow? A small asylum where there are but few inmates and great kindness shown would be most desirable. Moderate payment would be made. Near London preferred. Address—*Miss Walker, Elm Hall, Wanstead.*

Is there any explanation of this motto inscribed round a china boot?—

'Stiefel muss sterben, ist doch so jung.'

—*A. S.*

Is there any connection known between S. Ninian and the royal Stuart family? The chapel founded by Mary Stuart at Resceff to commemorate her safe landing being dedicated to that Saint.—*A. S.*

ANSWERS.

L. H. recommends *M. F.*, who asks for German works of a religious kind, Veit Diedrich's *Hauspastille*, published by Sabias Müller; Luther's *Christliche Lehren*, published by der Agentur des Rauhschen Hauses in Hamburg; Arndt's *Wahres Christenthum*; Löhe's *Saamenkörner*; Raumer's *Geistliche Lieder*; *Herzbüchlein*, von Max Trommel; Rudelbach, *Biographien unverfälschter Liedersagen*, Herausgegeben vom evangelischen Bücher Verein in Berlin. All to be had at Messrs. Williams and Norgate's.

O. P. W. in March No. of *The Monthly Packet*—*Rambles in Search of Mosses*, by Margaret Plues, 1s., published by Houlston and Wright.

C. W. in March—

'Only a drop in the bucket,'

is quoted in *Penny Associations*, which is given to subscribers to the Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel and for Additional Curates, 7, Whitehall, London, S.W., for distribution.

Spear Maiden in June—

'For her, the fair and debonaire, that now so lowly lies
The life upon her yellow hair, but not within her eyes,—
The life still there upon her hair, the death upon her eyes,'

is from Edgar Poe's *Lenore*.

An American Reader in June—

'So out in the night on the wide, wild sea,
When the wind was beating drearily,
And the waters were moaning wearily,
I met with Him Who had died for me,'

is the last verse of 'The Meeting Place' from *Ezekiel and other Poems*, by Nelson and Sons.

The Muffin Man will find the quotation—

'Says body to mind, 'tis amazing to see,
We're so nearly related, yet never agree,'

in the 'Dialogue' written by Mrs. Elizabeth Carter in or about 1740. It is published at the end of her Memoirs.—*M. E. Hornby.*

Verse twenty-five of Wordsworth's *Laodamia*—

'Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend
Towards a higher object : Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for this end :
For this the passion to excess was driven—
That self might be annulled ; her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love—'

—*Catherine R.*

The lines quoted by *L. S.* (not quite correctly), are by Wordsworth, and will be found among his poems in *Inscriptions supposed to be found in and near a Hermit's Cell.*—*S. H. O.*

B. A.—*In the Spring Time* has not been published separately.

E. B. will probably find the information required about grammars, &c., of Indian languages in the *Oriental Catalogue*, published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, and forwarded by them post free for one stamp.

M. A. H.—'Charles Harvey's Difficulties' is in vol. xv. p. 207 of *The Monthly Packet*. It was published separately by C. Hayes, Lyall Place.

A Reader will find all information about London Hospitals in *A Guide to Institutions for the Benefit of Women*. Part iii. Hatchard.

Miss J. Armitage believes that *Infantine Knowledge*, in which are printed the rhymes beginning

'William the First as the Conqueror known,'

is now out of print, but she will be happy to copy them out for *Catherine* if she will send her address to *Radnor, Ross, Herefordshire*.

Mrs. Cooper—'Snowdrop' is not yet separately published, but we believe it will be before Christmas.

Lambda.—There is an attempt at what you want in Miss Yonge's 'History of Christian Names.' It was compiled from Littleton's *Latin Dictionary* and Kitto's *Bible Dictionary*, but I know of nothing more direct than these.—*C. M. Y.*

A. M. A.—There is an account of 'Santa Maria' in Sabine Baring Gould's *Lives of the Saints*.

E. M. J. would probably find that her brightly coloured drawings would be a most acceptable gift to the Colchester Asylum.

E. B.—I would suggest George Rivers, 4, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row, London, E. C., as a likely person to get them from. If he cannot provide them for her the only chance will be to write to Madras—to Higginbotham, Booksellers, Mount Road, Madras, or Gantz Brothers, Mount Road, Madras. I think there is a mistake in the spelling of the Cananese in *The Monthly Packet* referred to by me. The language is Cananese and not Caranese. I was for more than twelve years in the Madras Presidency and never heard Cananese styled the Italian of the East, but Telooogoo I have heard so styled. Tamil I believe to be a very hard language to learn, and is certainly an unpleasant one to hear spoken ; and I believe High Tamil is not understood by the common people of India, so that two kinds of Tamil have to be learnt, according to what I have heard from others. Pope's *Grammar* is the best for the Tamil language.—*W. C. Drummond, Major.*

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS
For Members of the English Church.

SEPTEMBER, 1879.

AN UNTRAINED GOVERNESS.

BY MARY JOHNSON.

PART I.

PRELIMINARY WORK AND COMMON HINDRANCES.

CHAPTER I.

SOME years ago several ladies asked me to write down some hints and suggestions on teaching. They had, from various causes, become governesses, without thinking of their undertaking as the entrance upon a profession. Some were eminently fitted for their work by natural talent or by education; others less fit; but all had discovered that persons far inferior to them in social training and in intellectual culture accomplished more than themselves in the communication of knowledge and of the art of learning. Why was this? Because there is an Art of teaching; and a woman who has studied an art has a great advantage over an amateur. My hints were written; and then I was invited to print them; and I hoped soon to see the day when such hints and suggestions would be quite unnecessary—when 'Untrained Teachers' would be gone by. That day has not yet come. Ladies, every year, become governesses without an apprenticeship, some merely because they must earn a livelihood, and prefer the discomforts, with the solid advantages, of a governess's position, to the exposure, or fatigue, or loss of rank, entailed by entering a shop or going into service; others with a vague idea that though dressmaking cannot be learnt by wearing dresses, nor confectionery by eating cakes, nor even architecture by living in houses; yet a woman may become a good teacher by having been well taught. Now I must at the outset declare my conviction that this may and sometimes does happen. The function of teacher is I believe no less a *natural* function in woman, than the function of nurse or manager. As, therefore, a child of remarkable talent for music, drawing, or sculpture, now and then

becomes a proficient without special instruction, simply by living with artists ; so the teaching talent often exists so strongly in women that the slight recollection of a good method, if they happen to have been educated under such a method, stands them instead of regular training. Hence we meet with 'untrained' nurses, housekeepers, and teachers, among women, whose work will bear any test, and stand a comparison with that of the most highly-trained members of the same professions. That this is the case is amply proved, not only by the high respect in which many a retired schoolmistress is held by pupils who can compare their own school days with those of the present, more pretentious generation ; but by the fact that by far the greater number of girls who pass the Senior University Examinations in a respectable number of subjects have been prepared by 'untrained' governesses. Among men, I believe, the proportion of good teachers who have received no express training, is incomparably smaller than among women.

Now an Art may be described, if not defined, as 'the *best way* of doing anything.' No one will deny that there is a 'best way' of performing every action ; or that where costly materials are to be used, and serious consequences involved, common sense requires the actor to inform himself of the 'best way' before he begins. But, alas ! hundreds—nay, thousands—of ladies have begun to be governesses without ever having learnt the best, or any particular, way of teaching or training. This is a great pity ; it is hardly too much to say that it is a *calamity* to the nation that so many precious young minds have been thrust into the hands of those equally unskilful as teachers and as educators. It excites the regret of all thoughtful persons, and the indignation of Reformers, who say, 'These persons are no better than impostors, in undertaking duties for which they are not qualified ! If they want bread, let them go into shops, or printing-offices, or telegraph-offices, or anywhere, rather than injure a whole generation by pretending to prepare children for real life, when they do not know how.'

Now this sounds well. It seems consistent, and symmetrical, and thorough. But it is nonsense for all that. First, it is impossible. Secondly, it is not desirable. Thirdly, it is not necessary. *Impossible*, for there are too many 'young ladies' already in every business, except those of skilled nurse and nursery governess. *Undesirable*, because, though the children suffer much from the shortcomings of their *teachers*, many of them are at least living with gentle, modest, Christianlike *governesses* ; and this part of education is by no means to be despised. *Unnecessary*, because a woman who is sensible of deficiencies, may by her own energy supply them ; an untrained teacher need not remain an unqualified teacher, unless she likes to be such. Books are not dear ; good methods may be acquired either without difficulty or in spite of difficulty. Woman is the most adaptable creature under the sun ; and any woman who starts with *considerable knowledge*, the *talent for teaching*, or that *inherent love of children*, which makes self-

sacrifice the normal attitude of so many women, ought to become a good governess. If, indeed, none of these three fundamental qualifications be present, she has mistaken her vocation, and will do less harm anywhere else than in the schoolroom.

Many more women possess a great love of children than either of the other two requisites. To them first, therefore, I address these remarks. Women who do not prefer teaching 'the little ones,' are sometimes merely unaccustomed to them. In other cases, indolence or conceit is to be found lurking at the root of the preference for ready-developed pupils. But as these defects, unless subdued, will be fatal hindrances in a governess's way, I will not at present consider the position of governesses who reject beginners.

I assume then that you feel that you must be a teacher and a trainer of little children. More; that you enjoy their company, unless they happen to be 'naughty'; that you had *rather* teach the little creatures the very elements of everything, than measure tapes and laces, read off and send telegraphic messages, or keep accounts, or transcribe letters, or practise any other of the arts by which poor gentlewomen avoid that nauseous morsel, the bread of idleness. Allow me to pause a moment, and point out how honourable your choice is in this world and in the next. You mean to eat the bread, to share the home, and to accept a portion of the income, of your employers. But in exchange for what? What are you giving in return? It is required that a commodity given in exchange for money, or any other kind of property, shall be *useful*; if not, no one would wish for it; it must also be *genuine*, or the trader is dishonest; and you must remember that no one *pays* for any commodity of which the *supply* at his command is *unlimited*. What then is the 'commodity' which you are about to impart to your pupils in return for their parents' liberality and hospitality?—Knowledge?—Wisdom?—'Deportment?' Something of all these, no doubt; but however you may have been accustomed to state the question, or perhaps to leave it unstated on account of its complexity, I think your idea is to give the children *an education*; an education suited to their parents' condition, to their own talents and prospects, and—surely you have also said to yourself—in accordance with the will of God! Very well. Then what you intend to impart is—first, right principles; secondly, the knowledge and habits of mind included in the expression 'a liberal education'; thirdly, the 'social habits' of the class to which you belong. If you are successful, you will return them to their parents—and thereby present them to England, and to the Church of Christ and to its Head—Christians, citizens, and gentlefolk, able and willing to serve their generation; 'ready both in body and mind cheerfully to accomplish whatsoever He would have done.' If your work were withheld, ignorance, bad habits, or bad health, would mar their usefulness, perhaps even make them injurious to themselves and to others.

The work of a governess is some of the most useful work in the world. Never, therefore, pay any attention to the vulgar ignorance of people who look down on all governesses; it hurts themselves, not you. But take care that you yourself do not deserve contempt while you represent an honourable profession. If you undertake what you cannot perform, if you take money for teaching subjects which you do not know, or which you cannot teach, or if you undertake to train girls in the habits of a class whose existence is known to you only in stories, you cannot expect to be respected, for you are not making an honest bargain. It is rather surprising that ladies do not at once detect social inferiority in a young woman who offers herself as the associate and the mould of their children. I do not mean birth in a lower rank of society, for it is not always easy to say exactly what is 'lower.' Much less do I mean the having less money. The attitudes, movements, gestures, intonation, and choice of words, which betray the absence of a refined taste, are confined to no profession, trade, or circumstances. But I am surprised that mothers do not notice the risk of their children acquiring these even in the nursery, much more in the school-room. A well-modulated voice, a graceful carriage, an easy but self-respecting demeanour, are so much more useful than brilliant playing and singing, and a Parisian accent, that I am astonished that any lady should forego the former in one who is to associate closely with her girls, while laying stress on the others. Now, if you *lack* the accomplishments, do not grieve over this, a good governess will not have time and strength to teach everything; teachers of 'accomplishments' are almost always easily to be met with; and when found they are far better, in their own line, to which they have *devoted* themselves, than you could have been if you had given two or three hours a day to the same subjects. If your French accent is faulty, it cannot be remedied, except by free association with *educated* French people. This you may be able to attain by giving your services in a French school or family for a time. And, meanwhile, you may make yourselves very sound teachers of the elements of both French and accomplishments, if you will. But if you are aware of defects in your gait, your language, or pronunciation; if you notice that you have allowed yourself to 'pick up' uncouth forms of speech, inelegant movements, and more gestures than are absolutely required, it is still more necessary that you should set yourself to correct these. For unfortunately some children catch the blemishes of a grown person's style while acquiring nothing else. There can be no good reason for bad deportment, excepting some natural defect. Yet this branch of education is very often neglected by parents and governesses, who are anxious to adorn children's minds more than their bodies; but round shoulders and awkward elbows and ankles will always prove disadvantageous to gentlewomen, and you must not grudge the labour of getting rid of them out of your school-room. Many little untidy habits are *called* 'faults of deportment';

but a governess generally understands that it is her duty to check disorder in all forms. Waste of time, waste of money and material, waste of space which is needed for proper storage or movement, are all disorder; caused sometimes by laziness, sometimes by misapplying what is entrusted to us for a certain purpose; but all must be resisted; for order, neatness, economy, method, and punctuality, are among the most important lessons of the schoolroom.

One of the petty difficulties sometimes met with by a governess is a little trouble about her dress. She has not much time for arranging it daily, or even in her vacations, and ought to spend on it as little money as possible. She must, however, always look complete and comfortable. Many ladies dress by instinct, and may be disposed to think this a very trivial subject to introduce here. Nothing, however, is trivial, if it affects the performance of our duties. A governess who attracts attention by hasty adoption of new fashions is not a good protector for girls out of doors; one who is mistaken for the laundress, or daily seamstress, is not a comfortable inmate. To have clothing always sound, suitable, and comfortable, is a problem. Buying very good materials and very few colours will help; and if dresses are durable, a little liberality in fresh ruches, or cuffs, or good lace, gives an air of comfort and refinement without much expense; something fresh and white is pleasant to look at. A really good brooch looks better, and gives much less trouble, than a succession of bows of ribbon, which cannot always be new. On no account ought we to allow our plan—or the want of one—to prevent our putting by a portion of each quarter's income as a reserve, and devoting a portion to God. These deductions will often leave little or no margin for indulgence, and this seems hard. But until the subject of education is better understood, there is no remedy for this hardship; an overstocked business is never remunerative. In due time girls will cease to be accepted as governesses without some kind of diploma; this will limit the supply, and the salaries will rise. A national schoolmistress sometimes receives 120*l.* and a house; a governess about 50*l.* to 70*l.* but oftener 30*l.* to 40*l.*, sometimes 16*l.* to 20*l.*, and residence only during nine months of the year. By a curious anomaly of social opinions, a governess, who is in the eye of the law a servant, classes herself above a schoolmistress, who is a householder; this error will probably die out.

In the same way, I suppose, we must trust to time to win for governesses generally, an accredited position in Society. When a woman deliberately chooses teaching as an honourable profession, faithfully prepares for it, and conscientiously practises it, she already meets with respectful appreciation from right-minded persons. Parents will, I hope, learn to drop the 'Poor thing,' with which they even now too often conclude the announcement that a daughter has become a governess. If our Heavenly Master took upon Him the form of a

servant, service thenceforward became ennobled above other worldly positions. But a governess, though *officially* the inferior of her employers, as the lieutenant is the inferior of the captain, may be, and as a rule, ought to be, socially and intellectually their equal. She is undoubtedly her pupils' superior for the time, and they must learn to obey and to abstain from answering or disputing, or they will learn nothing else properly. More than this, a governess cannot *exact*, and if she is wise she will point out that her reason for firmness on this point is the impossibility of doing her duty on any other terms. Outward marks of respect, such as shutting doors, setting chairs, &c., must be enforced *towards others* as part of good breeding; but the example of humility and meekness is so all-important that it is best to pass over, as if blind and deaf, minor impertinences towards ourselves, consoling ourselves with the reflection that we were ourselves naughty children once upon a time. For such demonstrations generally take place when a child is out of temper, and at that time remonstrance or reproof is worse than useless, and the slightest betrayal of annoyance simply gratifying to its naughtiness. If the state of things is really serious, it is best, after due deliberation, to ask an interview with the employer, mother or father, and request authoritative interference, stating cheerfully and firmly that such and such things make it impossible for you to do your duty. You will not, of course, say what is not true; things which do not interfere with duty are *not* worth *thinking* about; and things which do, *are* worth, not murmuring, nor fretting—much less writing gossiping letters—but *acting* about; if you cannot do your duty, you ought to resign your situation.

Apart from the difficulties caused by uncertain social position, a governess usually meets with others caused by the want of preliminary training of the children to obedience, diligence, and integrity in their work. This is one reason for *choosing* very little children to begin with, even at the price of having to brush their hair, and teach them to dress themselves. A loving girl, who has a quick eye to notice faults, and will persevere in checking them at the outset, instead of waiting for serious naughtiness, can do almost anything with little children. She must be *absolutely* just and truthful, never ruffled, never hasty; she must never threaten, never 'call names,' but quietly and *invariably* punish disobedience, deceit, or wilful unkindness, and appear to forget each misdeed completely when it is repented of. She must never let a child be unemployed, never let it go on too long at one occupation; never let it form any habit which must afterwards be eradicated; never break a promise, therefore consider well before she makes one; as far as possible choose true stories to amuse the children with, biography, natural history, descriptions of trades and manufactures; most subjects are interesting to children *before* they have been spoiled with fictitious tales. Under such training the 'nursery children,' soon develop into dear little pupils, pleased to hear any-

thing that is told them as a story, pleased to go through infant-school drill, to do a very little knitting or sewing or winding of yarn, to count up and calculate bricks, or 'play' money, English and foreign ; to build towers, and learn all about shapes, square, oblong, cube, &c., &c. ; to sing scales lustily and beat time ; to draw straight lines and combine them into patterns ; to look at pictures, above all, of every imaginable place and thing, and hear 'really and truly' what they are about. From three to seven years of age the mere naming of objects, including characters of foreign languages, botanical terms for parts of flowers, animals, foreign names for familiar things, seems to gratify a positive appetite. Later, simply naming everything does not satisfy the child, it wants to know what the thing is for ; then it learns to class things together ; but time and space do not enter *early* into a child's head, and your 'once upon a time' is quite satisfactory, whether last week or thousands of years ago. So, also, 'a long way off' means, to a child, outside the limits of its own rambles, and you will find geography, as geography, interesting to scarcely any little children, although they will delight in the personalities of such books as *Near Home, Far Off*, &c., &c.

It costs but little labour to arrange such amusements into a daily routine, which shall by degrees glide into 'lessons.' You will do wisely, however, to keep 'regular lessons' in abeyance, in name at any rate, until the child is old enough to learn to read and write, and this, I think, should not be earlier than six years. Before that age all the letters may be easily learnt on separate bits of card, or made up with long and short slips of paper ; the stops ought to be included, and the figures. The effort of combining letters, which are symbols of mere movements, into syllables, which are symbols of sounds without meaning, and these into words, which are still only audible symbols, is very great. It may be so skilfully managed that only one simple lesson is presented at one time ; in this way the work is so gradually accomplished that the child experiences nothing but the pleasure of success each day. By the contrary management a dislike to books may easily be implanted, which will prove a most serious obstacle throughout the schoolroom days. The best 'Readers' that I know of are 'Constable's series,' originally published by James Gordon. I think it a great mistake to teach whole syllables at once. To little children everything is new, and nothing new is tedious unless continued too long at once. I strongly advise you before you take up a book, to accustom the child to class the letters, not only into vowels and consonants, but into the classes belonging to the lips, teeth, and throat, and when the book comes, to ask to which class the letters of the day belong. When the little reading-lesson is finished—and at first it should on no account exceed ten minutes—go through a few 'calisthenic' movements, and then before the words are quite forgotten, let the child make them up with paper, card, or ivory letters.

This exercise will forestall any difficulty in spelling, which ought to be a simple act of memory, and would be quite easy if the attention were thus strongly fixed upon the construction of the syllables one by one. Nothing more strikingly illustrates the difference between a good method and a bad one than the variation in the time required to teach children to read. Not many years ago I had with me a very bright but volatile child, nine years old, who had been for two years 'learning to read,' and could not get through the simplest words, nor had an idea of writing from dictation. At about the same time I went into a really good infant school, and heard a class of fourteen little boys under eight years old, read beautifully from a *Standard Reader*, from which also they wrote every word without hesitation; and not one of them had learnt three months!

I believe the best plan for teaching writing is to begin at once with a steel pen, and teach stroke by stroke, and movement by movement. This seems at first sight a slow way, but takes less time than the usual plan of allowing children first to acquire faulty positions of head and body, hand and pen, which cause infinite waste of time and temper, and, usually, permanent defects in writing. Ten minutes in the morning, and ten minutes in the afternoon, every day, will produce very satisfactory progress as weeks go on. If for any exceptional reason it is positively necessary that a child should write a letter before regular 'small hand' is reached, printing in pencil should be resorted to, which will not spoil the habit you are trying to form, of holding the pen and hand aright from the first.

Inattention, careless untidiness, and negligent want of 'finish,' which are the alleged vices of the home school, are in no way dependent on the number of pupils, the perfection of apparatus, or the accomplishments of the teacher. A conscientious mother, nurse, or nursery-governess, who exacts undivided attention and motionless hands and feet during her very short lessons, makes them interesting, and withholds them in case of naughtiness, and never omits to see the books and apparatus carefully and neatly put away after one lesson, before the next is begun, makes a real step in *education* every day. Sewing, knitting, folding up clothes, making the cradle-bed, all may be done exactly, and the reasons for each process explained. Mrs. Floyers' admirable little books, published by Griffith and Farran, will give great help as to sewing and knitting. Drill of various sorts forms pleasant variety, and accustoms children to prompt and exact attention to orders; and may easily, by the help of the little manual published by Dr. Roth of Stuttgart, be developed into a valuable beginning of physical education. A Bible story every day; a text and a verse of a hymn, which the child can understand, not at first *taught*, but repeated, to it, one for Monday, &c., until the child anticipates, and *offers* to say it itself; a little sewing, a little singing, a little drilling, a little writing, a little looking at pictures and naming the objects, first in

English, later in French and in German, a little saying of letters, and later of reading; these, and the walks, and priceless midday rest, whether sleep will come or not, will amply amuse a happy tribe, while actually preparing them for school-work. They will go to bed early, and you will then have some quiet time for self-improvement. Having thus begun every subject yourself, you will have nothing to undo; you will have won the love and confidence of your charges; you will have trained them to prompt and exact obedience, and freedom from all disagreeable little tricks of fidgeting; you will also have accustomed them to order, and excited an interest in the names of many great men and remarkable objects, by telling true stories about them, thus fostering a love of knowledge. A healthy child craves knowledge; its curiosity is insatiable. Too often this appetite is repressed or simply neglected. The child then pursues such clues as have interested him as far as his opportunities allow; sometimes they are worthy, sometimes idle, or even base. A wise teacher spares no trouble in the effort to direct this energy of investigation, to stimulate curiosity about the works of God, the lives of great men, the arts and trades by which our wants are supplied, and mankind bound together. For if curiosity is perpetually thwarted, or wasted in underground channels for want of sympathy, and if at the same time the observant eye and attentive ear of infancy pass away, the child will enter the schoolroom torpid, if not averse, to the lessons which await him there. From this hindrance you will have protected yourself; and you will find a rich reward for the time and trouble bestowed on 'true stories,' in your pupils' anxiety for information, and the prepared mind, which they bring to their tasks. You will, moreover, have acquired the habit and the power of converting everything into a story; you will be accustomed—

I. To teach, not to 'hear' lessons.

II. To prepare the lesson for each day, adapting the quantity, the quality, and the very words to your pupils' capacity.

III. You will be acquainted with your pupils on the one hand and your subjects on the other. In your precious evening hours you will think over and read over your lesson for the next day. But you will, besides this, plan out the work for the year, remembering that although 'nursery children' are generally happier for some short lessons every day; as they become 'schoolroom' children they begin to require regular vacations. Your school year will probably contain, *at the utmost*, forty weeks, in three or four terms. You may therefore arrange for about thirty-six lessons in a year on each subject. For children under eleven years old you will find it best to subdivide each lesson, so as to take a portion every other day; after that age it is much better to train them gradually to do this subdividing for themselves, taking the lesson once a week, and giving notice at once what you expect to have prepared for the next lesson, and pointing out what

time is available for preparations. It is as necessary to teach children to manage their time for themselves, and contrive their part of the time table, as it is to train them to conform to yours. One teaches them submission, the other self-reliance; and it is not easy to say which of the two is most needful.

IV. It will be unnecessary to point out to you the absurdity and immorality of undertaking to teach what you do not know. You will also be able to judge by this careful apportionment of the hours in a week and the weeks in a term, how many subjects you can possibly do justice to, and you will refuse to undertake more. Hard work need not daunt you, with proper pauses for recreation and relaxation. But inefficient work, unsuccessful, useless work, you are not called on to undertake.

V. You will keep constantly in mind that, as far as possible, you are not merely to instruct but to educate. The formation of intellectual and moral habits falls almost as completely within your province as the supplying of facts and communication of polite arts. You will, therefore, never tell the child point blank what he can reason out for himself in answering your questions; you will take him methodically but *faithfully* through a good book when you meet with one, omitting nothing; you will not let him learn anything which he is to forget, but constantly keep up what has been acquired, making yesterday's lesson the platform of to-day's, never passing a word or a detail without being sure that it is noticed and understood, or the name of person or place without a reference. Above all, you will cultivate the desire to do thoroughly whatever is to be done at all, and that, not only because careless, superficial work is useless, but because it is sinful. Dawdling, doing very little work in a great deal of time, must be checked; but so must every sort of hurrying. The lesson must be repeated accurately, the exercise well written, the knitting well cast off and fastened, the sewing firmly finished without knots and ends.—A child can do her sewing, or a boy his sum, *as well* as a grown-person, only not so quickly; and this, '*as well as it can be done,*' must be your motto.

VI. You will *teach but one thing at a time*. This *sounds* easy, but requires a good deal of skill to carry it out completely. The books that I am about to recommend to you are so skilfully prepared on this principle, that even if you have not hitherto thought much about it, you will soon see what I mean in going through them.

VII. Do not grudge the money and the trouble requisite to provide yourself with good books; and if you find your employers really determined not to buy the necessary books for their children, lend them your own, rather than go through the farce of trying to teach from such as are useless. It seems a little hard to have to find the books. But a cabinetmaker or a locksmith brings his tools with him, and they are very costly; and you cannot expect satisfaction in your work unless in this, as in other respects, you count the cost and prepare

yourself before you begin. On the details of various subjects commonly taught in the schoolroom I shall wish to say a few words separately; merely reminding you that one woman can only give a certain number of lessons in a week, and it is therefore useless to attempt too many subjects.

(*To be Continued.*)

GOOD COUNSEL OF CHAUCER.

'The individual withers, and the world is more and more.'

TENNISON.

In these days of Chaucer societies, studies of Chaucer, essays on Chaucer, translations of Chaucer, one of the uninitiated is nervously conscious that there is a degree of boldness in presuming to write upon anything associated with his name; and therefore in the matter following there will be no attempt at suggested explanations, new rules, or fresh lights, but simply a reiteration of a familiar truism.

A song was sung in a London drawing-room not very long ago, and the music to which the words were set was music of the nineteenth century, but the words themselves were those of 'that cordial, genial, friendly man of the fourteenth century, who could make us feel that our fathers worked at much the same trades as we do, fell into the same kind of sins, looked up at the same skies, had the same wants in their hearts, and required that they should be satisfied in the same way.'*

The burden of the song is taken from the great poet's last composition, entitled 'Good Counsel of Chaucer,' written upon his death-bed, when he was in great anguish, and the original two verses ran thus:—

'Fly from the press and dwell with so thfastness;
Suffice unto thy good though it be small;
For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness,
Press hath envy, and weal is blent o'er all;
Savour no more than thee behoven shall;
Rede well thyself that other folk canst rede,
And Truth thee shall deliver, 'tis no drede.

That thee is sent receive in buxomness,
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall;
Here is no home—here is but wilderness;
Forth, pilgrim, forth, O beast, out of thy stall;
Look up on high, and thank thy God of all;
Waiveth thy lust, and let thy ghost thee lead,
And Truth thee shall deliver, 'tis no drede.'

This, the last song of one of England's sweetest singers, has in it a certain ring which is a pathetic testimony to the veracity of a

* *The Friendship of Books*, Rev. F. D. Maurice.

biographer who states that the hurry and turmoil of business in which Chaucer became involved at this late period of his life, and when he had reason to calculate that he should pass the remainder of his days in the amusements of his books and tranquil contemplation, together with the loss of near and dear social ties, all involved a change of habit and feeling that few aged men could encounter with impunity; to the poet who was stooping under the weight of years, with their attendant infirmities, it proved fatal. In the full enjoyment of his clear faculties, but with an exhausted frame, he died, on the 25th October, 1400, in his seventy-second year.

Is not Chaucer's 'Good Counsel' strikingly coincident with the philosophy of an earlier day, when M. Aurelius wrote in his *Meditations*, 'There remains that which is peculiar to the good man—to be pleased and content with what happens, and with the thread which is spun for him; and not to defile the divinity which is planted in his breast, nor disturb it by a crowd of images, but to preserve it tranquil, following it obediently as a god, neither saying anything contrary to the truth, nor doing anything contrary to justice?' And are not both—poet and philosopher—being dead, yet speaking to us all now, men and women alike?

For in this our nineteenth century, too truly styled 'an age that idolises results,' there is a 'press' which threatens to trample on some noble aspirations, and to paralyse the pulse of much inner life—a press that has for its watchword 'get on'—a press of anxious brains, restless hearts, toiling and moiling hands and feet. And the one dark dread of each man amid the ceaseless machinery of competition ever at work around him, is, lest his special wheel or screw should become powerless.

Chaucer tells us how we may escape from the 'crowd of images' by which we 'disturb the divinity planted in the breast' of each one of us.

For men and for women there is one and the same key-note to the right order and harmony of things: 'to dwell with sothfastness,' or, in other words, to make our home with Truth, holding fast to the very essence of all that is good, and high, and pure; in the press we may be, but not necessarily, of it; unable, perhaps, to fly from it whenever we fain would do so, to some actual haven of peace and solitude, but able, always able, to exorcise its attendant demons of feverish unrest, and chilling cynicism, by the strength of the spirit of sothfastness; and wherever that spirit is, there is liberty.

There were athletes, too, in Chaucer's day, as there are in our own, requiring to be warned against the 'tickleness' of climbing; and yet, no right man then or now would let the fear of danger hold him back, provided the climbing be amid the branches of the Tree of Knowledge and the Tree of Life. But we are, most of us, such fools as to exhaust our energies in climbing the wrong trees, and then sob our

hearts out in our bitter disappointment when we taste the fruit, forgetting that the first step towards reaching that which we hunger after is to enter the garden where bloom those flowers which are the Everlastings of God, and which is not far from every one of us.

Meanwhile, abiding the consummation of our highest hopes, we must take what is sent to us 'in buxomness.' A brave content, a cheery optimism is in that word, and Chaucer at the time he wrote it was looking back upon experiences more manifold than ordinarily fall to the lot of one man. He, more than most, had in his diverse capacities seen the ups and downs of this world, and, more than most, had preserved the sweetness of his nature throughout. Lowell observes that Chaucer could be happy with a crust and spring water; his was an age of simplicity compared with ours, and yet even he found it necessary to protest against the evil of tasting [more than that which is necessary for our life. What would he say could he come amongst us now in our advanced state of civilisation, and with 'half-sly, half-meditative eyes, broad brow dropping with weight of thought,' witness the complex life going on night and day—a life which is the very death of all 'buxomness?'] How would he smile in kindly satire on the untiring struggle for place and position; on our ungraciousness in thrusting aside that which is sent to us, for the something better which is somewhere or other in the world, wrestling for it, but not getting hold of it, because it was never intended for us, and therefore we fall, punished like all thieves and villains for attempting to seize what is not lawfully ours. For only to the man or woman who wins a crown by honest means is the word spoken, 'Wear it, endure it, make much of it.' Out of Chaucer's intense humanity came the warning, 'Savour no more than thee behoven shall'—one proof amongst many of his profound insight into the hearts and minds of men who, with a strange persistency day after day, lose the blessed half in straining after an unattainable whole.

When he declared with almost his last breath, 'Here is no home, here is but wilderness,' it was no sign of the drying-up of that fresh well-spring of gladness within him which had touched all that he touched; that 'most sacred, happy spirit,' as Spenser calls him, with his pure love of nature, his rapture when the 'smal^e foul^es maken melodie,' his utter freedom from all morbid self-consciousness was not out of tune at the last.

It was only that some of the wayside brambles had so overgrown the sunny paths of life as to make him a little weary, and anxious for rest at home; he was drawing so near to 'the blissful place of the heart's heal and deadly wound's cure,' that the distance behind him seemed as a pilgrimage through a wilderness. And before he goes away he places a sign-post where the cross-roads meet, for the guidance of other pilgrims. The cheery, genial sympathy with all life, which is a marked feature throughout his poetry, condenses itself now

into an intense and passionate sympathy with the brothers and sisters who would come after ; and so he tells them to

‘Look up on high, and thank thy God of all ;
Waiveth thy lust, and let thy ghost thee lead.’

In the early days of Christianity was written that other very similar warning, which tells ‘the good man not to defile the divinity which is planted in his breast, but to follow it obediently as a god.’ In these days a living writer has given us the following out of the fulness of his heart : ‘Let us own that the Divine Spirit is gone into distance and strangeness from us, and is hard to reach ; that solitude brings no unspeakable converse, no ready consecration ; that things just next the senses and the understanding seem nearer to us than those that touch the soul ; that the crowd and noise are too close and constant on us, confusing our better perceptions, and leading us always to look *round* ; seldom to look *up* ; that the glare of the lamps has destroyed the midnight, and shut out the stars.’ And when, in this our day, in the tired moments that will come to us in our strong hours, we, like the little children, are weary of wanting what we cannot get, and out of the fulness of *our* hearts goes up the cry, ‘From all these things—the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes—good Lord deliver us !’—then there comes back to us as a trumpet-call the refrain of Chaucer’s ‘Good Counsel’ : ‘Truth thee shall deliver, ’tis no drede.’ No grim shadow, no disappointing dream, but a grand reality, is the truth of which he sings.

If only we will follow where it leads—this voice of God—we shall be liberated from the thralldom and the strain of this world’s press ; from the darkness of the black clouds of hate hovering around ; from the dangers of an ambition that does not soar above itself ; from the pettiness of envy, and from the wasting powers of discontent—save always that Divine Discontent which tends towards an Infinite Satisfaction.

A. WEBER.

MONT S. MICHEL, AU PÉRIL DE LA MER ; PALACE, MONASTERY, AND PRISON.

(THE BEST WAY TO GET TO IT.)

BY A. F. T.

CHAPTER III.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHATEAU.

I PROPOSED to pause at the foot of the great gloomy staircase—which, rising between two lofty towers, forms the entrance to the château—for several reasons, mainly, to examine closely my order of admittance,

and to think over what I more particularly wanted to see, for in its prison days no one was permitted to enter the château without an order from the mayor of Avranches or Pontorson, or some such authority. These orders were, in general, freely given to strangers, especially to English people, but they entitled one only to a very hurried and cursory inspection of the place. To have a really serious knowledge of what there was to see one had to have one's *permis* marked in a mysterious way, and, in proportion to the extent of these markings one was conducted to the chief points of interest, or left in ignorance of them.

As I used to go to the château not from idle curiosity, but to study it closely, and as I was well known to the best of mayors, and most courteous of men, very many years mayor of Avranches, my *permis* was *very* strongly marked. I generally went to the Mount almost alone, and I thus became known to the warders. From one in particular whose sad end proved that he, at least, was thoroughly penetrated by the spirit of the place, I obtained much curious and thoroughly reliable information.

The *permis* being all in order, I mounted the steep flight of stairs that leads to the entrance. Here a tug at the deep-toned bell, or a knock at the wicket—low-browed and narrow, that was sunk in the massy gates, framed of huge oak beams like the ribs of a ship, and studded all over with great nails—procured its being opened by the sentinel, who was stationed just within the gate. You showed your order, and were silently motioned to sit down in the embrasure of a window until the warder on duty should come—the sentinel resuming his mechanical tramp up and down the restricted space behind the gate which formed a kind of guard-room.

In old days, this *palier*, or landing-place, for from it branches the main set of steps which lead to the abbey church and other buildings, must have been a fairly comfortable place for the guard, who must have stood *in*, not *round*, the enormous fire-place with its huge stone hood that stands exactly opposite the gate. This fireplace, now disused, is pierced by a doorway which leads into a small room formed just behind the fireplace, a curious feature which, I am told, is not unusual in very old houses in England, and is generally supposed to be meant for concealment. Clearly there must have been some means of access to this room before the doorway was pierced in modern times; but if there is, it is not evident, as far as I remember. Be this as it may, when the head warder arrived you were passed into this room, where you signed your name, &c., in a large book, before being delivered over to an under-warder, for whom you generally had to wait some little time. You were specially cautioned not to give your guide anything, but to deposit your offering in the *tronc* fixed at the side of the fireplace, and destined to receive such moneys for the common benefit of the warders.

That quiet, not to say solemn, five or ten minutes waiting for the under warder was, to my mind, a far fitter introduction to this old stronghold than the buying and selling, the chaffering over guide-books and photographs—chaplets and crosses—which now goes on in the same place where one of the brethren presides over a kind of stall. In the old days you sat down and waited, with no companion but the sentinel in red trousers, blue tunic, with yellow facings, and red 'kepi,' always pacing to and fro with his rifle on his arm, finished off with the murderous sword-bayonet. Haply a straggler or two from the main-guard would stroll in, and exchange grim jokes among themselves, such as feigning to plunge the sword-bayonet into one another's bodies; but neither by word nor look did they betray the least cognisance of the *pekin* quietly seated on the broad stone bench under the one window which dimly lighted the *palier*. They were evidently under strict orders, and, as far as strangers were concerned, were as imperturbable as the grim sentinel himself, who never ceased his march except to throw open the wicket door to such as entered, or went out, and that with the greatest circumspection and precision.

Certainly these soldiers and their stern ways were far more in keeping with the palace-prison we were in, than the polite gentleman in a long *soutane*, with an avalanche of buttons down the front, who presides over the photographs, crosses, chaplets, &c., *étalés* in tempting array before the eyes of the visitor at the present time. While seated in the embrasure my mind was wont to revert to the old, old times when this quasi guard-room was filled with men-at-arms sitting round the cavernous hearth waiting their turn of duty, drinking 'pottle deep,' or gambling, with the accompaniment of strange oaths and fierce gestures. The old pictures of Ostade and Teniers seemed to frame themselves before your eyes, for the scenery and locale were just as their sitters had left them—unchanged and untouched—not even modernised. All was cold, damp, stern, and grim, now the revellers had left, and the log-fire had gone out centuries ago. You felt that *there* a laugh would be misplaced—a burst of song, a sacrilege. You, truly, were in a monument, yea, rather in a tomb of the past, and the more you studied the surroundings, the more the conviction grew on you that it *was* a tomb, peopled by beings little better than shadows, but with memories and reminiscences more startling than anything you had ever dreamed of encountering. Everything, you felt, was possible in *that* place. As thus you mused, you became more than thankful—*anxious* even, to quit for the open air without, the groined arches, the stone flooring, rugged and disjointed, and the monotonous tread of the sentinel. You almost felt yourself a prisoner until the tinkle of a little bell announced that a party was coming out, and that you would shortly be introduced to the inner mysteries of this weird building, and you gave a sigh of relief as the under-warder beckoned you to follow him into the little room behind the chimney.

I must now introduce the reader to *my* warder, whom I much 'affectioned.' Martin, as I shall call him, was a tall, gaunt man of some fifty years of age, of an easy and upright carriage, as became the old soldier, but of the saddest, weariest expression of countenance you can well imagine; and yet the man's manner was clearly not the result of some terrible event of the past, like Pierre's crime—if crime it were—it was of a far more sedate and settled character, and spoke rather of bitter and cruel disappointment.

Martin rarely looked straight at you. Mostly you met a sidelong, cautious glance in response to your own, but at times, when he was telling you anything that *really* interested him, his eye flashed, and his face lighted up for the moment, only to sink the moment after into the most profound and hopeless gloom.

As the chief warder delivered Martin the *permis*, he would turn it round and round, up and down, and study it profoundly. This done, he would touch his 'képi,' and giving me a half familiar nod, say—

'Monsieur will follow me; we will begin *au fond*,' and, stepping up to the sentinel, who opened the wicket at his bidding, stride down the great staircase, giving a look behind him now and then to see if I was following him.

I well knew every inch of the way we were to go, but it was part of the etiquette of the place, and especially with Martin, to pretend absolute ignorance, and to comport yourself as if you had never before visited the château. Any attempt to exhibit a knowledge of the localities, Martin quietly, but deeply, resented, and for *that* visit, you lost the odd 'spurts' of talk, and real information, that burst from the man by fits and starts, if you discreetly held your tongue. All you had to do was to nod approval, or assent, and ask no questions that could possibly be avoided, and *then* Martin took you into his confidence. You were a *bon homme*,—a *brave garçon*,—and deserved his trouble and attention. Chatter to him, and he became as dumb as the walls he led you grimly past.

It quite relieved one, on arriving at the bottom of the dark staircase, to emerge, even for a minute or two, into the bright sunlight and clear open air. But it was only for a minute or two. Martin opened a small side door, and led the way into what was called, by courtesy, a garden, being a strip of ground some three yards wide between the wall of the *enceinte*, and the rocky base, from which spring the walls of the *Merveille*. This 'garden' was planted with potatoes, but below their roots lay something one had *not* counted on.

'The cemetery,' said Martin, shortly, and strode on. Did *he* have a presentiment of the future—an anticipation of his own sad fate? for there, some years afterwards, *he* was laid—the 'last of the warders,' a suicide.

Another door was unlocked, and then, with a sudden turn to the left, we came on a rough wooden external stair, which mounted to a postern.

'*Entrez, Monsieur,*' said Martin; and then, in a lower voice, he added. 'We are just above the dungeons.'

We stepped all at once from the warm bright sunlight into a gloomy corridor, which led to a kind of platform from which descended two or three steps to another wider corridor, on which 'gave' four small doors, garnished with huge external locks and bolts.

'Monsieur will visit "the Twins" first?' asked Martin, as he flung open a small, heavy door, with a clash that echoed again in the dark passages. I nodded.

'Monsieur will follow me.' And he squeezed himself through a short narrow passage, barely wide enough for his square shoulders, and forked out in the shape of a Y to two small inner doors, which stood open. These were the doors of two *cachots* so dark that, for the moment, you could scarcely discern a single ray of light; still light there was, after a fashion. We turned into the left-hand '*cachot*,' which was floored with wood. Martin took up something from a corner and let it fall heavily. It was a long iron chain, securely bolted to the floor, to which the prisoners' fetters were formerly shackled.

'We don't use these *cachots* now,' observed Martin, quite calmly. 'Men used to go mad in them. With Monsieur's leave, I'll shut him in for a minute or two,' and, stepping backwards, he suddenly closed the door of the cell, and doubly locked it. I heard him retreat, and found myself in darkness that might be felt, so to say. Gradually, however, as I became aware that there was a small square hole cut in the rocky wall of the *cachot* high up, yet strongly barred with iron, that served to admit light and air; the gloom seemed to clear away, and I could distinguish the chain that lay, all dusty and rusty, at my feet.

My *first* thought when I was locked in was—'Well, this is bearable.' My *second*—'Heaven forbid, I may ever have to bear it!' There, in this hole in the rock, I pictured myself, a prisoner, shackled down to the floor, with a truss of straw for a bed, scant bread and foul water for food, in total solitude, with nameless horrors such as befit rather the lair of a wild beast than a man's abode. The old fearful legend I learned in Belgium, of the castle of Couvin, and its unhappy prisoner—who was drawn out of such a hole with ropes, after seven years' confinement so terrible that, when he came again into the air, all his clothes fell from him into dust, as if he had been buried, as indeed his merciless gaolers wished he might have been—flashed through my mind. It was all very well for me, in the prime of life, well fed, warmly clothed, with an infinity of little, but indispensable, comforts to fall back on—such as the means of cleanliness, the power of free locomotion, the blessing of distraction of mind by reading or conversation—above all, the little prized, but invaluable blessing of ample light, which, to many, if not to most men, is as indispensable as food and warmth, to hold that such a dungeon was 'bearable.' It was

an utter delusion and deception. Even during the few moments I was incarcerated, I saw and felt enough to make me thankful to rush out after Martin as he unlocked the door, and ushered me, half dazed by the light of the gloomy corridor, into what he said used to be the 'women's dungeon.'

This *cachot* was, by comparison with 'the Twins,' palatial. It was large and lofty, and, for such a place, fairly lighted by a large-barred window placed immediately under the roof. Yet the greater part of this dungeon was cut out of the solid rock, and must have been, at any time except the very height of summer, damp and cold enough to chill the stoutest frame, let alone that of a half-starved woman, for, as I shall presently show, the dietary of the prisoners at the Mount was *not* luxurious. Happily this dungeon had been long disused, as that part of the château where women were once confined, crumbled into ruin some century back, which same fact accounts for the anomalous and 'rococo' façade of the west end of the abbey church.

As we quitted this *cachot*, Martin paused for a moment before another dungeon door, this time furnished with a grating above the door.

'Monsieur can look in, but there is nothing to see,' said Martin; 'but *here*,' continued he, and his face lighted up with an awful expression, '*here*, on this very spot,' putting his finger on a slight mark near the door, '*here* they dashed his head in pieces against the wall.'

'Good Heaven!' said I, startled out of all etiquette, 'whose head, and who were they?'

'*His* head,' answered Martin; 'the prisoners killed a warder there;' and, with a deep, suppressed groan, the man turned away from the scene of such a sickening tragedy; but his manner vouchsafed no hint as to *whose* head it was, or what he had done to merit such a death.

'Yes, they killed him *there*. *Allons, Monsieur*, I will show you our modern *cachots*, rather different from those *trous d'enfer*.' And so saying, he led the way up a few steps into the oldest part of the château, a cloister of rude and severe work, clearly of the earliest type of Norman building, as shown by the nearly round arches, the heavy capitals, and the short, sturdy columns, looking more like half-barked stone trees than pillars, for the wind which at times rages through those sub-structures of the château has enormous power, and flays the surface of the stone, granite though it be, as if with a sword, and in some places there are holes scored in the angle stones as deeply and as smoothly as if cut by mortal hands.

Certainly the modern *cachots* were very different from the old dungeons. They were, in effect, two or three cubicles screened off from the cloister we were traversing, perfectly light and airy, and in no way objectionable. Very different, however, was a dark cell constructed in a low recess, the object of which was evident.

'That,' said Martin, 'is our *dernier ressort*. It receives the intractable ones. It is a veritable *trou*—worse, if possible, than those down there,' jerking his thumb in the direction of the old *cachots*.

He was right; it *was* worse, and was clearly intended so to be. It was as dark as pitch, and so hidden in the recess that no ray of light could possibly get in. I longed to ask Martin if it was much used, but something in the man's manner restrained me.

Always mounting, we turned a corner, and suddenly plunged into one of the strangest parts of the château, the catacomb of the monks when the abbey was in their hands.

This place is an enormous vaulted crypt, with what appear to be huge recesses, but which are, in reality, the spaces between the great piers which support the vault. At the time I speak of, they were filled with heaped-up firewood, which nearly touched the roof. A dreary weird half light from a distant window just enabled one to distinguish these piers, but no more.

Martin suddenly halted, and drawing out of some corner a piece of candle, struck a match, and lighted the taper in a severe, certainly an almost solemn manner.

'Here,' said he, 'they buried the monks. There are generations on generations of them under your feet. The whole soil is bones. Stay, I will show you the *oubliettes* down which the bodies came.' And jumping on the piles of wood, he climbed up nearly to the ceiling, and held aloft the candle. 'Do you see,' he asked, 'those round holes? They are shafts communicating with the places above; they lowered them that way.'

(I believe, from what I have since learned, that Martin was wrong, and that these shafts were really simply ventilating shafts, the bodies of the monks having been brought down a staircase, now blocked up, which communicated with the church.)

'Ah!' said I, as I gazed upwards; but Martin did not give me much time for wonderment. He jumped lightly down, and blew out his candle far more quickly than he had lighted it.

'Forward!' he said, seeing me stumble in the gloom, 'follow me close.'

In a minute or so I saw what he meant, for, at the end of the crypt, on turning to the left sharply, we came all at once on a group of, so to say, spectral figures, clad all in white, standing round the huge wheel used for hoisting up provisions by means of a steep inclined plane, which bore a railway and a little car attached to a very powerful rope that was coiled round the drum of the wheel.

'It is forbidden to speak to the *détenus*,' said Martin, in a low voice. Then, in a louder tone, he added—'This is the *Grande Roue*, or, as they called it in the old times, the *Poulains*, and the place wherein it stands is the chapel of Notre Dame des Trente Cierges. If your nerves are good, come here and look down.'

The contrast between the gloom of the sombre vaults we had just traversed, and the flood of bright light which poured on me as I peered out of the opening in the wall, was almost too dazzling, and, as the sight fell down the inclined plane to the comparatively level ground, some sixty feet below, one experienced, involuntarily, a sense of danger, enhanced, no doubt, by the feeling that any one, of the four or five desperadoes standing behind one, might, with the least push, have sent one spinning down that awful descent.

Martin, perhaps, felt this also, for I observed that he kept very close to me. I own that I was not inconsiderably relieved to turn away, and see Martin nod to the men, two of whom got *inside* the wheel (the diameter being, as far as I guessed, about twenty feet), and running up the drum like squirrels in a cage, set it slowly, but easily, in motion. At another nod from Martin, a man applied himself to a brake, working on the axle, and stopped the wheel within a revolution.

While I watched the mechanism, I contrived to cast a glance on the prisoners.

These were clothed in a kind of coarse white stuff, much like that worn by millers in England. Their costume consisted of a short jacket, waistcoat, and trousers. On their heads they wore a cap of the same material as their clothes. As far as I could see, the men were anything but the desperate ruffians I had imagined them. On the contrary, there was a subdued, half-starved look about them that was truly piteous, their faces being as white as their clothes, and they had a sunken appearance under the cheek-bones which spoke of much work and scant food—cabbage soup and beans, with very little meat, being 'the best of their diet.' Still, for all that, I perceived that Martin kept himself sedulously betwixt them and myself; and when the great wheel stopped revolving, he said, quietly, in my ear, 'We must return as we came. You will see many hundreds of *détenus* before you quit the château.' And then he gave me a glance, as much as to say,— 'Get on, and get out of their way.'

I turned away, and walked on a few steps, and, not seeing Martin, I halted before a kind of half door, half window, barred and stanchioned.

In a moment or two he rejoined me.

'Monsieur can look in, but not enter; it is the chapel of St. Etienne,' and he seemed nervously anxious to hurry me past the entrance. Had he a prescience of the future—of *his* future? Who can say? But in that very chapel, a few months afterwards, *poor Martin hanged himself*.

It was a relief to escape from these dreary vaults into the comparative light of day, for in all the sub-structures at Mont St. Michel gloom everywhere prevails.

(To be continued.)

THE SON OF LOUIS XV.

OCCUPIED by those great events which changed the character of European governments, engaged in repeated attempts to search out the causes of the tremendous tragedy of the great Revolution, historians have carefully gathered every detail of the life of the unfortunate Louis XVI., and, from the very intensity of interest which his story claims, and the important place which it necessarily takes and holds in all narratives of the period, little attention has been paid to the less conspicuous figure of his father, the Dauphin, son of Louis XV.

But Prince Emmanuel de Broglie has done well to remind us of a life which has been too much forgotten, and we heartily recommend to our readers the charming memoir before us. Such a life is indeed too full of teaching to be 'like the passage of the bird through the air which leaves no mark,' for evil often stops short and dies, but good never.

It is touching to follow out in this simple story the various phases of ardour, disappointment, and submission. Thwarted at every turn, the Dauphin's character was disciplined by trials which would have embittered a feebler and less pious nature; and the story would have been one of painful jealousy on the one side, and scarcely less painful disappointment on the other, if, viewing it as a whole, one could not find a clue which transforms the apparent failure of the short life in which, it must be admitted, circumstances seem to have checked the full development of early promise.

His birth, which took place in September, 1729, was hailed as a political event of great importance, and was regarded by his gentle mother, Marie Leczinzka, as a direct answer to her prayers. The whole of France rejoiced, with all the festivities usual upon such occasions. We read of a profusion of wine and of merriment, of extravagance of *largesse* and food, of one banker who alone gave away wine to the value of 60,000 livres, of processions at Versailles, and of a solemn *Te Deum* at Notre Dame.

At an early age the little prince was taken away from the women who had attended him since his birth, and given over to the charge of men, and the scene of his separation from his *gouvernante*, Madame de Ventadour, as related by M. de Broglie, is very touching. With her he enters the cabinet of his august parent, and finds himself in the presence of his future tutors. His father, turning first to the preceptor, M. de Chatillon, says: 'Sir, I confide to your keeping my most precious possession.' Then addressing his son, he adds: 'You will obey M. de Chatillon as you would me.' And showing him his *gouvernante*, he

continues : ' And you must never forget all that Madame de Véntadour has done for you.' At these words the poor lady burst into tears, and unable to bear more, hastily quitted the room, followed by the little prince, who was with difficulty restrained from accompanying her ; and whose thoughts had constantly to be diverted from his sorrow through the day by varied amusements.

We almost smile as we read the long catalogue of his attendants, and amongst them of a barber, whom at the age of six and a half even a prince would scarcely require.

His newly-appointed governor, the Duc de Chatillon, was a man of great worth and integrity, but of somewhat austere character, and it was fortunate that amongst his subordinates the amiable Abbé de S. Cyr was more immediately charged with the supervision of the young prince's education. But the Dauphin was very high-spirited, and was disposed, at first, to resist even the Abbé's mild authority. He complained one day to his father that the Abbé was a man ' who would never listen to reason.' But the king, wise at least in his choice of those who should direct his son's education, only answered, ' Perhaps your ideas and his are not quite the same at present ; but you must wait.' Once the boy even went so far as to strike M. de Marbœuf, and he seems to have had little love of book-learning, and especially of Latin ; every fit of wilfulness was however followed by a corresponding access of repentance, and he says to his tutor of himself on one occasion, ' I tell you beforehand, M. de Chatillon, that I don't really mean any of the bad things I say or do.' And M. de Chatillon writes of him a little later, ' His faults have never given me any anxiety since I have thoroughly understood his character, and he always begs my pardon directly he has done wrong.' M. de Broglie's picture of the loving, high-spirited boy, with his generous impulses, his innate reverence for, and attraction to, religion, is full of charming traits. His love of his mother early assumes the character of protection, and even before he was really of an age to understand her wrongs, he seems to have resented the slights to which she was subjected. There was in him that gentleness of nature which often shows itself in devotion to the weak and helpless, but it was not until his marriage at the age of sixteen that the real tenderness of his character was thoroughly awakened. His bride, the Infanta, was three years older than himself, and is thus described at the period of her arrival in France : ' She is very clever. knows several languages, and is more highly educated than most young persons of her sex ; she is tall and dignified ; she moves well ; *her back is very flat* ; her eyes and complexion are good ; and there must be a sort of sympathy between her and the Dauphin, for, like him, she drinks only water. She blushed the other day, when M. de la Fare ventured to make this remark to her.' A few days later, however, the Duc de Luynes writes of her : ' Nobody can quite make out what the princess is ; she does not seem so anxious to please as at first ; and,

perhaps because she sees so many strangers, and hardly knows how to say what will be agreeable to each, she speaks very little ; then her neglect of the details of courtesy gives offence, especially as it shows her unfavourably in contrast to the Queen, who is always so careful to be polite.' But, as M. de Broglie remarks, the Dauphiness must have been more amiable in private than in public, for the Dauphin soon loved her passionately, and, upon her side, his life became hers, his interests hers, his principles hers. A few months after the wedding the young husband and wife were, however, separated, the prince accompanying the army into Flanders, where he was present at Fontenoy. This seems to have been the first and last time his father ever allowed him to assume his proper place, and he remained until the end of the campaign, giving constant proof of high spirit and sense of duty.

'Every one,' says M. de Broglie, 'even those who thought his piety exaggerated, was charmed by the calm and modest manner in which he fulfilled his religious duties. In the midst of a licentious army, living with a father whose conduct was by no means exemplary, this boy of sixteen remained firm to his principles, even whilst doing his best to please those about him.'

'Ah,' said the Councillor d'Aguesseau, 'how beautiful it is to see a prince of his age not afraid to profess Jesus Christ !'

Upon his return from this campaign a short period of great happiness awaited him. Shut out from participation in politics, he devoted himself to a plan of education whereby to fit himself for his future destiny, and to the happiness of domestic life. 'I like to vegetate,' he once said to some one who misunderstood the frame of mind which kept him aloof from the court, where he must either have lived in incessant protest, or else have seemed by his presence to sanction the scandals which he was powerless to hinder. His wife was his constant companion. 'They live,' says the Duc de Luynes, 'in the closest union. After dinner M. le Dauphin mounts to the apartments of the Dauphiness and reads aloud to her ; she seems to trust no one thoroughly but her husband.' Such happiness, however, did not last ; for the young Dauphiness died at the birth of her first child, about a year after her marriage : and here we cannot do better than quote M. de Broglie's own words :—

'The Dauphin loved his wife passionately, and the blow was a terrible one. At first his grief was violently shown ; he wept much, and would see no one ; but when, after a few days, he resumed his usual course of life, it was falsely supposed that his sorrow was past. And, although with her husband the princess had always been bright-tempered and gay, she was not much regretted at court, where her reserve had made her unpopular. Soon there seemed to remain nothing beside the black hangings on the walls to recall her memory ; but her image was never effaced from her husband's heart, and in his

will he begged that that heart might be buried near hers whom he had loved best on earth.'

But the Dauphin was not allowed much time to indulge his grief, and in spite of his repugnance to any plans of the kind, it was shortly arranged that he was to marry Marie-Josephe, daughter of Augustus III., king of Saxony. Madame de Pompadour did her utmost to further this project, hoping thus to gain the favour of the new Dauphiness, who must have been sufficiently distressed at the prospect of marrying a prince who took no pains to hide his aversion to marriage. And one feels very sorry for the poor little bride, who is described as charming in mind and person, when we are told that the first time she and her husband were left alone together, and found themselves in the room where his first wife had so lately died, he burst into tears. But even at this awkward moment the princess seems to have spoken the right words, and though for a long time she had patiently to submit to an aversion of which she was the innocent and unoffending subject, we are not surprised to find that little by little she won the place she deserved in her husband's heart, although it was not until she had devotedly nursed him through the small-pox that he fully appreciated the treasure he possessed. She would allow none other hand than her own to tend him in this dreadful malady. 'Please don't pay any attention to me,' she said; 'I am only the sick-nurse now.' And so thoroughly did she assume her part, that even the doctor, who happened not to know her by sight, asked 'who the little woman was who was so busy in the Dauphin's room?' And when told it was the princess herself, replied: 'Oh, then I will send the fine ladies here to learn how to take care of their husbands when they are ill.'

And those were indeed times in which such love was needed to give even strong men courage to face life. There was the court with its scandals and extravagant luxury, and the selfishness and incompetency of those in power, whilst the people were starving. The prince himself lived with the most exact economy, and gave away all the money he could get, and yet as he passed over the Pont de la Tournelle, on his way to Notre Dame, he and his wife were surrounded by an assembly of 2,000 women clamouring for bread. He threw his purse to them, but they called out, 'We don't want your money, we want bread; we love you, but get them to send away that woman (meaning Madame de Pompadour) who rules the nation. If we had hold of her she should soon be torn to pieces.' The Dauphiness trembled like a leaf, and yet the prince was powerless; there was nothing he could do. His interference was rejected by the jealousy of his father; and Madame de Pompadour hated him and partly feared him. Was it any wonder that he shut himself up more and more in the home where he was loved and trusted, amongst the books in which he hoped to find the political lessons which he was not allowed to learn experimentally?

He tried to defend the people, but his right to give an opinion was disregarded; he tried to secure the support of competent generals, but Madame de Pompadour's influence prevailed, and the honour of the French army was confided to d'Estrées; he tried to defend the Jesuits, but Madame de Pompadour again opposed him, because a Jesuit confessor had once refused her absolution unless she would leave the court.

The closing years of this noble life deserve more notice than our space allows, so we leave our readers to seek for themselves in M. de Broglie's charming pages the details and anecdotes which we must refrain from giving here. But we must briefly tell of the early death which worthily closed the life to which we have endeavoured to draw attention. Perhaps to him we may venture to apply those words written by the wise man, 'He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding.' So little did the King believe the first news of his son's illness, that, to the scandal of the court itself, the plays at Fontainebleau were not discontinued; but upon becoming more alarmed, he frequently visited his son, who, feeling the approach of death, ventured to ask his father to allow the Dauphiness, in the event of his death, to retain the entire care of her children's education; and at the very moment that he happened to be gently telling his weeping wife of the favour he had obtained for her, the King entered. 'I was stupid to cry,' the Dauphiness writes; for she was obliged to hide her tears lest they should offend the King, strange as it would seem that at such a moment a father should have been unmoved himself. The prince's patience in his protracted illness made those about him say, 'Nothing but religion could give such courage:' whilst he, regretting only the pain his death would cause his wife and mother, and that his children would be left unprotected, said to his confessor, 'By the grace of God I feel no attachment to life. I would that I were a better man, but I confide my soul to the infinite mercy of God.' 'Ah,' he says again to the Duc de Luynes, 'if you could only tell how little the sacrifice of life costs me!' 'My God,' he cried out near the end, 'will it be long before I have the ineffable joy of seeing Thee?' But he did not forget for one instant her whom he loved to call his 'dear *Pépa*,' whom the strange etiquette of the day kept in her own apartments at this supreme moment. He might not see her, but he was constantly asking for news of her, and praying that God would protect his children. Almost his last words were to recommend them to the care of M. de Mury, and then, after having heard Mass for the last time, he asked that the prayers for the dying might be said, every word of which he followed; then he repeated three times in a clear voice the words, '*Proficiscere, anima Christiana, de hoc mundo*;' and a few hours later he was heard to murmur a prayer for the country he would have saved from the ruin he knew now to be inevitable, and shortly afterwards he expired, in the month of December, 1765, aged thirty-six.

So closed a life which has reminded us more than once of the life and character of our own Prince Consort. In both, duty was the prevailing idea ; in both, there was something anomalous in the difficulties of position created by unmerited jealousy ; and in both there was the same deliberate sacrifice of personal ambition to nobler aims ; both were also crowned with the supreme blessing of faithful love and domestic happiness, both were misunderstood while they lived, and both looked to find their reward where surely no disappointment remains.

MAGNUM BONUM ; OR, MOTHER CAREY'S BROOD.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BLIGHTED BEINGS.

THE little family raft put forth from the haven of shelter into the stormy waves. The first experience was, as Jock said, that large rooms and country clearness had been demoralising, or, as Babie averred, the bad taste and griminess of the Drake remains were invincible, for when the old furniture and pictures were all restored to the old places the *tout ensemble* was so terribly dingy and confined that the mother could hardly believe that it was the same place that had risen in her schoolgirl eyes as a vision of home brightness. Armine was magnanimously silent, but what would be the effect on Allen, who had been heard of at Gibraltar, and was sure to return before the case was heard in court ?

'We must give up old associations and try what a revolution will do,' Mother Carey said.

'Hurrah !' cried Babie ; 'I was feeling totally overpowered by that awful round table, but I thought it was the very core of mother's heart.'

'So did I,' said the mother herself, 'when I remember how we used to sit round with the lamp in the middle and spin the whole table when we wanted a drawer on the further side. But it won't bring back those who sat there ! and now the light falls anywhere but where it is wanted, and our goods get into each other's way ! Yes, Babie, you may dispose of it in the back drawing-room and bring in your whole generation of little tables.'

There was opportunity for choice, for the house was somewhat overfull of furniture, since besides the original plenishing of the Pagoda, all that was individual property had been sent from Belforest, and this included a great many choice and curious articles, small and great, all indeed that any one cared much about, except the more intrinsically

valuable gems of art. It had been all done between Messrs. Wakefield, Gould, and Richards, who had sent up far more than Mrs. Brownlow had marked, assuring her that she need not scruple to keep it.

So by the time twilight came on the second evening, when the whole family were feeling exceedingly bruised, weary, and dusty, such a transformation had been effected that each of the four, on returning from the much needed toilet, stood at the door exclaiming—‘This is something like ;’ and when John arrived a little later he looked round with—

‘This is almost as nice as the Folly. How does Mother Carey manage to make things like herself and nobody else ?’

Allen’s comment a few days later was—

‘What’s the use of taking so much trouble about a dingy hole which you can’t make tolerable even if you were to stay here.’

‘I mean it to be my home till my M.D. son takes a wife and turns me out.’

‘Why, mother, you don’t suppose that ridiculous will can hold water ?’

‘You know I don’t contest it.’

‘I know, but they will not look at it for a moment in the Probate Court.’

Some chance friend whom he had met abroad had suggested this to Allen, and he had gradually let his wish become hope, and his hope expectation, till he had come home almost secure of a triumph, which would reinstate his mother, and bring Elvira back to him, having learnt the difference between true friends and false.

It was a proportionate blow when no difficulty was made about proving the will. As the trustees acted, Mrs. Brownlow had not to appear, but Allen haunted the Law Courts with his uncle and saw the will accepted as legal. Nothing remained but another amicable action to put Elvira de Menella in possession.

He was in a state of nervous excitement at every postman’s knock, making sure, poor fellow, that Elvira’s first use of her victory would be to return to him. But all that was heard of was a grand reception at Belforest, bands, banners, horsemen, triumphal arches, banquet, speeches, toasts, and ball, all, no doubt, in ‘Gould taste.’ The penny-a-liner of the Kenminster paper outdid himself in the polysyllables of his description, while Colonel Brownlow briefly wrote that ‘all was as insolent as might be expected, and he was happy to say that most of the county people and some of the tenants showed their good feeling by their absence.’

Over this Mrs. Brownlow would not rejoice. She did not like the poor girl to be left to such society as her aunt would pick up, and she wrote on her behalf to various county neighbours ; but the heiress had already come to the house in Hyde Corner, chaperoned by her aunt, who, fortified by the trust that she was ‘as good as Mrs. Joseph

Brownlow,' had come to fight the battle of fashion, with Lady Flora Folliott for an ally.

The name of George Gould, Esquire, was used on occasion, but he was usually left in peace at his farm with his daughter Mary, with whom her step-mother had decided that nothing could be done. Kate was made presentable by dress and lessons in deportment, and promoted to be white slave, at least so Armine and Barbara inferred, from her constrained and frightened manner when they met her in a shop, though she was evidently trying to believe herself very happy.

Allen was convinced at last that he was designedly given up, and so far from trying to meet his faithless lady, dejectedly refused all society where he could fall in with her, and only wandered about the parks to feed his melancholy with distant glimpses of her on horseback, while Armine and Barbara, who held Elvira very cheap, were wicked enough to laugh at him between themselves and term him the forsaken merman.

Jock had likewise given up his old connections with fashionable life. Several times, if anything were going on, or if he met a former brother officer in the street, he would be warmly invited to come and take his share, or to dine with the mess ; he might have played in cricket matches and would have been welcome as a frequent guest ; but he had made up his mind that this would only lead to waste of time and money, and steadily declined, till the invitations ceased. It would have cost him more had any come from Cecil Evelyn, but all that had been seen of him was a couple of visiting-cards. The rest of the family had not come to town for the season, and though the two mothers corresponded as warmly as ever, and Fordham and Armine exchanged letters, there was a sort of check and chill upon the friendship between the two young girls, of which each understood only her own half.

Jock said nothing, but he seemed to have grown mother-sick, spent all his leisure moments in haunting his mother's steps, helping her in whatever she was about, and telling her everything about his studies and companions, as if she were the great solace of the life that had become so much less bright to him.

In general he showed himself as droll as ever, but there were days when, as John said, 'all the skip was gone out of the Jack.' The good Monk was puzzled by the change, which he did not think quite worthy of his cousin, having—though the son of a military man—a contempt for the pomp and circumstance of war. He marvelled to see Jock affectionately hook up his sword over the photograph of Engelberg above his mantelshelf, and he hesitated to join the volunteers, as his aunt wished, by way of compelling variety and exercise. Jock however decided on so doing, that Sydney might own at least that he was ready for a call to arms for his country. He did not like to think that she was reading a

report of Sir Philip Cameron's campaign, in which the aide-de-camp happened to receive honourable mention for a dashing and hazardous ride.

'Why, old fellow, what makes you so down in the mouth?' said John, on that very day as the two cousins were walking home from a lecture. They had had to get into a door-way to avoid the rush of rabble escorting a regiment of household troops on their way to the station, and Lucas had afterwards walked the length of two streets without a word. 'You don't mean that you are hankering after all this style of thing—row and all the rest of it.'

'There's a good deal more going to it than row,' said Jock, rather heavily.

'What, that donkey, Evelyn, having cut you? I should not trouble myself much on that score, though I did think better of him at Eton.'

'He hasn't cut me,' Jock made sharp return.

'One pasteboard among all the family,' grunted the Friar. 'I reserve to myself the satisfaction of cutting him dead the next opportunity,' he added magniloquently.

Jock laughed, as he was of course intended to do, but there was such a painful ring in the laugh that John paused and said—

'That's not all, old fellow! Come, make a clean breast of it, my fair son. Thou dost weary of thy vocation.'

'No such thing,' exclaimed Jock, with an inaudible growl between his teeth. 'Trust Kencroft for boring on!' and aloud, with some impatience, 'It is just what I would have chosen for its own sake.'

'Then,' said John, still keeping up the grand philosophical air and demeanour, though with real kindness and desire to show sympathy, 'thou art either entangled by worldly scruples, leading thee to disdain the wholesome art of healing, or thou art, like thy brother, the victim of the fickle sex.'

'Shut up!' said Jock, pushed beyond endurance; 'can't you understand that some things can't be talked of?'

'Whew!' John whistled, and surveyed him rather curiously from head to foot. 'It is another case of deluded souls not knowing what an escape they've had. What! she thought you a catch in the old days.'

'That's all you know about it!' said Jock. 'She is not that sort. The poverty is nothing, but there's a fitness in things. Women, the best of them, think much of what I suppose you call the row. It fits in with all their chivalry and romance.'

'Then she's a fool,' said John, shortly.

'I can't stand any more of this, Monk, I tell you. You know just nothing at all about it, and I've no right to complain, nor any one to bait me with questions.'

The Monk took the hint, and when they reached their own street Jock said—

'You meant it all kindly, Reverend Friar, but there are things that won't stand probing, as you'll know some day.'

'Poor old chap,' said John, with his hand on his shoulder, 'I'll not bother you any more. The veil shall be sacred. If this has been going on all the time I wonder you have carried it off so well!'

'Ali is a caution,' said Jock, who had shaken himself into his ordinary manner. 'What would become of Babie with two blighted beings on her hands? Besides, he has some excuse, and I have not.'

After this, at every carriage to which Lucas bowed, John frowned, and scanned the inmates in search of the fair deceiver, never making a guess in the right direction.

John had enough of the Kencroft character not to be original. Set him to work, and he had plenty of intelligence and energy, perhaps more absolute force and power than his cousin Lucas, but he would never devise things for himself, and was not discursive, pausing at novelties, because his nature was so thorough that he could not take up anything without spending his very utmost force upon it.

His University training made him an excellent aid to Armine, who went up for his examination at King's College and acquitted himself so well as to be admitted to begin his terms after the long vacation.

Indeed he and Barbara had drawn together again more. She had her home tasks and her classes at King's College and did not fret as at St. Cradocke's for want of work; she enjoyed the full tide of life, and had plenty of sympathy for whatever did not come before her in a 'goody' aspect, and, though there might be little depth of serious reflection in her, she was a very charming member of the household. Then her enjoyment of society was gratified, for society of her own kind had by no means forgotten one so agreeable as Mrs. Brownlow, and whereas in her prosperity, she had never dropped old friends, they welcomed her back as one of themselves, resuming the homely inexpensive gatherings where the brains were more consulted than the palate, æsthetics more than fashion. She was glad of it, for the young people's sake as well as her own, and returned to her old habit of keeping open house one evening in the week between eight and ten, with cups of coffee and varieties of cheap foreign drinks, and slight but dainty cakes made by herself and Babie according to lessons taken together at the school of cookery.

As Allen declared these evenings a grievance, and often thought himself unable to bear family chatter, she had made the old consulting room as like his luxurious apartment at home as furniture and fittings could do, and he was always free to retire thither. Indeed the toleration and tenderness with which his mother treated him were a continual wonder and annoyance to Barbara, the active little busy bee, who not unjustly considered him the drone of the family and longed to sting him, not to death, but to exertion.

It was provoking that when all the other youths had long finished

breakfast and gone forth, Mother Carey should wait lingering in the dining-room to cherish some delicate hot *morceau* and cup of coffee, till the tardy, soft-falling feet came down the stairs, and then sit patiently as long as he chose to dally with his meal, telling how little he had slept. Babie had tried her tongue on both, but Allen, when she shouted at his door that breakfast was ready, came forth no sooner, and when he did so, told his mother that he could not have children screaming at his door at all hours of the morning. Mother Carey replied to her impatient champion that while waiting for Allen was her time for writing letters and reading amusing books, and that the day was only too long for him already, poor fellow, without urging him to make it longer.

‘More shame for him,’ muttered pitiless sixteen.

After breakfast Allen generally strolled out to see the papers or to bestow his time somewhere—in the picture galleries or in the British Museum, where he had a reading order; but it was always uncertain whether he would disappear for the whole day, shut himself up in his own room, or hang about the drawing-room, very much injured if his mother could not devote herself to him. Indeed she always did so, except when she was bound to take Barbara to some of her classes (including cookery), or when she had promised herself to Dr. and Mrs. Lucas, who were now both very infirm and knew not how to be thankful enough for the return of one who became like a daughter to them, while Jock, their godson, at once made himself the best of grandsons, and never failed to give them a brightening cheering hour every Sunday.

The science of cookery was by no means a needless task, for the cook was very plain, and Allen’s appetite was dainty, and comfort at dinner could only be hoped for by much thought and contrivance. Allen was never discourteous to his mother herself, but he would look at her in piteous reproach, and affect to charge all failures on the cook, or on ‘children being allowed to meddle,’ the most cutting thing to Babie he could say. Then the two Johns always took up the cudgels, and praised the food with all their might. Indeed the Friar was often sensible of a strong desire to flog the dawdling melancholy out of his cousin, and force him no longer to hang a dead weight on his mother; and even Jock began to be annoyed at her unfailing patience and pity, though he understood her compassion better than did those who had never felt a wound.

She did in truth blame herself for having given him no profession, and having acquiesced in the indolent *dilettante* habits which made all harder to him now; and she was not certain how far it was only his fancy that his health and nerves were perilously affected, though Dr. Medlicott, whom she secretly consulted, assured her that the only remedies needed were good sense and something to do.

At last at Midsummer the crisis came in a heavy discharge of bills, the consequence of Allen’s incredulity as to their poverty and

incapability of economizing. He said 'the rascals could wait,' and 'his mother need not trouble herself.' She said they must be paid, and found they could be at the cost of giving up spending August at S. Cradocke's, as well as of breaking into her small reserve for emergencies.

But she told Allen that she insisted on his making some exertion for his own maintenance.

'Yes,' said Allen, in languid assent.

'I know it is harder at your age to find occupation.'

'That is not the point. I can easily find something to do. There's literature. Or I could take up art. And last year there was a Hungarian Count who would have given anything to get me for a tutor.'

'Then why didn't you go?'

'Mother, you ask me why!'

'I know you had not made up your mind to the worst, but it is a pity you missed the opportunity.'

'There will be more,' said Allen loftily. 'I never meant to be a burthen, but ladies are so impatient. I suppose you do not wish to turn me out instantly to seek my fortune. No, mother, I do not mean to blame you. You have been sadly harassed, and no woman can ever enter into what I have suffered. Put aside those bills. Long before Christmas, I shall be able to discharge them myself.'

So Allen wrote to Bobus's friend at Oxford, but he of course did not keep a pocketful of Hungarian Counts. He answered one or two advertisements for a travelling tutor, and had one personal interview, the result of which was that he could have nothing to do with such insufferable snobs. He also concocted an advertisement beginning with 'M.A., Oxford, accustomed to the best society and familiar with European languages,' but though the newspapers charged highly for it, he only received one answer, except those from agents, and that he said, with illimitable disgust, was from a Yankee.

Meantime he turned over his poems, and made Barbara copy out a ballad he had written for the *Traveller's Joy* on some local tradition in the Tirol. He offered this to a magazine, whose editor, a lady, was an occasional frequenter of Mrs. Brownlow's evenings. The next time she came, she showed herself so much interested in the legend that Allen said he should like to show her another story which he had written for the same domestic periodical.

'Would it serve for our Christmas number?'

'I will have it copied out and sent in for you to look at,' said Allen.

'If it is at hand, I had better cast my eye over it to judge whether it be worth while to copy it. I shall set forth on my holiday journey the day after to-morrow, and I should like to have my mind at rest about my Christmas number.'

So she carried off with her the Algerine number of the *Joy*, and in a couple of days returned it with a hasty note—

'A capital little story, just young and sentimental enough to make it taking, and not overdone. Please let me have it, with a few verbal corrections, ready for the press when I come home at the end of September. It will bring you in about £15.'

Allen was modestly elated, and only wished he had gone to one of the periodicals more widely circulated. It was plain that literature was his vocation, and he was going to write a novel to be published in a serial, the instalments paying his expenses for the trial. The only doubt was what it should be about, whether a sporting tale of modern life, or a historical story in which his familiarity with Italian art and scenery would be available. Jock advised the former, Armine inclined to the latter, for each had tried his hand in his own particular line in the *Traveller's Joy*, and wanted to see his germ developed.

To write in the heat and glare of London was however manifestly impossible in Allen's eyes, and he must recruit himself by a yachting expedition to which an old acquaintance had invited him half compassionately. Jock shrugged his shoulders on hearing of it, and observed that a tuft always expected to be paid in service, if in no other way, and he doubted Allen's liking it, but that was his affair. Jock himself, with his usual facility of making friends, had picked up a big north-country student, twice as large as himself, with whom he meant to walk through the scenery of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, as far as the modest sum they allowed themselves would permit, after which he was to make a brief stay in his friend's paternal Cumberland farm. He had succeeded in gaining a scholarship at the Medical School of his father's former hospital, and this, with the remains of the price of his commission, still made him the rich man of the family. John was of course going home, and Mrs. Brownlow and the two younger ones had a warm invitation from their friends at Fordham.

'I should like Army to go,' said the mother in conference with Babie, her cabinet councillor.

'O yes, *Army* must go,' said Babie, 'but——'

'Then it will not disappoint you to stay at home, my dear?'

'I had much rather not go, if Sydney will not mind very much.'

'Well, Babie, I had resolved to stay here this summer, and I thought you would not wish to go without me.'

'O no, no, NO, NO, mother,' and her face and neck burnt with blushes.

'Then my Infant and I will be thoroughly cosy together, and get some surprises ready for the others.'

'Hurrah! We'll do the painting of the doors. What fun it will be to see London empty.'

The male population were horribly scandalised at the decision. Jock and Armine wanted to give up their journey, and John implored his aunt to come to Kencroft; but she only promised to send Babie there if she saw signs of flagging, and the Infanta laughed at the

notion, and said she had had an overdose of country enough to last her for years. Allen said ladies overdid everything, and that Mother Carey could not help being one of the sex, and then he asked her for £10, and said Babie would have plenty of time to copy out 'The Single Eye.' She pouted 'I thought you were going to put the finishing touches.'

'I've marked them for you. Why, Barbara, I am surprised,' he added in an elder brotherly tone ; 'you ought to be thankful to be able to be useful.'

'Useful ! I've lots of things to do ! And you ?'

'As if I could lug that great MS. of yours about with me on board Apthorpe's yacht.'

'Never mind, Allen,' said his mother, who had not been intended to hear all this. 'I will do it for you ; but Miss Editor must not laugh at my peaked governessy hand.'

'I did not mean that, mother, only Babie ought not to be dis-obliging.'

'Babie has a good deal to do. She has an essay to write for her professor, you know, and her hands are pretty full.'

Babie too said, 'Mother, I never meant you to undertake it. Please let me have it now. Only Allen will never do anything for himself that he can get any one else to do.'

'He could not well do it on board the yacht, my dear. And I don't want you to have so much writing on your hands.'

'And so you punish me,' sighed Barbara, more annoyed than penitent.

However nothing could be more snug and merry than the mother and daughter when left together, for they were like two sisters and suited one another perfectly. Babie was disappointed that London would not look emptier even in the fashionable squares, which she insisted on exploring in search of solitude. They made little gay outings in a joyous spirit of adventure, getting up early and going by train to some little station, with an adjacent expanse of wood or heather, whence they came home with their luncheon basket full of flowers, wherewith to gladden Mrs. Lucas's eyes, and those of Mother Carey's district. They prepared their surprises too. Several hopelessly dingy panels were painted black and adorned with stately lilies and irises, with proud reed-maces, and twining honeysuckle, and bryony, fluttered over by dragon-flies and butterflies, from the brush of mother and daughter. The stores from Belforest further supplied hangings for brackets, and coverings for cushions, under the dainty fingers of the Infanta, who had far more of the household fairy about her than had her mother, perhaps from having grown up in a home instead of a school, and besides, from being bent on having the old house a delightful place.

Indeed her mother was really happier than for many years, for the sense of failing in her husband's charge had left her since she had

seen Jock by his own free will on the road to the quest, and likely also to fulfil the moral as well as the scientific conditions attached to it. She did feel as if her dream was being realised and the golden statues becoming warmed into life, and though her heart ached for Janet, she still hoped for her. So, with a mother's unfailing faith, she believed in Allen's dawning future, even while another sense within her marvelled, as she copied, at the acceptance of 'The Single Eye.' But then, was it not well-known that loving eyes see the most faults, and was not an editor the best judge of popularity?

She had her scheme too. She had taken lessons some years ago at Rome in her old art of modelling, and knew her eye and taste had improved in the galleries. She had once or twice amused the household by figures executed by her dexterous fingers in pastry or in butter; and in the empty house, in her old studio amid remnants of Bobus's museum, she set to work on a design that had long been in her mind asking her to bring it into being.

Thus the *tête-à-tête* was so successful that people's pity was highly diverting, and the vacation was almost too brief, though when the young men began to return, it was a wonder how existence could have been so agreeable without them.

Jock was first, having come home ten days sooner than his friends were willing to part with him, determined if he found his ladies looking pale to drag them out of town, if only to Ramsgate.

They met him in a glow of animation, and Babie hardly gave him time to lay down his basket of ferns from the dale, and flowers from the garden, before she threw open the folding doors to the back drawing-room.

'Why, mother, who sent you that group? Why do you laugh? Did Grinstead lend it to Babie to copy? Young Astyanax, isn't it? And, I say, Andromache is just like Jessie. I say! Mother Carey didn't do it! Well! She is an astonishing little mother and no mistake. The moulding of it! Our anatomical professor might lecture on Hector's arm.'

'Ah! I haven't been a surgeon's wife for nothing. Your father put me through a course of arms and legs.'

'And we borrowed a baby,' said Babie. 'Mrs. Jones, our old groom's wife, who lives in the Mews, was only too happy to bring it, and when it was shy, it clung beautifully.'

'Then the helmet.'

'That was out of the British Museum.'

'Has Grinstead seen it?'

'No, I kept it for my own public first.'

'What will you do with it? Put it into the Royal Academy?'

'No, it is not big enough. I thought of offering it to the Works that used to take my things in the old Folly days. They might do it in terra cotta, or Parian.'

'Too good for a toy material like that,' said Jock. Get some good opinion before you part with it, mother. I wish we could keep it. I'm proud of my Mother Carey.'

Allen, who came home next, only sighed at the cruel necessity of selling such a work. He was in deplorable spirits, for Gilbert Gould was superintending the refitting of a beautiful steam yacht, in which Miss Menella meant to sail to the West Indies, with her uncle and aunt.

'I knew she would! I knew she would,' softly said Babie.

That did not console Allen, and his silence and cynicism about his hosts gave the impression that he had outstayed his welcome, since he had neither wealth, nor the social brilliance or subservience that might have supplied its place. He had scarcely energy to thank his mother for her faultless transcription of 'The Single Eye,' and only just exerted himself to direct the neat roll of MS. to the Editor.

The next day a note came for him.

'Mother, what have you done?' he exclaimed. 'What *did* you send to the *Weathercock*?'

"The Single Eye." What? Not rejected?'

'See there!'

'DEAR MR. BROWNLOW,—I am afraid there has been some mistake. The story I wished for is not this one, but another in the same MS. Magazine: a charming little history of a boy's capture by and escape from the Moorish corsairs. Can you let me have it by Tuesday? I am very sorry to have given so much trouble, but "The Single Eye" will not suit my purpose at all.'

'What does she mean?' demanded Allen.

'I see! It is a story of the children's! "Marco's Felucca." I looked at it while I was copying, and thought how pretty it was. And now I remember there were some pencil-marks!'

'Well, it will please the children,' graciously said Allen. 'I am not sorry; I did not wish to make my *début* in a second-rate serial like that, and now I am quit of it. She is quite right. It is not her style of thing.'

But Allen did not remember that he had spent the 15*l.* beforehand, so as to make it 25*l.*, and this made it fortunate that his mother's group had been purchased by the porcelain works, and another pair ordered.

Thus she could freely leave their gains to Armine and Babie, for the latter declared the sum was alike due to both, since if she had the readiest wit, her brother had the most discrimination, and the best choice of language. The story was only signed A. B., and their mother made a point of the authorship being kept a secret; but little notices of the story in the papers highly gratified the young authors.

Armine, who had returned from a round of visits to S. Cradocke's, Fordham, Kenminster, and Woodside, confirmed the report of Elvira's intended voyage; but till the yacht was ready, the party had gone

abroad, leaving the management of the farm, and agency of the estate, to a very worthy man named Whiteside, who had long been a suitor to Mary Gould, and whom she was at last allowed to marry. He had at once made the Kencroft party free of the park and gardens, and indeed John and Armine came laden with gifts in poultry, fruit, and flowers from the dependants on the estate to Mrs. Brownlow.

Armine really looked quite healthy, nothing remaining of his former ethereal air, but a certain expansiveness of brow and dreaminess of eye.

He greatly scrupled at halving the 15*l*. when it was paid, but Barbara insisted that he must take his share, and he then said—

‘After all it does not signify, for we can do things together with it, as we have always done.’

‘What things?’

‘Well, I am afraid I do want a few books.’

‘So do I, terribly.’

‘And there are some Christmas gifts I want to send to Woodside.’

‘Woodside! oh!’

‘And wouldn’t it be pleasant to put the choir at the iron church into surplices and cassocks for Christmas?’

‘Oh, Army, I do think we might have a little fun out of our own money.’

‘What fun do you mean?’ said Armine.

‘I want to subscribe to Rolandi’s, and to take in the *Contemporary*, and to have one real good Christmas party with *tableaux vivants*, and charades. Mother says we can’t make it a mere surprise party, for people must have real food, and I think it would be more pleasure to all of us than presents and knickknacks.’

‘Of course you can do it,’ said Armine, rather disappointed. ‘And if we had in Percy Stagg, and the pupil teachers, and the mission people——’

‘It would be awfully edifying and good-booky! Oh yes, to be sure, nearly as good as hiding your little sooty shoe-blacks in surplices! But, my dear Army, I am so tired of edifying! Why should I never have any fun? Come, don’t look so dismal. I’ll spare five shillings for a gown for old Betty Grey, and if there’s anything left out after the party, you shall have it for the surplices, and you’ll be Roland Græme in my *tableau*?’

The next day Mother Carey found Armine with an elbow on each side of his book, and his hands in his hair, looking so dreamily mournful that she apprehended a fresh attack of Petronella, but made her approaches warily.

‘What have you there?’ she asked.

‘Dean Church’s lectures,’ he said.

‘Ah! I want to make time to read them! But why have they sent you into doleful dumps?’

'Not they,' said Armine; 'but I wanted to read Babie a passage just now, and she said she had no notion of making Sundays of week days, and ran away. It is not only that, mother, but what is the matter with Babie? She is quite different.'

'Have you only just seen it?'

'No, I have felt something indefinable between us, though I never could bear to speak of it, ever since Bobus went. Do you think he did her any harm?'

'A little, but not much. Shall I tell you the truth, Armine; can you bear it?'

'What! did I disgust her when I was so selfish and discontented?'

'Not so much you, my boy, as the overdoing at-Woodside! I can venture to speak of it now, for I fancy you have got over the trance.'

'Well, mother,' said Armine, smiling back to her in spite of himself, 'I have not liked to say so, it seemed a shame; but staying at the Vicarage made me wonder at my being such an egregious ass last year! Do you know, I couldn't help it; but that good lady would seem to me quite mawkish in her flattery! And how she does domineer over that poor brother of hers! Then the fuss she makes about details, never seeming to know which are accessories and which are principles. I don't wonder that I was an absurdity in the eyes of all beholders. But it is very sad if it has really alienated my dear Infanta from all deeper and higher things!'

'Not so bad as that, my dear; my Babie is a good little girl.'

'Oh yes, mother, I did not mean—'

'But it did break that unity between you, and prevent your leading her insensibly. I fancy your two characters would have grown apart anyhow, but this was the moving cause. Now I fancy, so far as I can see, that she is more afraid of being wearied and restrained than of anything else. It is just what I felt for many years of my life.'

'No, mother?'

'Yes, my boy; till the time of your illness, serious thought, religion and all the rest, seemed to me a tedious tax; and though I always, I believe, made it a rule to my conscience in practical matters, it has only very, very lately been anything like the real joy I believe it has always been to you. Believe that, and be patient with your little sister, for indeed she is an unselfish, true, faithful little being, and some day she will go deeper.'

Armine looked up to his mother, and his eyes were full of tears, as she kissed him, and said—

'You will do her much more good if you sympathise with her in her innocent pleasures than if you insist on dragging her into what she feels like privations.'

'Very well, mother,' he said. 'It is due to her.'

And so, though the choir did have at least half Armine's share of

the price of 'Marco's Felucca,' he threw himself most heartily into the Christmas party, was the poet of the versified charade, acted the strong-minded woman who was the chief character in 'Blue Bell'; and he and Jock gained universal applause.

Allen hardly appeared at the party. He had a fresh attack of sleepless headache and palpitation, brought on by the departure of Miss Menella for the Continent, and perhaps by the failure of 'A Single Eye' with some of the magazines. He dabbled a little with his mother's clay, and produced a nymph, who, as he persuaded her and himself, was a much nobler performance than Andromache, but unfortunately she did not prove equally marketable. And he said it was quite plain that he could not succeed in anything imaginative till his health and spirits had recovered from the blow; but he was ready to do anything.

So Dr. Medlicott brought in one day a medical lecture that he wanted to have translated from the German, and told Allen that it would be well paid for. He began, but it made his head ache; it was not a subject that he could well turn over to Babie; and when Jock brought a message to say the translation must be ready the next day, only a quarter had been attempted. Jock sat up till three o'clock in the morning and finished it, but he could not pain his mother by letting her know that her son had again failed, so Allen had the money, and really believed, as he said, that all Jock had done was to put the extreme end to it, and correct the medical lingo of which he could not be expected to know anything. Allen was always so gentle, courteous, and melancholy, that every one was getting out of the habit of expecting him to do anything but bring home news, discover anything worth going to see, sit at the foot of the table, and give his verdict on the cookery. Babie indeed was sometimes provoked into snapping at him, but he bore it with the amiable magnanimity of one who could forgive a petulant child, ignorant of what he suffered.

Jock was borne up by a great pleasure that winter. One day at dinner, his mother watched his eyes dancing, and heard the old boyish ring of mirth in his laugh, and as she went up stairs at night, he came after and said—

'Fancy, I met Evelyn on the ice to-day. He wants to know if he may call.'

'What prevents him?'

'Well, I believe the poor old chap is heartily ashamed of his airs. Indeed he as good as said so. He has been longing to make a fresh start, only he didn't know how.'

'I think he used you very ill, Jock; but if you wish to be on the old terms, I will do as you like.'

'Well,' said Jock, in an odd apologetic voice, 'you see the old beggar had got into a pig-headed sort of pet last year. He said he would cut me if I left the service, and so he felt bound to be as

good as his word ; but he seems to have felt lost without us, and to have been looking out for a chance of meeting. He was horribly humiliated by the Friar looking over his head last week.'

'Very well. If he chooses to call, here we are.'

'Yes, and don't put on your cold shell, mother mine. After all, Evelyn is Evelyn. There are wiser fellows, but I shall never warm to any one again like him. Why, he was the first fellow who came into my room at Eton ! I am to meet him to-morrow after the lecture. May I bring him home ?'

'If he likes. His mother's son must have a welcome.'

She could not feel cordial, and she so much expected that the young gentleman might be seized with a fresh fit of exclusive disdain, that she would not mention the possibility, and it was an amazement to all save herself when Jock appeared with the familiar figure in his wake. Guardsman as he was, Cecil had the grace to look bashful, not to say shamefaced, and more so at Mrs. Brownlow's kindly reception, than at Barbara's freezing dignity. The young lady was hotly resentful on Jock's behalf, and showed it by a stiff courtesy, elevated eyebrows, and the merest tips of her fingers.

Allen took it easily. He had been too much occupied with his own troubles to have entered into all the complications with the Evelyn family ; and though he had never greatly cared for them, and had viewed Cecil chiefly as an obnoxious boy, he was, in his mournful way, gratified by any reminder of his former surroundings. So without malice prepense he stung poor Cecil by observing that it was long since they had met ; but no one could be expected to find the way to the other end of nowhere. Cecil blushed and stammered something about Hounslow, but Allen, who prided himself on being the conversational man of the world, carried off the talk into safe channels.

As Cecil was handing Mrs. Brownlow down to the dining-room wicked Barbara whispered to her cousin John—

'We've such a nice vulgar dinner. It couldn't have been better if I'd known it !'

But John, whose wrath had evaporated in his 'cut,' shook his head at her, but partook of her diversion at her brother's resignation at sight of a large dish of boiled beef, with a suet pudding opposite to it. Allen was too well bred to apologise, but he carved in the dainty and delicate style befitting the single slice of meat interspersed between countless *entrées*. Barbara began to relent as soon as Cecil, after making four mouthfuls of Allen's help, sent his plate with a request for something more substantial. And before the meal was over, his evident sense of *bien-être* and happiness had won back her kindness ; she remembered that he was Sydney's brother, and took no more trouble to show her indignation.

Thenceforth, Cecil was as much as ever Jock's friend, and a frequenter of the family, finding that the loss of their wealth and place

in the great world made wonderfully little difference to them, and rather enhanced the pleasant freedom and life of their house. The rest of the family were seen once or twice, when passing through London, but only in calls, which, as Babie said, were as good as nothing, except, as she forgot to add, that they broke through the constraint on her correspondence with Sydney.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE PHANTOM BLACKCOCK OF KILNAUGHT.

'At home? Then take these. There's a lot more. I'll run up,' said Cecil Evelyn one October evening nearly two years later, as he thrust into the arms of the parlour-maid a whole bouquet of game, while his servant extracted a hamper from his cab, and he himself dashed up stairs with a great basket of hot-house flowers.

But in the drawing-room he stood aghast, glancing round in the firelit dusk to ascertain that he had not mistaken the number, for though the maid at the door had a well-known face, and though tables, chairs, and pictures were familiar, the two occupants of the room were utter strangers, and at least as much startled as himself.

A little pale child was hurriedly put down from the lap of a tall maiden who rose from a low chair by the fire, and stood uncertain.

'I beg your pardon,' he said; 'I came to see Mrs. Brownlow.'

'My aunt. She will be here in a moment. Will you run and call her, Lina?'

'You may tell her Cecil Evelyn is here,' said he; 'but there is no hurry,' he added, seeing that the child clung to her protector, too shy even to move. 'You are John Brownlow's little sister, eh?' he added, bending towards her; but as she crept round in terror, still clinging, he addressed the elder one: 'I am so glad, I thought I had rushed into a strange house, and should have to beat a retreat.'

The young lady gave a little shy laugh which made her sweet oval glowing face and soft brown eyes light up charmingly, and there was a fresh graceful roundness of outline about her tall slender figure, as she stood holding the shy child, which made her a wondrously pleasant sight. 'Are you staying here?' he asked.

'Yes; we came for advice for my little sister, who is not strong.'

'I'm so glad. I mean I hope there is only enough amiss to make you stay a long time. Were you ever in town before?'

'Only for a few hours on our way to school.'

Here a voice reached them—

'Fee, fa, fum,
I smell the breath of geranium.'

And through the back drawing-room door came Babie, in walking attire, declaiming—

'Tis Cecil, by the jingling steel,
 'Tis Cecil, by the pawing bay,
 'Tis Cecil, by the tall two-wheel,
 'Tis Cecil, by the fragrant spray.'

'O Cecil, how lovely ! Oh, the maiden-hair. You've been making acquaintance with Essie and Lina !'

'I did not know you were out, Babie,' said Essie. 'Was my aunt with you ?'

'Yes. We just ran over to see Mrs. Lucas, and as we were coming home, a poor woman besought us to buy two toasting-forks, and a mouse-trap, by way of ornament to brandish in the streets. She looked so frightfully wretched, that mother let her follow, and is having it out with her at the door. So you are from Fordham, Cecil ; I see and I smell. How are they ?'

'Duke is rather brisk. I actually got him out shooting yesterday, but he didn't half like it, and was thankful when I let him go home again. See, Sydney said I was to tell you that passion-flower came from the plant she brought from Algiers.'

'The beauty ! It must go into Mrs. Evelyn's Venice glass,' said Babie, bustling about to collect her vases.

Lina, with a cry of delight, clutched at a spray of butterfly-like mauve and white orchids, in spite of her sister's gentle 'No, no, Lina, you must not touch.'

Babie offered some China asters in its stead, Cecil muttered 'Let her have it ;' but Esther was firm in making her relinquish it, and when she began to cry, led her away with pretty tender gestures of mingled comfort and reproof.

'Poor little thing,' said Babie, 'she is sadly fretful. Nobody but Essie can manage her.'

'I should think not !' said Cecil, looking after the vision, as if he did not know what he was saying. 'You never told me you had any one like *that* in the family ?'

'O yes ; there are two of them, as much alike as two peas.'

'What ! the Monk's sisters ?'

'To be sure. They are a comely family ; all but poor little Lina.'

'Will they be long here ?'

'That depends. That poor little mite is the youngest but one, and the nurse likes boys best. So she peaked and pined, and was bullied by Edmund above and Harry below, and was always in trouble. Nobody but Johnny and Essie ever had a good word for her. This autumn it came to a crisis. You know we had a great meeting of the two families at Walmer, and there, the shock of bathing nearly took out of her all the little life there was. I believe she would have gone into fits if mother had not heard her screams, and dashed on the nurse like a vindictive mermaid, and then *made* uncle Robert believe her. My aunt trusts the nurse, you must know, and lets her ride rough-

shod over every one in the nursery. The poor little thing was always whining and fretting whenever she was not in Essie's arms or the Monk's, till the Monk declared she had a spine, and he and mother gave uncle and aunt no peace till they brought her here for advice, and sure enough her poor little spine is all wrong, and will never be good for anything without a regular course of watching and treatment. So we have her here with Essie to look after her for as long as Sir Edward Fane wants to keep her under him, and you can't think what a nice little mortal she turns out to be now she is rescued from nurse and those little ruffians of brothers.'

'That's first-rate,' remarked Cecil.

'The eucharis and maiden-hair, is it not? I must keep some sprays for our hairs to-night.'

'Is any one coming to-night?'

'The promiscuous herd. Oh, didn't you know? Our Johns told mother it would be no end of kindness to let them bring in a sprinkling of their fellow-students—poor lads that live poked up in lodgings, and never see a lady or any civilisation all through the term. So she took to having them on Thursday once a fortnight, and Dr. Medlicott was perfectly delighted, and said she could not do a better work; and it is such fun! We don't have them unmitigated, we get other people to enliven them. The Actons are coming, and I hope Mr. Esdale is coming to-night to show us his photographs of the lost cities in Central America. You'll stay, won't you?'

'If Mrs. Brownlow will let me. I hope your toasting-fork woman has not spirited her away?'

'Under the eyes of your horse and man.'

'Are you all at home? And has Allen finished his novel?'

Babie laughed, and said—

'Poor Ali! You see there comes a fresh blight whenever it begins to bud.'

'What has that wretched girl been doing now?'

'Oh, don't you know? The yacht had to be overhauled, so they went to Florence instead, and have been wandering about in all the resorts of rather shady people, where Lisette can cut a figure. Mr. Wakefield is terribly afraid that even poor Mr. Gould himself is taking to gambling for want of something to do. There are always reports coming of Elfie taking up with some count or baron. It was a Russian prince last time, and then Ali goes down into the very lowest depths, and can't do anything but smoke. You know that's good for blighted beings. I cure my plants by putting them into his room surreptitiously.'

'You are a hard-hearted little mortal, Babie. Ah, there's the bell!'

Mrs. Brownlow came in with the two Johns, who had joined her just as she had finished talking to the poor woman; Jock carried off

his friend to dress, and Babie, after finishing her arrangements and making the most of every fragment of flower or leaf, repaired, with a selection of delicate sprays, to the room where Esther, having put her little sister to bed, was dressing for dinner. She was eager to tell of her alarm at the invasion, and of Captain Evelyn's good-nature when she had expected him to be proud and disagreeable.

'He wanted to be,' said Babie, 'but honest nature was too strong for him.'

'Johnny was so angry at the way he treated Jack.'

'O, we quite forget all that. Poor fellow ! it was a mistaken reading of *noblesse oblige*, and he is very much ashamed of it. There, let me put this fern and fuchsia into your hair. I'll try to do it as well as Ellie would.'

She did so, and better, being more dainty-fingered, and having more taste. It really was an artistic pleasure to deal with such beautiful hair, and such a lovely lay figure as Esther's. With all her queenly beauty and grace, the girl had that simplicity and sedateness which often goes with regularity of feature, and was hardly conscious of the admiration she excited. Her good looks were those of the family, and Kenminster was used to them. This was her first evening of company, for on the only previous occasion her little sister had been unwell, sleepless and miserable in the strange house, and she had begged off. She was very shy now, and could not go down without Barbara's protection, so at the last moment before dinner, the little brown fairy led in the tall, stately maiden, all in white, with the bright fuchsias and delicate fern in her dark hair, and a creamy rose, set off by a few more in her bosom.

Babie exulted in her work, and as her mother beheld Cecil's raptured glance and the incarnadine glow it called up, she guessed all that would follow in one rapid prevision, accompanied by a sharp pang for her son in Japan. It was not in her maternal heart not to hope almost against her will that some fibre had been touched by Bobus that would be irresponsible to others, but duty and loyalty alike forbade the slightest attempt to revive the thought of the poor absentee, and she must steel herself to see things take their course, and own it for the best.

Esther was a silent damsel. The clash of keen wits and exchange of family repartee were quite beyond her. She had often wondered whether her cousins were quarrelling, and been only reassured by seeing them so merry and friendly, and her own brother bearing his part as naturally as the rest. She was more scandalised than ever to-day, for it absolutely seemed to her that they were all treating Captain Evelyn, long moustache and all, like a mere family butt, certainly worse than they would have treated one of her own brothers, for Rob would have sulked, and Joe, or any of the younger ones, might have been dangerous, whereas this distinguished-looking person-

age bore all as angelically as befitted one called by such a charming term as the Honourable Cecil Evelyn.

'How about the shooting, Cecil? Sydney said you had not very good sport.'

'Why—no, not till I joined Rainsforth's party.'

'Where was your moor?'

'In Lanarkshire,' rather unwillingly.

'Eh,' said Allen, in a peculiar soft languid tone, that meant diversion. 'Near L——?'

'Yes.'

Then Jock burst out into laughter inexplicable at first, but Allen made his voice gentler and graver, as he said, 'You don't mean Kilnaught?' and then he too joined Jock in laughter, as the latter cried—

'Another victim to M'Nab of Kilnaught! He certainly is the canniest of Scots.'

'He revenges the wrongs of Scotland on innocent young guardsmen.'

'Well, I'm sure there could not be a more promising advertisement.'

'That's just it!' said Jock. 'Moor and moss. How many acres of heather?'

'How was I to expect a man of family to be a regular swindler?'

'Hush! hush, my dear fellow! Roderick Dhu was a man of family. It is the modern form.'

'But I saw his keeper.'

'Oh!' cried Allen. 'I know! Old Rory! Tells you a long story in broad Scotch, of which you understand one word here and there about his Grace the Deuke, and how many miles—miles Scots—he walked.'

'I can see Evelyn listening, and saying "yes," at polite intervals!'

'How many birds did you actually see?'

'Well, I killed two brace and a half the first day.'

'Hatched under a hen, and let out for a foretaste.'

'And there was one old blackcock.'

'That blackcock! There are serious doubts whether it is a phantom bird, or whether Rory keeps it tame as a decoy. You didn't kill it?'

'No.'

'If you had, you *might* have boasted of an achievement,' said Allen.

'The spell would have been destroyed,' added Jock. 'But you did not let him finish. Did you say you *saw* the blackcock?'

'I am not sure; I think I heard it rise once, but the keeper was always seeing it.'

Everybody but Essie was in fits of laughing at Cecil's frank air of good-humoured, self-defensive simplicity and Armine observed—

'There's a fine subject for a ballad for the *Traveller's Joy*, Babie.
 "The Phantom Blackcock of Kilnaught!"'

Babie extemporised at once, amid great applause—

'The hills are high, the laird's purse dry,
 Come out in the morning early ;
 M'Nabs are keen, the Guards are green,
 The blackcock's tail is curly.

'The Southron's spoil 'tis worthy toil,
 Come out in the morning early ;
 Come take my house and kill my grouse,
 The blackcock's tail is curly.

'Come out, come out, quoth Rory stout,
 Come out in the morning early.
 Sir Captain mark, he rises ! hark,
 The blackcock's tail is curly.'

'Repetition, Babie,' said her mother ; 'too like the Montjoie S. Denis poem.'

'It saves so much trouble, mother.'

'And a recall to the freshness and innocence of childhood is so pleasing,' added Jock.

'How much did the man of family let his moor for?' asked Allen.

There Cecil saw the pitiful and indignant face opposite to him, would have sulked, and began looking at her for sympathy, exclaiming at last—

'Haven't you a word to say for me, Miss Brownlow?'

'I don't like it at all. I don't think it is fair,' broke from Essie, as she coloured crimson at the laugh.

'He likes it, my dear,' said Babie.

'It is a gentle titillation,' said Allen.

'He can't get on without it,' said the Friar.

'And comes for it like the cattle to the scrubbing-stones,' said the Skipjack.

'Yes,' said Armine ; 'but he tries to get pitied, like Chico walking on three legs when some one is looking at him.'

'You deal in most elegant comparisons,' said the mother.

'Only to get him a little more pitied,' said Jock. 'He is as grateful as possible for being made so interesting.'

'Hark, there's a knock!' cried Allen. 'Can't you instruct your cubs not to punish the door so severely, Jock? I believe they think that the more row they make, the more they proclaim their nobility!'

'The obvious derivation of the word stunning,' said Mother Carey, as she rose to meet her guests in the drawing-room, and Cecil to hold the door for her.

'Stay, Evelyn,' said Allen. 'This is the night when unlicked cubs

do disport themselves in our precincts. A mistaken sense of philanthropy has led my mother to make this house the fortnightly *salon bleu* of S. Thomas's. But there's a pipe at your service in my room.'

'Dr. Medlicott is coming,' said Babie, who had tarried behind the Johns, 'and perhaps Mr. Grinstead, and we are sure to have Mr. Esdale's photographs. It is never all students, medical or otherwise. Much better than Allen's smoke, Cecil.'

'I am coming of course,' he said. 'I was only waiting for the Infanta.'

It may be doubted whether the photographs, Dr. Medlicott, or even Jock were the attraction. He was much more fond of using his privilege of dropping in when the family were alone, than of finding himself in the midst of what an American guest had called Mrs. Brownlow's surprise parties. They were on regular evenings, but no one knew who was coming, from scientific peers to daily governesses, from royal academicians to medical students, from a philanthropic countess to a city missionary. To listen to an exposition of the microphone, to share in a Shakespeare reading, or worse still, in a paper game, was, in the Captain's eyes, such a bore that he generally had only haunted Collingwood Street on home days and on Sundays, when, for his mother's sake and his own, an exception was made in his favour.

He followed Babie with unusual alacrity, and found Mrs. Brownlow shaking hands with a youth whom Jock upheld as a genius, but who laboured under the double misfortune of always coming too soon, and never knowing what to do with his arms and legs. He at once perceived Captain Evelyn to be an 'awful swell,' and became trebly wretched—in contrast to Jock's open-hearted, genial young dalesman, who stood towering over every one with his broad shoulders and hearty face, perfectly at his ease (as he would have been in Buckingham Palace), and only wondering a little that Brownlow could stand an empty-headed military fop like that; while Cecil himself, after gazing about vaguely, muttered to Babie something about her cousin.

'She is gone to see whether Lina is asleep, and will be too shy to come down again if I don't drag her.'

So away flew Babie, and more eyes than Cecil Evelyn's were struck when in ten minutes' time she again led in her cousin.

Mr. Acton, who was talking to Mrs. Brownlow, said in an undertone—

'Your model? Another niece?'

'Yes; you remember Jessie?'

'This is a more ideal face.'

It was true. Esther had lived much less than her elder sister in the Coffinkey atmosphere, and there was nothing to mar the peculiar dignified innocence and perfect unconsciousness of her sweet maidenly

bloom. She never guessed that every man, and every woman too, was admiring her, except the strong-minded one who saw in her the true inane Raffaelesque Madonna on whom George Eliot is so severe.

Nor did the lady alter her opinion when at the end of a very curious speculation about primeval American civilisation, Captain Evelyn and Miss Brownlow were discovered studying family photographs in a corner, apparently much more interested whether a hideous half-faded brown shadow had resembled John at fourteen, than to what century and what nation those odd curley-whirleys on stone belonged, and what they were meant to express.

Babie was scandalised.

'You didn't listen! It was most wonderful! Why Army went down and fetched up Allen to hear about those wonderful walled towns!'

'I don't go in for improving my mind,' said Cecil.

'Then you should not hinder Essie from improving hers! Think of letting her go home having seen nothing but all the repeated photographs of her brothers and sisters!'

'Well, what would she like to see?' cried Cecil. 'I'm good for anything you want to go to before the others are free.'

'The Ethiopian serenaders, or, may be, Punch,' said Jock. 'Madame Tussaud would be too intellectual.'

'When Lina is strong enough she is to see Madame Tussaud,' said Essie, gravely. 'Georgie once went, and she has wished for it ever since.'

'Oh, we'll get up Madame Tussaud for her at home, free gratis, for nothing at all!' cried Armine, whose hard work inspirited him to fun and frolic.

So in the twilight hour two days later there was a grand exhibition of human waxworks, in which Babie explained tableaux represented by the two Johns, Armine, and Cecil, supposed to be adapted to Lina's capacity. With the timid child it was not a success, the disguises frightened her, and gave her an uncanny feeling that her friends were transformed; she sat most of the time on her aunt's lap, with her face hidden, and barely hindered from crying by the false assurance that it was all for her pleasure.

But there was no doubt that Esther was a pleased spectator of the show, and her gratitude far more than sufficient to cover the little one's ingratitude.

Those two drifted together. In every gathering, when strangers had departed they were found *tête-à-tête*. Cecil's horses knew the way to Collingwood Street better than anywhere else, and he took to appearing there at times when he was fully aware Jock would be at the night-school or Mutual Improvement Society.

Though strongly wishing on poor Bobus's account that it should not go much farther under her own auspices; day after day it was more

borne in upon Mrs. Brownlow that her house held an irresistible attraction to the young officer, and she wondered over her duty to the parents who had trusted her. Acting on impulse at last, she took council with John, securing him as her companion in the gaslit walk from a concert.

'Do you see what is going on there?' she asked, indicating the pair before them.

'What do you mean? Oh, I never thought of *that*!'

'I don't think! I have seen. Ever since the night of the Phantom Blackcock of Kilnaught; he did his work on Essie.'

'Essie rather thinks he is after the Infanta.'

'It looks like it! What could have put it into her head? It did not originate there!'

'Something my mother said about Babie being a viscountess.'

'You know better, Friar!'

'I thought so; but I only told her it was no such thing, and I believe the child thought I meant to rebuke her for mentioning such frivolities, for she turned scarlet and held her peace.'

'Perhaps the delusion has kept her unconscious, and made her the sweeter. But the question is, whether this ought to go on without letting your people know?'

'I suppose they would have no objection?' said John. 'There's no harm in Evelyn, and he shows his sense by running after Jock. He hasn't got the family health either. I'd rather have him than an old stick like Jessie's General.'

'Yes, if all were settled, I believe your mother would be very well pleased. The question is, whether it is using her fairly not to let her know in the meantime?'

'Well, what is the code among you parents and guardians?'

'I don't know that there is any, but I think that though the crisis might be pleasing enough, yet if your mother found out what was going on, she might be vexed at not having been informed.'

John considered a moment, and then proposed that if things looked 'like it' at the end of the week, he should go down on Saturday and give a hint of preparation to his father, letting him understand the merits of the case. However, in the existing state of affairs, a week was a long time, and that very Sunday brought the crisis.

The recollection of former London Sundays, of Mary Ogilvie's quiet protests, and of the effect on her two eldest children, had strengthened Mrs. Brownlow's resolution to make it impossible to fill the afternoon with aimless visiting and gossiping; and plenty of other occupations had sprung up.

Thus on this particular afternoon she and Barbara were with their Girls' Friendly Society Classes, of which Babie took the clever one, and she the stupid. Armine was reading with Percy Stagg, and a party of School Board pupil-teachers; whom that youth had brought him, as

very anxious for the religious instruction they knew not how to obtain. Jock had taken the Friar's Bible Class of young men, and Allen had, as a great favour, undertaken to sit with Dr. and Mrs. Lucas till he could look in on them. So that Esther and Lina were the sole occupants of the drawing-room when Captain Evelyn rang at the door, knowing very well that he was only permitted up stairs an hour later in time for a cup of tea before evensong. He *did* look into Allen's sitting-room as a matter of form, but finding it empty, and hearing a buzz of voices elsewhere, he took licence to go up stairs, and there he found Esther telling her little sister such histories of Arundel Society engravings as she could comprehend.

Lina sprang to him at once ; Esther coloured, and began to account for the rest of the family. 'I hear,' said Cecil, as low tones came through the closed doors of the back drawing room, 'they work as hard here as my sister does !'

'I think my aunt has almost done,' said Essie, with a shy doubt whether she ought to stay. 'Come, Lina, I must get you ready for tea.'

'No, no,' said Cecil, 'don't go ! You need not be as much afraid of me as that first time I walked in, and thought I had got into a strange house.'

Essie laughed a little, and said, 'A month ago ! Sometimes it seems a very long time, and sometimes a very short one.'

'I hope it seems a very long time that you have known me.'

'Well, Johnny and all the rest had known you ever so long,' answered she with a confusion of manner that expressed a good deal more than the words. 'I really must go——'

'Not till you have told me more than that,' cried Cecil, seizing his opportunity with a sudden rush of audacity. 'If you know me, can you—can you like me ? Can't you ? Oh, Essie, stay ! Could you ever love me, you peerless, sweetest, loveliest——'

By this time, Mrs. Brownlow, who had heard Cecil's boots on the stairs, and particularly wished to stave matters off till after the Friar's mission, had made a hasty conclusion of her lesson, and letting her girls depart, opened the door. She saw at once that she was too late ; but there was no retreat, for Esther flew past her in shy terror, and Cecil advanced with the earnest, innocent entreaty, 'Oh, Mrs. Brownlow, make her hear me ! I must have it out, or I can't bear it.'

'Oh,' said she, 'it has come to this, has it ?' speaking half-quaintly, half-sadly, and holding Lina kindly back.

'I could not help it !' he went on. 'She did look so lovely, and she is so dear ! Do get her down that I may see her again. I shall not have a happy moment till she answers me.'

'Are you sure you will have a happy moment *then* ?'

'I don't know. That's the thing ! Won't you help a fellow a bit, Mrs. Brownlow ? I'm quite done for. There never was any one so

nice, or so sweet, or so lovely, or so unlike all the horrid girls in society! Oh, make her say a kind word to me!

'I'll make her,' said little Lina, looking up from her aunt's side. 'I like you very much, Captain Evelyn, and I'll run and make Essie tell you she does.'

'Not quite so fast, my dear,' said her aunt, as both laughed, and Cecil, solacing himself with a caress, and holding the little one very close to him on his knee, where her intentions were deferred by his watch and appendages.

'I suppose you don't know what your mother would say?' began Mrs. Brownlow.

'I have not told her, but you know yourself she would be all right. Now, aren't you sure, Mrs. Brownlow? She isn't up to any nonsense!'

'No, Cecil, I don't think she would oppose it. Indeed, my dear boy, I wish you happiness, but Esther is a shy, startled little being, and away from her mother; and perhaps you will have to be patient.'

'But will you fetch her—or at least speak to her?' said he, in a tone not very like patience; and she had to yield, and be the messenger.

She found Esther fluttering up and down her room like a newly-caught bird. 'Oh, Aunt Carey, I must go home! Please let me!' she said.

'Nay, my dear, can't I help you for once?' and Esther sprang into her arms for comfort; but even then it was plain to a motherly eye that this was not the distress that poor Bobus had caused, but rather the agitation of a newly-awakened heart, terrified at its own sensations. 'He wants you to come and hear him out,' she said, when she had kissed and petted the girl into more composure.

'Oh, must I? I don't want. Oh, if I could go home! They were so angry before. And I only said "if," and never meant——'

'That was the very thing, my dear,' said her aunt, with a great throb of pain. 'You were quite right not to encourage my poor Bobus; but this is a very different case, and I am sure they would wish you to act according as you feel.'

Esther drew a great gasp: 'You are sure they would not think me wrong?'

'Quite sure,' was the reply, in full security that her mother would be rapturous at the nearly certain prospect of a coronet. 'Indeed, my dear, no one can find any fault with you. You need not be afraid. He is good and worthy, and they will be glad if you wish it.'

Wish was far too strong a word for poor frightened Esther; she could only cling and quiver.

'Shall I tell him to go and see them at Kencroft?'

'Oh do, do, dear Aunt Carey! Please tell him to go to papa, and not want to see me till——'

'Very well, my dear child ; that will be the best way. Now I will send you up some tea, and then you shall put Lina to bed, and you and I will slip off quietly together, and go to S. Andrew's in peace, quite in a different direction from the others, before they set out.'

Meantime Cecil had been found by Babie tumbling about the music and newspapers on the ottoman, and on her observation—

'Too soon, sir ! And pray what mischief still have your idle hands found to do ?'

'Don't !' he burst out ; 'I'm on the verge of distraction already ! I can't bear it !'

'Is there anything the matter ? You're not in a scrape ? You don't want Jock ?' she said.

'No, no—only I've done it. Babie, I shall go mad, if I don't get an answer soon.'

Babie was much too sharp not to see what he meant. She knew in a kind of intuitive, undeveloped way how things stood with Bobus, and this gave a certain seriousness to her manner of saying—

'Eddie ?'

'Of course, the darling ! If your mother would only come and tell me,—but *she* was frightened, and won't say anything. If she won't, I'm the most miserable fellow in the world.'

'How stupid you must have been !' said Babie. 'That comes of you, neither of you, ever reading. You couldn't have done it right, Cecil.'

'Do you really think so ?' he asked, in such piteous, earnest tones that he touched her heart.

'Dear Cecil,' she said, 'it will be all right. 'I know Eddie likes you better than any one else.'

She had almost added 'though she is an ungrateful little puss for doing so,' but before the words had time to come out of her mouth, Cecil had flown at her in a transport, thrown his arms round her and kissed her, just as her mother opened the door, and uttered an odd incoherent cry of amazement.

'Oh, Mother Carey,' cried Cecil, colouring all over, 'I didn't know what I was doing ! She gave me hope !'

'I give you hope too,' said Caroline, 'though I don't know how it might have been if *she* had come down just now !'

'Don't !' entreated Cecil. 'Babie is as good as my sister. Why, where is she ?'

'Fled, and no wonder !'

'And won't she, Esther, come ?'

'She is far too much frightened and overcome. She says you may go to her father, and I think that is all you can expect her to say.'

'Is it ? Won't she see me ? I don't want it to be obedience.'

'I don't think you need have any fears on that score.'

'You don't ? Really now ? You think she likes me just a little ? How soon can I get down ? Have you a train-bill ?'

Then during the quest into trains came a fit of humility. 'Do you think they will listen to me? You are not the sort who would think me a catch, and I know I am a very poor stick compared with any of you, and should have gone to the dogs long ago but for Jock, ungrateful as I was to him last year. But if I had such a creature as that to take care of, why it would be like having an angel about one. I would—indeed I would—reverence, yes, and worship her all my life long.'

'I am sure you would. I think it would be a very happy and blessed thing for you both, and I have no doubt that her father will think so too. Now, here are the others coming home, and you must behave like a rational being, even though you don't see Essie at tea.'

Mother Carey managed to catch Jock, give him a hint of the situation, and bid him take care of his friend. He looked grave. 'I thought it was coming,' he said. 'I wish they would have done it out of our way.'

'So do I, but I didn't take measures in time.'

'Well, it is all right as regards them both, but poor Bobus will hardly get over it.'

'We must do our best to soften the shock, and as it can't be helped, we must put our feelings in our pocket.'

'As one has to do most times,' said Jock. 'Well, I suppose it is better for one in the end than having it all one's own way. And Evelyn is a generous fellow, who deserves anything!'

'So, Jock, as we can do Bobus no good, and know besides that nothing could make it right for his hopes to be fulfilled, we must throw ourselves into this present affair as Cecil and Essie deserve.'

'All right, mother,' he said. 'There's not stuff in her to be of much use to Bobus if he had her, besides the other objection. It is the hope that he will sorely miss, poor old fellow!'

'Ah! if he had a better hope lighted as his guiding star! But we must not stand talking now, Jock; I must take her to Church quietly with me.'

To Cecil's consternation, his military duties would detain him all the forenoon of the next day; and before he could have started, the train that brought John back also brought his father and mother, the latter far more eager and effusive than her sister-in-law had ever seen her. 'My dear Caroline, I thought you'd excuse my coming, I was so anxious to see about my little girl, and we'll go to an hotel.'

'I'll leave you with her,' said Caroline, rushing off in haste, to let Esther utter her own story as best she might, poor child! Allen was fortunately in his room, and his mother sprang down to him to warn him to telegraph to Cecil that Colonel Brownlow was in Collingwood Street; the fates being evidently determined to spare her nothing.

Allen's feelings were far less keen as to Bobus than were Jock's, and he liked the connection; so he let himself be infected with the

excitement, and roused himself not only to telegraph, but to go himself to Cecil's quarters to make sure of him. It was well that he did so, for just as he got into Oxford Street, he beheld the well-known bay fortunately caught in a block of omnibuses and carts round a tumble-down cab-horse, and some gas-fitting. Such was the impatience of the driver of the hansom, that Allen absolutely had to rush desperately across the noses of half-a-dozen horses, making wild gestures, before he was seen and taken up to Cecil's side.

'The most wonderful thing of all,' said Cecil afterwards, 'was to see Allen going on like that !'

In consequence of his speed, Colonel and Mrs. Brownlow had hardly arrived at Esther's faltered story, and come to a perception which way her heart lay, when she started and cried, 'Oh, that's his hansom !' for she perfectly well knew the wheels.

So did her aunt and Babie, who had taken refuge in the studio, but came out at Allen's call to hear his adventures, and thenceforth had to remain easily accessible, Babie to take charge of Lina, who was much aggrieved at her banishment, and Mother Carey to be the recipient of all kinds of effusions from the different persons concerned. There was the mother : 'Such a nice young man ! So superior ! Everything we could have wished ! And so much attached ! Speaks so nicely ! You are sure there will be no trouble with his mother ?'

'I see no danger of it. I am sure she must love dear little Esther, and that she would like to see Cecil married.'

'Well, you know her ; but you know she might look much higher for him, though the Brownlows are a good old family. Oh, my dear Caroline, I shall never forget what you have done for us all !'

Her serenity in a flutter was an amusing sight. She was so full of exultation, and yet had too much propriety to utter the main point of her hopes, fears, doubts, and gratitude ; and she durst not so much as hazard an inquiry after poor Lord Fordham lest she should be suspected of the thought that came uppermost.

However, the Colonel, with whom that possibility was a very secondary matter, could speak out : 'I like the lad ; he is a good, simple, honest fellow, well-principled, and all one could wish. I don't mind trusting little Essie with him, and he says his brother is sure to give him quite enough to marry upon, so they'll do very well, even, if—— How about that affair which was hinted of at Belforest, Caroline ? Will it ever come off ?'

'Probably not. Poor Lord Fordham's health does not improve, and so I am very thankful that he does not fulfil Babie's ideal.'

'Poor young man !' said Ellen, with sincere compassion but great relief.

'That's the worst of it,' said the father, gravely. 'I am afraid it is a consumptive family, though this young fellow looks hearty and strong.'

'He has always been so,' said Caroline. 'He and his sister are quite different in looks and constitution from poor Fordham, and I believe from the elder ones. They are shorter and sturdier, and take after their mother's family.'

'I told you so, papa,' said Ellen. 'I was sure nothing could be amiss with him. You can't expect everybody to look like our boys. Well, Caroline, you have always been a good sister; and to think of your having done this for little Essie! Tell me how it was? Had you suspected it?'

It was all very commonplace and happy. Colonel and Mrs. Brownlow were squeezed into the house to await Mrs. Evelyn's reply, and Cecil and Esther sat hand-in-hand all the evening, looking, as Allen and Babie agreed, like such a couple of idiots, that the intimate connection between *selig* and silly was explained.

Mrs. Robert Brownlow whiled away the next day by a grand shopping expedition, followed by the lovers, who seemed to find pillars of floor-cloth and tracery of iron-work as blissful as ever could be pleached alley. Nay, one shopman flattered Cecil and shocked Esther by directing his exhibition of wares to them, and the former was thus excited to think how soon they might be actually shopping on their own account, and to fix his affections on an utterly impracticable fender as his domestic hearth. Meanwhile Caroline had only just come in from amusing Mrs. Lucas with the story, when a cab drove up, and Mrs. Evelyn was with her, with an eager, 'Where are they?'

'Somewhere in the depths of the city, with her mother, shopping. Ought I to have told you?'

'Of course I trust you. She must be nice—your Friar's sister; but I could not stay at home, and Duke wished me to come——'

'How is he?'

'So very happy about this—the connection especially. I don't think he could have borne it if it had been the Infanta. How is that dear Babie?'

'Quite well. I left her walking with Lina in the Square gardens.'

'As simple and untouched as ever?'

'As much as ever a light-hearted baby.'

'Ah! well, so much the better. And let me say, once for all, that you need not fear any closer intercourse with us. My poor Duke has made up his mind that such things are not for him, and wishes all to be arranged for Cecil as his heir. Not that he is any worse. With care he may survive us all, the doctors say; but he has made up his mind, and will never ask Babie again. He says it would be cruel; but he does long for a sight of her bright face!'

'Well, we shall be brought into meeting in a simple natural way.'

'And Babie? How does she look? I am ashamed of it; but I can't help thinking more about seeing her than this new cousin. I can fancy her—handsome, composed, and serene.'

'That may be so ten or twenty years hence; but now she is the tenderest little clinging thing you ever saw.'

'And my ideal would have been that Cecil should have chosen some one superior; but after all, I believe he is really more likely to be raised by being looked up to. He has been our boy too long.'

'Quite true; I have watched him content with the level my impatient children assign him here, but now trying to be manly for Essie's sake. You have not told me of Sydney.'

'So angry at the folly of passing over Babie, that I was forced to give her a hint to be silent before Duke. She collapsed, much impressed. Forgive me, if it was a betrayal; but she is two years older now, and would not have been a safe companion unless warned. Hark! Is that the door-bell?'

Therewith the private interview period set in, and Babie made such use of her share of it, that when Lina was produced in the drawing-room before dinner, she sat on Cecil's knee, and gravely observed that she had a verse to repeat to him—

'The phantom blackcock of Kilnaught
Is a marvellous bird yet uncaught;
Go out in all weather,
You see not a feather,
Yet a marvellous work it has wrought,
That phantom blackcock of Kilnaught.'

'What is that verse you are saying, Lina?' said her mother.

Lina trotted across and repeated it, while Cecil shook his head at wicked Babie.

'I hope you don't learn nursery rhymes, about phantoms and ghosts, Lina?' said Mrs. Robert Brownlow.

'This is an original poem, Aunt Ellen,' replied Babie, gravely.

'More original than practical,' said John. 'You haven't accounted for the pronoun?'

'Oh, never mind that. Great poets are above rules. I want Essie to promise us bridesmaids blackcock tails in our hats.'

'My dear!' said her aunt, in serious reproof, shocked at the rapidity of the young lady's ideas.

'Or, at least,' added Babie, 'if she won't, you'll give us blackcock lockets, Cecil. They would be lovely—you know—enamelled!'

'That I will!' he cried. 'And, Mother Carey, will you model me a group of the birds? That would be a jolly present!'

'Better than Esther's head, eh? I have done that three times, and you shall choose one, Cecil.'

Nothing would serve Cecil but an immediate expedition to the studio, to choose as well as they could by lamp-light.

And during the examination, Mrs. Evelyn managed to say to Caroline, 'I'm quite satisfied. She is as bright and childish as you told me.'

'Essie?'

'No, the Infanta.'

'If she is not a little too much so.'

'Oh no, don't wish any difference in those high spirits!'

'She makes it a cheerful house, dear child; and even Allen has brightened lately.'

'And, Jock? He looks hard-worked, but brisk as ever.'

'He does work very hard in all ways; but he thoroughly enjoys his work, and is as much my sunshine as Babie. There are golden opinions of him in the Medical School; indeed there are of both my Johns.'

'They are quite the foremost of the young men of their year, and carry off most of the distinctions, besides being leaders in influence. So Dr. Medicott told us,' said Mrs. Evelyn; 'and yet he said it was delightful to see how they avoided direct rivalry, or else were perfectly friendly over it.'

'Yes, they avoid, when it is possible, going in for the same things, and indeed I think Jock has more turn for the scientific side of the study, and the Friar for the practical. There is room for them both!'

'And what a contrast they are! What a very handsome fellow John has grown! So tall, and broad, and strong, with that fine colour, and dark eyes as beautiful as his sister's!'

'More beautiful, I should say,' returned Caroline; 'there is so much more intellect in them—raising them out of the regular Kencroft comeliness. True, the great charm of the stalwart Friar, as we call him, is—what his father has in some degree—that quiet composed way that gives one a sense of protection. I think his patients will feel entire trust in his hands. They say at the hospital the poor people always are happy when they see one of the Mr. Brownlows coming, whether it be the big or the little one.'

'Not so very little, except by comparison; and I am glad Jock keeps his soldierly bearing.'

'He is a Volunteer, you know, and very valuable there.'

'But he has not an ounce of superfluous flesh. He puts me in mind of a perfectly polished finished instrument!'

'That is just what used to be said of his father. Colonel Brownlow says he is the most like my poor young father of all the children.'

'He is the most like you.'

'But he puts me most of all in mind of my husband, in all his ways, and manner, and our old friends tell me that he sets about things exactly like his father, as if it were by imitation. I like to know it is so.'

(To be continued.)

HERIOT'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'NELLIE'S MEMORIES,' 'WOODED AND MARRIED,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

'YES.'

'Some one came and rested there beside me,
 Speaking words I never thought would bless
 Such a loveless life. I longed to hide me,
 Feasting lonely on my happiness.
 But the voice I heard
 Pleaded for a word,
 Till I gave my whispered answer, "Yes!"

'Yes, that little word, so calmly spoken,
 Changed all life for me—my own—my own!
 All the cold grey spell I saw unbroken,
 All the twilight days seemed past and gone.
 And how warm and bright,
 In the ruddy light,
 Pleasant June days of the future shone!'

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

It was with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret that Mildred saw the grey walls of the vicarage again. It was harder than she imagined to say good-bye to Roy, knowing that she would not see him again until the summer, but her position as nurse had long become a sine-cure; the place was now rightfully usurped by his young betrothed. The sea-breezes had already proved so beneficial to his health, that it was judged that he might safely be permitted at the end of another month to resume work in the old studio, by which time idleness and love-making might be expected to lose their novelty, and Mildred hoped that Polly would settle down happily with the others, when her good sense should be convinced that an early marriage would be prejudicial to Roy's interest.

It was very strange to find Chriss the only welcoming home presence—Chriss in office was a highly ludicrous idea. She had taken advantage of her three days' housekeeping to introduce striking reforms in the *ménage*, against which Nan had stormed and threatened in vain, the housemaid looked harassed, and the parlourmaid on the eve of giving warning; the little figure with the tousled curls and holland apron, and rattling keys, depending from the steel chatelaine, looked oddly picturesque in the house porch as the travellers drove up. When Mr. Marsden came in after Evensong to inquire after their well-being, and Richard insisted on his remaining to tea, Chriss looked mightily haughty and put on her eye-glasses, and presided at the head of the table in a majestic way that tried her aunt's gravity. 'The big young man,' as she still phrased Hugh Marsden, was never

likely to be a favourite with Chriss; but she thawed presently under Mildred's genial influence; no one knew so well how to bend the prickles, and draw out the wholesome sweetness that lay behind. By the end of the third cup, Chriss was able to remember perfectly that Mr. Marsden did not take sugar, and could pass his cup without a glacial stare or a tendency to imitate the swelling and ruffling out of a dignified robin.

At the end of the evening, Mildred, who had by that time grown a little weary and silent, heard the footstep in the lobby for which she had been unconsciously listening for the last two hours.

'Here comes Dr. John at last,' observed Richard, in strange echo of her thought. 'I expected he would have met us at the station, but I suppose he was called away as usual.'

Dr. Heriot gave no clue to his absence. He shook hands very quietly with Mildred, and hoped that she was not tired, and then turned to Richard for news of the invalid; and when that topic was exhausted, seemed disposed to relapse into a brown study, from which Mildred curiously did not care to wake him.

She was quite content to see him sitting there in his old place, playing absently with her paper-knife, and dropping a word here and there, but oftener listening to the young men's conversation. Hugh was eagerly discussing the Bloemfontein question. He and Richard had been warmly debating the subject for the last hour. Richard was sympathetic, but he had a notion his friend was throwing himself away.

'We don't want to lose such men as you out of England, Marsden, that's the fact. I have always looked upon you as just the sort of hard worker for a parish at the East end of London. Look at our city Arabs; it strikes me there is room for Missionary work there—not but what South Africa has a demand on us too.'

'When a man feels he has a call, there is nothing more to be said,' replied Hugh, striking himself energetically on his broad chest, and speaking in his most powerful bass. 'One has something to give up, of course; all colonial careers involve a degree of hardship and self-sacrifice; not that I agree with your sister in thinking either the one or the other point to the right decision. Because we may consider it our duty to undertake a pilgrimage, it does not follow we need have pebbles or peas in our shoes, or that the stoniest road is the most direct.'

'Of course not.'

'We don't need these bye-laws to guide us; there's plenty of hardship everywhere, and I hope no amount would frighten me from any work I undertake conscientiously. It may be pleasanter to remain in England. I am rather of your opinion myself; but, all the same, when a man feels he has a call——'

'I should be the last to dissuade him from it; I only want you to

look at the case in all its bearings. I believe after all you are right, and that I should do the same in your place.'

'One ought never to decide too hastily for fear of regretting it afterwards,' put in Dr. Heriot. Mildred gave him a half-veiled glance. Why was he so quiet and abstracted, she wondered? Another time he would have entered with animation into the subject, but now some grave thought sealed his lips. Could it be that Polly's decision had had more effect on him than he had chosen to avow; that he felt lonely and out of spirits? She watched timidly for some opportunity of testing her fears; she was almost sure that he was dull or troubled about something.

'Some people are so afraid of deciding wrong that they seldom arrive at any decision at all,' returned Hugh with one of his great laughs.

'All the same, over-haste brings early repentance,' returned Dr. Heriot, a little bitterly, as he rose.

'Are you going?' asked Mildred, feeling disappointed by the shortness of his visit.

'I am poor company to-night,' he returned, hastily. 'I am in no mood for general talk. I daresay I shall see you some time to-morrow. By the by, how is it Polly has never answered my last letter?'

'She has sent a hundred apologies. I assure you, she is thoroughly ashamed of herself; but Roy is such a tyrant, the child has not an hour to herself.'

A smile broke over his face. 'I suppose not; it must be very amusing to watch them. Roy runs a chance of being completely spoiled;' but this Mildred would not allow.

She went to bed feeling dissatisfied with herself for her dissatisfaction. After all, what did she expect? He had behaved just as any other man would have behaved in his position; he had been perfectly kind and friendly, had questioned her about her health, and had spoken of the length of her journey with a proper amount of sympathy. It must have been some fancy of hers that he had evaded her eyes. After all, what right had she to meddle with his moods, or to be uneasy because of his uneasiness? Was not this the future she had planned? a foretaste of the long evenings, when the grey-haired friend should quietly sit beside her, either speaking or silent, according to his will.

Mildred scolded herself into quietness before she slept. After all, there was comfort in the thought of seeing him the next day; but this hope was doomed to be frustrated. Dr. Heriot did not make his appearance; he sent an excuse by Richard, whom he carried off with him to Nateby and Winton; an old college friend was coming to dine with him, and Richard and Hugh Marsden were invited to meet him. Mildred found her *tête-à-tête* evening with Chriss somewhat harassing, and would have gladly taken refuge in silence and a book, but Chriss

had begged so hard to read a portion of the translation of a Greek play on which she was engaged that it was impossible to refuse, and a noisy hour of declamation and uncertain utterance, owing to the illegibility of the manuscript and the screeching remonstrances of Fritter-my-wig, whose rightful rest was invaded, soon added the discomfort of a nervous headache to Mildred's other pains and penalties, and when Chriss, flushed and panting, had arrived at the last blotted page, she had hardly fortitude enough to give the work all the praise it merited. The quiet of her own room was blissful by comparison, though it brought with it a fresh impulse of tormenting thoughts. Why was it, that with all her strength of will, she had made so little progress; that the man was still so dangerously dear to her; that even without a single hope to feed her, he should still be the sum and substance of her thoughts; that all else should seem as nothing in comparison with his happiness and peace of mind?

That he was far from peace she knew; her first look at him had assured her of that. And the knowledge that it was so had wrought in her this strange restlessness. Would he ever bring himself to speak to her of this fresh blank in his existence? If it should be so, she would bid him go away for a little time; in some way his life was too monotonous for him; he must seek fresh interests for himself; the vicarage must no longer inclose his only friends. He had often spoken to her of his love for travel, and had more than once hinted at a desire to revisit the Continent; why should she not persuade him that a holiday lay within the margin of his duty; she would willingly endure his absence, if he would only come back brighter and fresher for his work.

Fate had, however, decreed that Mildred's patience should be sorely tested, for though she looked eagerly for his coming all the next day, the opportunity for which she longed did not arrive. Dr. Heriot still held aloof, and the word in season could not be spoken. The following day was Sunday, but even then things were hardly more satisfactory, a brief hand-shake in the porch after evening service, and an inquiry after Roy, was all that passed between them.

'He is beyond any poor comfort that I can give him,' thought Mildred, sorrowfully, as she groped her way through the dark churchyard paths. 'He looks worn and harassed, but he means to keep his trouble to himself. I will try to put it all out of my head; it ought to be nothing to me what he feels or suffers,' and she lay awake all night trying to put this prudent resolve into execution.

The next afternoon she walked over to Nateby to look up some of her old Sunday scholars. It was a mild, wintry afternoon; a grey haziness pervaded everything. As she passed the bridge she lingered for a moment to look down below on the spot which was now so sacred to her; the sight of the rocks and foaming water made her cover her face with a mute thanksgiving. Imagination could not fail to

reproduce the scene. Again she felt herself crashing amongst the cruel stones, and saw the black, sullen waters below her. 'Oh, why was I saved? to what end—to what purpose?' she gasped, and then added penitently, 'Surely not to be discontented, and indulge in impossible fancies, but to devote a rescued life to the good of others.'

Mildred was so occupied with these painful reflections that she did not hear carriage-wheels passing in the road below the bridge, and was unaware that Dr. Heriot had descended and thrown the reins to a passing lad, and was now making his way towards her.

His voice in her ear drove the blood to her heart with the sudden start of surprise and pleasure.

'We always seem fated to meet in this place,' he laughed, feigning not to notice her embarrassment, but embarrassed himself by it. 'Coup-kernan-hole must have a secret attraction for both of us. I find myself always driving slowly over the bridge, as though I were following a possible friend's funeral.'

'As you might have done,' she returned, with a grateful glance that completed her sentence.

'Shall we go down and look at it more closely?' he asked after a moment's silence, during which he had revolved some thought in his mind. 'I have an odd notion that seeing it again may lay the ghost of an uneasy dream that always haunts me. After a harder day's work than usual, this scene is sure to recur to me at night; sometimes I have to leave you there, you have floated so far out of my reach,' with a meaning movement of his hand. Mildred shuddered.

'Shall we come—that is—if you do not much dislike the idea,' and as Mildred saw no reason for refusing, she overcame her feelings of reluctance, and followed him through the little gate, and down the steep steps beyond which lay the uneven masses of grey brockram. There he waited for her with outstretched hand.

'You need not think that I shall trust you to your own care again,' he said, with rather a whimsical smile, but as he felt the trembling that ran through hers, it vanished, and he became unusually grave. In another moment he checked her abruptly, and almost peremptorily. 'We will not go any farther; your hand is not steady enough, you are nervous.' Mildred in vain assured him to the contrary; he insisted that she should sit down for a few moments, and, in spite of her protestations, took off his great-coat and spread it on the rock. 'I am warm, far too warm,' he asserted, when he saw her looks of uneasiness. 'This spot is so sheltered;' and he stood by her and lifted his hat, as though the cool air refreshed him.

'Do you remember our conversation on the other side of the bridge?' he asked presently, turning to her. Mildred flushed with sudden pain—too well she remembered it—and the long night of struggle and well nigh despair that had followed it.

'I wonder what you thought of me; you were very quiet, very

sweet-voiced in your sympathy ; but I fancied your eyes had a distrustful gleam in them ; they seemed to doubt the wisdom of my choice. Mildred,' with a quick touch of passion in his voice such as she had never heard before, 'what a fool you must have thought me !'

'Dr. Heriot, how can you say such things ?' but her heart beat faster ; he had called her Mildred again.

'Because I must and will say them. A man must call himself names, when he has made such a pitiful thing of life. Look at my marrying Margaret—a mistake from beginning to end ; and yet I must needs compass a second piece of folly.'

'There, I think you are too hard on yourself.'

'What right had I at my age, or rather with my experience and knowledge of myself, to think I could make a young girl happy, knowing, as I ought to have known, that her endearing ways could not win her an entrance into the deepest part of my nature—that would have been closed for ever,' speaking in a suppressed voice.

'It was a mistake for which no one could blame you, Polly least of all,' she returned, eager to soothe this wounded susceptibility.

'Dear Polly, it was her little fingers that set me free—that set both of us free. Coup-kernan-hole would have taught me its lesson too late but for her.'

'What do you mean ?' asked Mildred, startled, and trying to get a glimpse of his face ; but he had turned it from her, possibly the uncontrolled muscles and the flash of the eye might have warned her without a word.

'What has it taught you ?' she repeated, feeling she must get to the bottom of this mystery whatever it might cost her.

'That it was not Polly that I loved,' he returned in a suppressed voice, 'but another whom I might have lost—whom Coup-kernan-hole might have snatched from me. Did you know this Mildred ?'

'No,' she faltered. 'I do not believe it now,' she might have added if breath had not failed her. In her exceeding astonishment, to think such words had blessed her ear, it was impossible—oh, it was impossible—she must hear more.

'I am doubly thankful to it,' he repeated, stooping over her as she sat, that the fall might not drown his voice ; 'its dark waters are henceforth glorified to me. Never till that day did I know what you were to me ; what a blank my life would be to me without you. It has come to this—that I cannot live without you, Mildred—that you are to me what no other woman, not even Margaret, not even my poor wife has been to me.'

She buried her face in her trembling hands. Not even to him could she speak, until the pent-up feelings in her heart had resolved themselves into an inward cry, 'My God, for this—for these words—I thank Thee !'

He watched her anxiously, as though in doubt of her emotion. Love

was making him timid. After all, could he have misunderstood her words? 'Do not speak to me yet. I do not ask it; I do not expect it,' he said, touching her hand to make her look at him. 'You shall give me your answer when you like—to-morrow—a week hence—you shall have time to think of it. By and by I must know what you have for me in return, and whether my blindness and mistake have alienated you, but I will not ask it now.' He moved from her a few steps, and came hurriedly back; but Mildred, still pale from uncontrollable feeling, would not raise her eyes. 'I may be wrong in thinking you cared for me a little. Do you remember what you said? "John, save me!" Mildred, I do not deserve it. I have brought it all on myself, and I will try and be patient; but when you can come to me and say, "John, I love you; I will be your wife," you will remove a mountain-load of doubt and uncertainty. Ah, Mildred, Mildred, will you ever be able to say it?' His emotion, his sensitive doubts had overmastered him; he was as deadly pale as the woman he wooed. Again he turned away, but this time she stopped him.

'Why need you wait? you must know I——,' but here the soft voice wavered and broke down; but he had heard enough.

'What, must I know?—that you love me?'

'Yes,' was all her answer; but she raised her eyes and looked at him, and he knew then that the great loneliness of his life was gone for ever.

And Mildred, what were her thoughts as she sat with her lover beside her, looking down at the sunless pool before them? here, where she had grappled with death, the crowning glory of her life was given to her, the grey colourless hues had faded out of existence, the happiness for which she had not dared to ask, which the humble creature had not whispered even in her prayers had come to her, steeping her soul with wondrous content and gratitude.

And out of her happiness came a great calm. For a little while neither of them spoke much, but the full understanding of that sacred silence lay like a pure veil between them. They were neither young, both had known the mystery of suffering—the man held in his heart a dreary past, and Mildred's early life had been passed in patient waiting; but what exuberance of youthful joy could equal the quietude of their entire satisfaction?

'Mildred, it seems to me that I must have loved you unconsciously through it all,' he said presently, when their stillness had spent itself; 'somehow you always rested me. It had grown a necessity with me to come and tell you my troubles; the very sound of your voice soothed me.'

One of her beautiful smiles answered him. She knew he was right, and she had been more to him than he had guessed. Had not this consciousness added the bitterest ingredient to her misery, the knowledge that he was deceiving himself, that no one could give him what was in her power to give?

'But I never thought it possible until lately that you could care enough for me,' he continued; 'you seemed so calm, so beyond this sort of earthly passion. Ah, Mildred,' half-gravely half-caressingly, 'how could you mislead me so? All my efforts to break down that quiet reserve seemed in vain.'

'I thought it right; how could I guess it would ever come to this?' she answered, blushing. 'I can hardly believe it now;' but the answer to this was so full and satisfactory that Mildred's last lingering doubt was dispelled for ever.

It was late in the afternoon when they parted at the Vicarage gate; the dark figure in the wintry porch escaped their observation in the twilight, and so the last good-bye fell on Ethel Trelawney's astonished ear.

'It is not good-bye after all, Mildred; I shall see you again this evening,' in Dr. Heriot's voice; 'take care of yourself, my dearest, until then;' and the long hand-clasp that followed his words spoke volumes.

When Mildred entered the drawing-room she gave a little start at the sight of Ethel. The girl held out her hand to her with a strange smile.

'Mildred, I was there and heard it. What he called you, I mean. Darling—darling, I am so glad,' breaking off with a half sob and suddenly closing her in her arms.

For a moment Mildred seemed embarrassed.

'Dear Ethel, what do you mean? what could you have heard?'

'That he called you by your name. I heard his voice; it was quite enough; it told me every everything, and then I closed the door. Oh, Mildred! to think he has come to an end of his blindness and that he loves you at last.'

'Yes; does it not seem wonderful?' returned Mildred, simply. Her fair face was still a little flushed, her eyes were soft and radiant, in her happiness she looked almost lovely. Ethel knelt down beside her in a little effusion of girlish worship and sympathy.

'Did he tell you how beautiful you are, Mildred? No, you shall let me talk what nonsense I like to-night. I do not know when I have felt so happy. Does Richard know?'

'No one knows.'

'Am I the first to wish you joy then, Mildred? I never was so glad about anything before. I could sing aloud in my gladness all the way from here to Kirkleatham.'

'Dear Ethel, this is so like you.'

'To think of the misery of mind you have both caused me, and now that it has come all right at last. Is he very penitent, Mildred?'

'He is very happy,' she replied, smiling over the girl's enthusiasm.

'How sweetly calm you look. I should not feel so in your place. I should be pining for my lost liberty, I verily believe. How long

have you understood each other ? Ever since Roy and Polly have come to their senses ?'

'No, indeed ; only this afternoon.'

'Only this afternoon ?' incredulously.

'Yes ; but it seems ages ago already. Ethel, you must not mind if I cannot talk much about this ; it is all so new, you see.'

'Ah, I understand.'

'I knew how pleased you would be, you always appreciated him so ; at one time I could have sooner believed you the object of his choice ; till you assured me otherwise,' smoothing the wavy ripples of hair over Ethel's white forehead.

'Women do not often marry their heroes ; Dr. Heriot was my hero,' laughed the girl. 'I chose you for him the first day I saw you, when you came to meet me, looking so graceful in your deep mourning ; your face and mild eyes haunted me, Mildred. I believe I fell in love with you then.'

'Hush, here comes Richard,' interrupted Mildred softly, and Ethel instantly became grave and rose to her feet.

But for once he hardly seemed to see her.

'Aunt Milly, my dear Aunt Milly,' he exclaimed with unusual warmth, 'do you know what a little bird has told me ?' he whispered, stooping his handsome head to kiss her.

'Oh, Cardie ! do you know already ? Have you met him ?'

'Yes, and he will be here presently. Aunt Milly, I don't know what we are to do without you, but all the same Dr. John shall have you. He is the only man who is worthy of Aunt Milly.'

'There, that will do, you have not spoken to Ethel yet.'

Oh, how Mildred longed to be alone with her thoughts, and yet the sound of her lover's praises were very sweet to her ; he was Richard's hero as well as Ethel's, she knew, but with Richard's entrance Ethel seemed to think she must be going.

'It is so late now, but I will come again to-morrow ;' and then as Mildred bade her good-night she said another word or two of her exceeding gladness.

She would fain have declined Richard's escort, but he offered her no excuse. She found him waiting for her at the gate and knew him too well to hope for her own way in this. She could only be on her guard and avoid any dangerous subject.

'You will all miss her dreadfully,' she said, as they crossed the market-place in full view of Dr. Heriot's house. 'I don't think any of you can estimate the blank her absence will leave at the Vicarage.'

'I can for one,' he replied gravely. 'Do you think I can easily forget what she has done for us since our mother died ? But we shall not lose her—not entirely, I mean.'

'No, indeed.'

'Humanly speaking I think their chances of happiness are greater

than that of any one. I know that they are so admirably suited to each other. Aunt Milly will give him just the rest he needs.'

'I should not be surprised if he will forget all his bitter past then. But, Richard, I want to speak to you; you have not seen my father lately?'

'Not for months,' he replied, startled at the change in her tone; all at once it took a thin, harassed note.

'He has decided to stand for the Kendal election though more than one of his best friends have prophesied a certain defeat. Richard, I cannot help telling you that I dread the result.'

'You must try not to be uneasy,' he returned, with that unconscious softening in his voice that made it almost caressing. 'You must know by this time how useless it is to try to shake his purpose.'

'Yes, I know that,' she returned, dejectedly; 'but all the same I feel as though he were contemplating suicide. He is throwing away time and money on a mere chimera, for they say the Radical member will be returned to a certainty. If he should be defeated'—pausing in some emotion.

'Oh, he must take his chance of that.'

'You do not know; it will break him down entirely. He has set his heart on this thing, and it will go badly with both of us if he be disappointed. Last night it was dreadful to hear him talk. More than once he said that failure would be social death to him. It breaks my heart to see him looking so ill and yet refusing any sympathy that one can offer him.'

'Yes, I understand; if I could only help you,' he returned, in a suppressed voice.

'No one can do that, it has to be borne,' was the dreary answer; and just then the lodge gates of Kirkleatham came in sight.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

JOHN HERIOT'S WIFE.

'Whose sweet voice
Should be the sweetest music to his ear,
Awaking all the chords of harmony;
Whose eye should speak a language to his soul
More eloquent than all that Greece or Rome
Could boast of in its best and happiest days;
Whose smile should be his rich reward for toil;
Whose pure transparent cheek pressed to his
Would calm the fever of his troubled thoughts,
And woo his spirits to those fields Elysian,
The Paradise which strong affection guards.'

BETHUNE.

AND so when her youth was passed Mildred Lambert found the great happiness of her life, and prepared herself to be a noble helpmeet to the man to whom unconsciously she had long given her heart.

This time there were no grave looks, no dissentient voice questioning the wisdom of Dr. Heriot's choice; a sense of fitness seemed to satisfy the most fastidious taste; neither youth nor beauty were imperative in such a case. Mildred's gentleness was the theme of every tongue. Her tender, old-fashioned ways were discovered now to be wonderfully attractive; a hundred instances of her goodness and unselfishness reached her lover's ears.

'Every one seems to have fallen in love with you, Mildred,' he said to her one sweet spring evening when he had crossed the marketplace for his accustomed evening visit. Mildred was alone as usual; the voices of the young people sounded from the terrace; Olive and Richard were talking together; Polly was leaning against the wall reading a letter from Roy; the evening sun streamed through the window on Mildred's soft brown hair and grey silk, on the great bowls of golden primroses, on the gay tints of the china, a little green world lay beyond the bay window; undulating waves of grass, a clear sparkle of water, dim blue mists and lines of shadowy hills.

Mildred lifted her quiet eyes; their smiling depths seemed to hold a question and reproof.

'Every one thinks it their duty to praise you to me,' he continued, in the same amused tone; 'they are determined to enlighten me about the goodness of my future wife. They do not believe how well I know that already,' with a strange glistening in his eyes.

'Please do not talk so, John,' she whispered. 'I should not like you to think too well of me, for fear I should ever disappoint you.'

'Do you believe that would be possible,' he asked, reproachfully. Then she gave him one of her lovely smiles.

'No, I do not,' she returned simply; 'because, though we love each other, we do not believe each other perfect. You have often called me self-willed, John, and I daresay you are right.'

He laughed a little at that; her quaint gentleness had often amused him; he knew he should always hear the truth from her. She would tell him of her faults over and over again, and he would listen to them gravely and pretend to believe them rather than wound her exquisite susceptibility; but to himself he declared that she had no flaw, that she was the dearest, the purest, a pearl among women. Mildred would have shrunk in positive pain and humility if she had known the extravagant standard to which he had raised her.

Sometimes he would crave to know her opinion of him in return. Like many men he was morbidly sensitive on this point, and was inclined to take blame to himself where he did not deserve it, and she would point out his errors to him in the simplest way, and so that the most delicate self-consciousness could not have been hurt.

'What, all those faults, Mildred?' he would say, with a pretence at a sigh. 'I thought love was blind.'

'I could never be blind about anything that concerns you, John,'

she would return in the sweetest voice possible; 'our faults will only bind us all the closer to each other. Is not that what helpmeet means?' she went on, a soft gravity stealing over her words, 'that I should try to help you in everything, even against yourself? I always see faults clearest in those I love best,' she finished, somewhat shyly.

'The last is the saving clause,' he replied, with a look that made her blush. 'In this case I shall have no objection to be told of my wrong-doings every day of my life. What a blessing it is that you have common sense enough for both. I am obliged to believe what you tell me about yourself of course, and mean to act up to my part of our contract, but at present I am unable to perceive the most distant glimmer of a fault.'

'John!'

'Seriously and really, Mildred, I believe you to be as near perfection as a living woman can be,' and when Dr. Heriot spoke in this tone Mildred always gave up the argument with a sigh.

But with all her self-accusations Mildred promised to be a most submissive wife. Already she proved herself docile to her lover's slightest wish. She did not even remonstrate when Dr. Heriot pleaded with her brother and herself that an early day should be fixed for the marriage; for herself she could have wished a longer delay, but he was lonely and wanted her, and that was enough.

Perhaps the decision was a little difficult when she thought of Olive, but the time once fixed, there was no hesitation. She went about her preparations with a quiet precision that made Dr. Heriot smile to himself.

'One would think you are planning for somebody else's wedding, not your own,' he said once, when she came down to him with her face full of gentle bustle; 'come and sit down a little; at least I have the right to take care of you now, you precious woman.'

'Yes, but John, I am so busy, I have to think for them all, you know; and Olive, poor girl, is so scared at the thought of her responsibilities, and Richard is so occupied he cannot spare me time for anything,' for Richard, now in deacon's orders, was working up the parish under Hugh Marsden's supervision. Hugh had lost his mother, and had finally yielded his great heart and strength to the South African Mission.

'But there is Polly?' observed Dr. Heriot.

'Yes, there is Polly until Roy comes,' she returned with a smile. 'She is my right hand at present, until he monopolises her; but one has to think for them all, and arrange things.'

'You shall have no one but yourself to consider by and by,' was his lover-like reply.

'Oh, John, I shall only have time then to think of you!' was her quiet answer.

And so one sweet June morning, when the swathes and lines of new-

mown hay lay in the crofts round Kirkby Stephen, and while the little rushbearers were weaving their crowns for S. Peter's Day, and the hedges were thick with the pink and pearly bloom of brier-roses, Mildred Heriot stood leaning on her husband's arm in the S. Stephen's porch.

Merrily the worn old bells were pealing out, the sunlight streamed across the market-place, the churchyard paths, and the paved lanes, and the windows of the houses abutting on the churchyards were crowded with sympathising faces.

Not young nor beautiful, save to those who loved her; yet as she stood there in her soft-eyed graciousness, many owned that they had never seen a sweeter-faced bride.

'My wife, is this an emblem of our future life?' whispered Dr. Heriot, as he led her proudly down the path, almost hidden by the roses her little scholars' hands had strewn; but Mildred's lip quivered, and the pressure of her hand on his arm only answered him.

'How had she deserved such happiness?' the humble soul was asking herself even at this supreme moment. Under her feet lay the fast-fading roses, but above and around spread the pure arc of central blue—the everlasting arms of a Father's providence about her everywhere. Before them was the grey old vicarage, now no longer her home, the soft violet hills circling round it; above it a heavy snow-white cloud drooped heavily, like a guardian angel in mid-air; roses, and sunlight, and God's heavenly blue.

'Oh, it is all so beautiful!—how is one to deserve such happiness?' she thought; and then it came to her that this was a free gift, a loan, a talent that the Father had given to be used for the Master's service, and the slight trembling passed away, and the beautiful serene eyes raised themselves to her husband's face with the meek trustfulness of old.

Mildred was not too much engrossed even in her happiness to notice that Olive held somewhat aloof from her through the day. Now and then she caught a glimpse of a weary, abstracted face. Just as she had finished her preparations for departure, and the travelling carriage had driven into the courtyard, she sent Ethel and Polly down on some pretext, and went in search of her favourite.

She found her in the lobby, sitting on the low window-seat, looking absently at the scene below her. The courtyard of the vicarage looked gay enough; the horses were champing their bits, and stamping on the beck-gravel; the narrow strip of daisy turf was crowded with moving figures; Polly, in her pretty bridesmaid's dress, was talking to Roy; Ethel stood near them, with Richard and Hugh Marsden; Dr. Heriot was in the porch in earnest conversation with Mr. Lambert. Beyond lay the quiet churchyard, shimmering in the sunlight; the white crosses gleamed here and there; the garlands of sweet-smelling weeds still strewed the paths.

'Dear Olive, are you waiting for me? I wanted just to say a last

word or two ;' and Mildred sat down beside her in her rich dress, and took the girl's listless hand in hers. 'Promise me, my child, that you will do the best for yourself and them.'

'It will be a poor best after you, Aunt Milly,' returned Olive, with a grateful glance at the dear face that had been her comfort so long. It touched her that even now she should be remembered ; with an impulse that was rare with her she put her arms round Mildred, and laid her face on her shoulder. 'Aunt Milly, I never knew till to-day what you were to me—to all of us.'

'Am I not to be Aunt Milly always, then ?' for there was something ineffably sad in the girl's voice.

'Yes, but we can no longer look to you for everything. We shall miss you out of our daily life. I do not mean to be selfish, Aunt Milly. I love to think of your happiness ; but all the same I must feel as though something has passed out of my life.'

'I understand, dear. You know I never think you selfish, Olive. Now I want you to do something for me—a promise you must make me on my wedding-day.'

A flickering smile crossed Olive's pale face. 'It must not be a hard one, then.'

'It is one you can easily keep,—promise me to try to bear your failures hopefully. You will have many ; perhaps daily ones. I am leaving you heavy responsibilities, my poor child ; but who knows ? They may be blessings in disguise.'

An incredulous sigh answered her.

'It will be your own fault if they do not prove so. When you fail, when things go wrong, think of your promise to me, and be patient with yourself. Say to yourself, "It is only one of Olive's mistakes, and she will try to do better next time." Do you understand me, my dear ?'

'Yes, I will try, Aunt Milly.'

'I am leaving you, my darling, with a confidence that nothing can shake. I do not fear your goodness to others, only to this weary self,' with a light caressing touch on the girl's bowed head and shoulders. 'Hitherto you have leaned on me ; I have been your crutch, Olive. Now you will rely on yourself. You see I do not make myself miserable about leaving you. I think all this is ordered for the best.'

'Yes, I know. How dear of you to say all this ! But I must not keep you. Hark, they are calling you !'

Mildred rose with a blush ; she knew the light agile step on the stairs. In another moment Dr. Heriot's dark face appeared.

'They are waiting, Mildred ; we have not a moment to lose. You must come, my dear wife !'

'One moment, John ;' and as she folded the girl in a long embrace, she whispered, 'God bless my Olive !' and then suffered him to lead her away.

But when the last good-byes were said, and the carriage door was closed by Richard, Mildred looked up and waved her hand towards the lobby-window. She could see the white dress and dusky halo of hair, the drooping figure and tightly-locked hands, but as the sound of the wheels died away in the distance, Olive hid her face in her hands and prayed, with a burst of tears, that the promise she had made might be faithfully kept.

An hour later, Richard found her still sitting there, looking spent and weary, and took her out to walk with him.

'The rest have all started for Podsgill. We will follow them more leisurely. The air will refresh us both, Olive;' stealing a glance at the reddened eyelids, that told their own tale. Olive so seldom shed tears, that the relief was almost a luxury to her. She felt less oppressed now.

'But Ethel—where is she, Cardie?' unwilling to let him sacrifice himself for her pleasure. She little knew that Richard was carrying out Mildred's last injunctions.

'I leave Olive in your care; be good to her, Richard,' she had said as he had closed the carriage door on her, and he had understood her and given her an affirmative look.

'Ethel has a headache, and has gone home,' he replied. 'She feels this as much as any of us; she did not like breaking up the party, but I saw how much she needed quiet, and persuaded her. She wants you to go up there to-morrow and talk to her.'

'But Cardie,' stopping to look at him, 'I am sure you have a headache, too.'

'So I have, and it is pretty bad, but I thought a walk would do us both good, and we might as well be miserable together, to tell you the truth,' with an attempt at a laugh. 'I can't stand the house without Aunt Milly, and I thought you were feeling the same.'

'Dear Cardie, how good of you to think of me at all,' returned Olive, gratefully. Her brother's evident sympathy was already healing in its effects. Just now she had felt so lonely, so forlorn, it made her better to feel that he was missing Aunt Milly too.

She looked up at him in her mild affectionate way as he walked beside her. She thought, as she had often thought before, how well the straitly-cut clerical garb became him—its severe simplicity suiting so well the grave young face. How handsome, how noble he must look in Ethel's eyes!

'We are so used to have Aunt Milly thinking for us, that it will be hard to think for ourselves,' she went on presently, when they were walking down by the weir. 'You will have to put up with a great deal from me, and to be very patient, though you are always that now, Cardie.'

'Am I?' he returned, touched by her earnestness. Olive had always been loyal to him, even when he had most neglected her; and he had

neglected her somewhat of late, he thought. 'I will tell you what we must do, Livy; we must try to help each other, and to be more to each other than we have been. You see Rex has Polly, but I have no one, not even Aunt Milly now; at least we cannot claim her so much now.'

'You have Ethel, Cardie.'

'Yes, but not in the way I want,' he returned, the sensitive colour flitting over his face. He could never hear or speak her name unmoved; she was far more to him now than she had ever been when he thought of her less as the youthful goddess he had adored in his boyish days, than as the woman he desired to have as his wife. He no longer cast a glamour of his own devising over her image, faulty as well as lovable he knew her to be; but all the same he craved her for his own.

'Not one man in a hundred, not one in a thousand, would make her happy,' he said more than once to himself; 'but it is because I believe myself to be that man that I persevere. If I did not think this, I would take her at her word and go on my way.'

Now, as he answered Olive, a sadness crossed his face, and she saw it. Might it not be that she could help him even here? He had talked about his trouble to Aunt Milly, she knew. Could she not win him to some confidence in herself? Here was a beginning of the work Aunt Milly had left her.

'Dear Cardie, I should so like it if you would talk to me sometimes about Ethel,' she said, hesitating, as though fearing how he would like it. 'I know how often it makes you unhappy. I can always see just when it is troubling you, but I never could speak of it before.'

'Why not, Livy?' not abruptly, but questioning.

'One is so afraid of saying the wrong things, and then you might not have liked it,' stammering in her old way.

'I must always like to talk of what is so dear to me,' he replied, gravely. 'I could as soon blot out my own individuality, as blot out the hope of seeing Ethel my future wife; and in that case, it were strange indeed if I did not love to talk of her.'

'Yes, and I have always felt as though it must come right in the end,' interposed Olive, eagerly; 'her manner gives me that impression.'

'What impression?' he asked, startled by her earnestness.

'I can't help thinking she cares for you, though she does not know it; at least she will not allow herself to know it. I have seen her draw herself so proudly sometimes when you have left her. I am sure she is hardening her heart against herself, Cardie.'

A faint smile rose to his lips. 'Livy, who would have thought you could have said such comforting things, just when I was losing heart too?'

'You must never do that,' she returned, in an old-fashioned way that amused him, and yet reminded him somehow of Mildred. 'Any one like you, Cardie, ought never to lose courage.'

'Courage, Cœur de Lion!' he returned, mimicking her tone more gaily as his spirits insensibly rose under the sisterly flattery. 'God bless her! she is worth waiting for; there is no other woman in the world to me. Who would have thought we should have got on this subject to-day, of all days in the year! but you have done me no end of good, Livy.'

'Then I have done myself good,' she returned, simply; and indeed some sweet hopeful influence seemed to have crept on her during the last half hour; she thought how Mildred's loving sympathy would have been aroused if she could have told her how Richard and she had mutually comforted themselves in their dulness. But something still stranger to her experience happened that night before she slept.

She was lying awake later than usual, pondering over the events of the day, when a stifled sound, strongly resembling a sob promptly swallowed by a simulated yawn, reached her ear.

'Chrissy, dear, is there anything the matter?' she inquired, anxiously trying to grope her way to the huddled heap of bed-clothes.

'No, thank you,' returned Chriss, with dignity; 'what should be the matter! good-night. I believe I am getting sleepy,' with another artfully-constructed yawn which did not in the least deceive Olive.

Chrissy was crying, that was clear; and Olive's sympathy was wide-awake as usual; but how was she with her clumsy, well-meaning efforts to overcome the prickles?

Chriss was well known to have a soul above sympathy, which she generally resented as impertinent; nevertheless Olive's voice grew aggravatingly soft.

'I thought perhaps you might feel dull about Aunt Milly,' she began, hesitating; 'we do—and so——'

'I don't know, I am sure, whom you mean by your aggravating we's,' snapped Chriss; 'but it is very hard a person can't have their feelings without coming down on them like a policeman and taking them in charge.'

'Well, then, I won't say another word, Chriss,' returned her sister, good-humouredly.

But this did not mollify Chriss.

'Speaking won't hurt a person when they are sore all over,' she replied, with her usual contradiction. 'I hate prying, of course, and it is a pity one can't enjoy a comfortable little cry without being put through one's catechism. But I do want Aunt Milly. There!' finished Chriss, with another ominous shaking of the bed-clothes; 'and I want her more than you do and all your mysterious we's.'

'I meant Cardie,' replied Olive, mildly, too much used to Chriss's oddities to be repulsed by them. 'You have no idea how much he misses her and all her nice quiet ways.'

Chriss stopped her ears decidedly.

'I don't want to hear anything about Aunt Milly; you and Richard

made her a sort of golden image. It is very unkind of you, Olive, to speak about her now when you know how horrid and disagreeable and cross and altogether abominable I have always been to her,' and here honest tears choked Chriss's utterance.

A warm thrill pervaded Olive's frame; here was another piece of work left for her to do. She must gain influence over the cross-grained warped little piece of human nature beside her: hitherto there had been small sympathy between the sisters. Olive's dreamy susceptibilities and Chriss's shrewdness had kept them apart. Chriss had always made it a point of honour to contradict Olive in everything, and never until now had she ever managed to insert the thinnest wedge between Chriss's bristling self-esteem and general pugnacity.

'Oh, Chriss,' she cried, almost tremblingly, in her eagerness to impart some consolation, 'there is not one of us who cannot blame ourselves in some way. I am sure I have not been as nice as I might have been to Aunt Milly.'

Chriss shook her shoulder pettishly.

'Dear me, that is so like you, Olive; you are the most funnily-constructed person I ever saw—all poetry and conscience. When you are not dreaming with your eyes open you are always reading yourself a homily.'

'I wish I were nice for all your sakes,' replied Olive, meekly, not in the least repudiating this personal attack.

'Oh, as to that, you are nice enough,' retorted Chriss briskly. 'You won't come up to Aunt Milly, so it is no use trying, but all the same I mean to stick to you. I don't intend you to be quite drowned dead in your responsibilities. If you say a thing, however stupid it is, I shall think it my duty to back you up, so I warn you to be careful.'

'Dear Chriss, I am so much obliged to you,' replied Olive, with tears in her eyes.

She perfectly understood by this somewhat vague sentence that Chriss was entering into a solemn league and covenant with her, an alliance aggressive and defensive for all future occasions.

'There is not another tolerably comfortable person in the house,' grumbled Chriss; 'one might as well talk to a monk as to Richard; the corners of his mouth are beginning to turn down already with ultra-goodness, and now he has taken to the Noah's Ark style of dress one has no comfort in contradicting him.'

'Chrissy, how can you say such things? Cardie has never been so dear and good in his life.'

'And then there are Rex and Polly,' continued Chriss, ignoring this interruption; 'the way they talk in corners and the foolish things they say! I have made up my mind, Livy, never to be in love, not even if I marry my professor. I will be kind to him and sew on his buttons once in a way, and order him nice things for dinner; but if he sent me on errands as Rex does Polly I would just march out of the room and

never see his face again. I am so glad that no one will think of marrying you, Olive,' she finished, sleepily, disposing herself to rest; 'every family ought to have an old maid, and a poetical one will be just the thing.'

Olive smiled; she always took these sort of speeches as a matter of course. It never entered her head that any other scheme of life were possible with her. She was far too humble-minded and aware of her shortcomings to imagine that she could find favour in any man's eyes. She lay with a lightened heart long after Chriss had fallen into a sweet sleep, thinking how she could do her best for the froward young creature beside her.

'I have begun work in earnest to-day,' she thought, 'first Cardie and now Chriss. Oh, how hard I will try not to disappoint them!'

Dr. Heriot had hoped to secure some five weeks of freedom from work, but before the month had fully elapsed he had an urgent recall home. Richard had telegraphed to him that they were all in great anxiety about Mr. Trelawny. There had been a paralytic seizure, and his daughter was in deep distress. They had sent for a physician from Kendal, but as the case required watching Dr. Heriot knew how urgently his presence would be desired.

He went in search of his wife immediately, and found her sitting in a quiet nook in the Lowood Gardens overlooking Windermere.

The book they had been reading together lay unheeded on her lap. Mildred's eyes were fixed on the shining lake and the hills with purple shadow, stealing over them. Her husband's step on the turf failed to rouse her, so engrossing was her reverie, till his hand was laid on her shoulder.

'John, how you startled me!'

'I have been looking for you everywhere, Milly, darling,' he returned, sitting down beside her. 'I have been watching you for ever so long, I wanted to know what other people thought of my wife, and so for once I resolved to be a disinterested spectator.'

'Hush, your wife does not like you to talk nonsense;' but all the same Mildred blushed beautifully.

'Unfortunately she has to endure it,' he replied coolly. 'After all I think people will be satisfied. You are a young-looking woman, Milly, especially since you have left off wearing grey.'

'As though I mind what people think,' she returned, smiling, pleased with his praise.

Was it not sufficient for her that she was fair in his eyes? Dr. Heriot had a fastidious taste with regard to ladies dress. In common with many men, he preferred rich dark materials with a certain depth and softness of colouring, and already, with the nicest tact, she contrived to satisfy him. Mildred was beginning to lose the old-fashioned staidness and precision that had once marked her style; others besides her husband thought the quiet, restful face had a certain beauty of its own.

And he. There were some words written by the wise king of old which often rose to his lips as he looked at her—'The heart of her husband does safely trust in her; she will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.' How had it ever come that he had won for himself this blessing? There were times when he almost felt abashed before the purity and goodness of this woman; the simplicity and truthfulness of her words, the meekness with which she ever obeyed him. 'If I can only be worthy of my Mildred's love, if I can be what she thinks me,' he often said to himself. As he sat beside her now a feeling of regret crossed him that this should be their last evening in this sweet place.

'Shall you be very much disappointed, my wife' (his favourite name for her), 'if we return home a few days earlier than we planned?'

She looked up quickly.

'Disappointed—to go home, and with you, John! But why? is there anything the matter?'

'Not at the Vicarage, but Mr. Trelawney is very ill, and Richard has telegraphed for me. What do you say, Mildred?'

'That we must go at once. Poor Ethel. Of course she will want you, she always had such faith in you. Dr. Strong is no favourite at Kirkleatham.'

'Yes, I think we ought to go,' he returned, slowly; 'you will be a comfort to the poor girl, and of course I must be at my post. I am only so sorry our pleasant trip must end.'

'Yes, and it was doing you so much good,' she replied, looking fondly at the dark face, now no longer thin and wan. 'I should have liked you to have had another week's rest before you began work.'

'Never mind,' he returned cheerfully, 'we will not waste this lovely evening with regrets. Where are your wraps, Mildred? I mean to fetch them and row you on the lake; there will be a glorious moon this evening.'

The next night as Richard crossed the market-place on his way from Kirkleatham he saw lights in the window of the low grey house beside the Bank, and the next minute Dr. Heriot came out, swinging the gate behind him. Richard sprang to meet him.

'My telegram reached you then at Windermere? I am so thankful you have come. Where is Aunt Milly?'

'There,' motioning to the house; 'do you think I should leave my wife behind me? Let me hear a little about things, Richard. Are you going my way; to Kirkleatham, I mean?'

'Yes, I will turn back with you. I have been up there most of the time. He seems to like me, and no one else can lift him. It seemed hard breaking into your holiday, Dr. Heriot, but what could I do? We are sure he dislikes Dr. Strong, and then Ethel seemed so wretched.'

'Poor girl; the sudden seizure must have terrified her.'

'Oh, I must tell you about that, I promised her I would. You see he has taken this affair of the election too much to heart; every one told him he would fail, and he did not believe them. In his obstinacy he has squandered large sums of money, and she believes this to be preying on his mind.'

'That and the disappointment.'

'As to that his state was pitiable. He came back from Kendal looking as ill as possible and full of bitterness against her. She has no want of courage, but she owned she was almost terrified when she looked at him. She does not say much, but one can tell what she has been through.'

Dr. Heriot nodded. Too well he understood the state of the case. Mr. Trelawney's paroxysms of temper had latterly become almost uncontrollable.

'He parted from her in anger, his last words being that she had ruined her father, and then he went up to his dressing-room. Shortly after a servant in an adjoining room heard a heavy fall, and alarmed the household. They found him lying speechless and unable to move. Ethel says when they had laid him on his bed and he had recovered consciousness a little, his eyes followed her with a frightened, questioning look that went to her heart, and which no soothing on her part could remove. The whole of the right side is affected, and though he has recovered speech, the articulation is very imperfect, impossible to understand at present, which makes it very distressing.'

'Poor Miss Trelawney, I fear she has sad work before her.'

'She looks wretchedly ill over it; but what can one expect from such a shock? She shows admirable self-command in the sick room; she only breaks down when she is away from him. I am so glad she will have Aunt Milly. Now I must go back, as Marsden is away and I have to copy some papers for my father. I shall go back in a couple of hours to take the first share of the night's nursing.'

'You will find me there,' was Dr. Heriot's reply as they shook hands and parted.

(To be continued.)

OLD POLLY CRANE.
AN INDIAN STORY, 1790.

BY E. W. LATIMER.

CHAPTER III.

'Thy kingdom come, O God !
Thy reign, O Christ, begin ;
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

'Where is Thy rule of peace,
And purity, and love ?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above !'

Hymn 7. American Church Hymnal.

THE party of Indians with their white captives, including Lady Harriet, Polly Crane, Louis, and little Mélanie, remained two days on the bank of the Ohio river, for the next morning news came that canoes and boats were descending the Ohio.

The evening before three of the male prisoners had been required to assist in preparing oars, or sweeps, for the great ark, which had by this time been got off from the shore, with the intention of using her to board other boats that might be passing up or down the river.

As soon as the news of the approach of white men was received, the Indians hastened to put on fresh war-paint, and to make themselves as hideous as possible. Each warrior carried a hand looking-glass, bought of the French traders in the villages on the Miami. This he placed before him while daubing himself for battle. Some painted their cheeks black, with red and white streaks on their foreheads ; others wore black circles round their eyes, and red or white on the lower part of their faces. One man, who had one quarter of his face painted black while all the rest was bare, was, they were told, a recent widower. All had feathers stuck in their scalp-locks, 'and had the aspect,' said Polly, 'of a troop of devils.'

When the war-paint was put on (intended to give honourable notice of hostile intentions towards an enemy), the whole party—except those squaws who were left to keep watch over Lady Harriet—went down to the river-side and hid themselves among the bushes. As soon as the boats drew near enough for the faces of the men in them to be distinctly visible, the savages made their white prisoners show themselves upon the deck of their boat, or near the edge of the river, covering them, however, with their muskets, whose barrels glanced threateningly through the branches of the brushwood.

About this time the Indians were joined by a fresh party—three warriors and a squaw. One of these, putting on a white man's

clothes, made signs to those in the canoe, shouting 'axe!' and telling by his motions that the boat was so disabled that it could not be got off without repairs.

The party in the canoe were deceived, just as their countrymen had been the night before, and turned the head of their light craft in the desired direction.

'I'll give warning if I die for it!' cried a man by the side of Polly; but the next moment it became evident that the set of the current was bearing the canoe too far down the river for any communication with the party on land.

'Thank God!' cried the man.

'He was a good man named Johnston,' said Polly, 'who forty years after wrote a narrative of his share in these adventures.'

His comfort, however, did not last long. The Indians ran along the bank, under cover of the woods, and fired into the canoe as it touched the shore. Four men were killed at the first fire. Two others, though desperately wounded, struck out to the middle of the stream. But before they could get out of musket range several more balls struck them; their bloody corpses floated, face upwards, on the stream, and as the set of the current again sucked them into the bend, they were secured, and scalped like the others. Their canoe had been upset, and the Indians, though they secured and righted it, got no plunder.

Later in the day three other boats appeared ascending the river. The Indians obliged three of their white captives to get into the canoe they had just captured, and then three Indians standing over them forced them to use what seemed their utmost strength in pulling; for this war-party was made up of inland Indians, to whom boat navigation appeared a novelty.

The prisoners purposely rowed out of stroke, caught crabs, backed water, and endeavoured in every way to give the chased the advantage, while apparently exerting all their strength to do their captors' bidding.

Their stratagem succeeded. Each of the boats, all of which had turned round as they came in sight, had but a pair of oars, and at first the white men with the party of Indians, feared, lest, in spite of all their efforts, they might be forced to overhaul them. The white men in the boats had evidently no firearms, or they might have overpowered the three Indians, and have made their escape together with the three prisoners. However, they were ignorant as to the situation, and, seeing themselves pursued by a six-oared canoe, lost nerve. The middle boat at last lay-to for its rear companion. Taking off its rowers the crew cast the rear boat adrift, and then, with four oars, made after the foremost boat, which in its turn took all on board, and with six rowers, with an oar apiece, matched against three men each with a pair of oars, shot easily ahead, and got beyond danger.

The Indians then turned back, picking up the abandoned boats, in

which they found several horses and a fine stock of goods. Mr. Johnston recognised on board of one of the boats a hat and other property belonging to a friend of his, a brother of Chief Justice Marshal of Kentucky.

The boats were taken to the shore, and the plunder, no doubt, fairly divided, for the result seemed satisfactory to all concerned. A good deal of rum and whisky were obtained, and that night was spent in further revelry, the captives being permitted, if they pleased, to share the drink, though five warriors refrained from tasting a drop of liquor, having been told off as a guard over the prisoners; nor did they meet with any consideration for their abstemiousness, by subsequently receiving their share, for, according to Indian custom, the cask or bottle had to be drained before the party separated. On this occasion this did not take place until dawn; but the Indian guard, as their companions grew unmanageably intoxicated, withdrew the captives to a quiet spot, probably with a view to their personal safety.

Whilst the orgie was at its height, about ten o'clock P.M., Polly, finding that she was not very strictly watched, crept towards the stake to which Lady Harriet was still fastened by the Cherokees, who had her prisoner. Polly carried little Mélanie, who was asleep, while Louis, weeping bitterly but silently, followed her, hanging on to her skirts, though in a state of great exasperation. He had refused to say his prayers before he went to sleep unless at his mother's knee, and Polly had been half distracted by his refractoriness. She knew that Lady Harriet made a point every evening of hearing him repeat his prayer; she was beginning to know something of the importance of such intercourse with the Good Father in Heaven, and she felt as if it were somehow faithless upon her part to allow him to omit what his mother had taught him. It seemed like a dishonour done to her that in the first moments of her absence her wishes and instructions should be disobeyed. Besides, Polly had a species of superstition on the subject. Her ignorance connected some sort of charm with the privilege of prayer. She had tried scolding, bribing, and even threatening, to induce Louis to kneel down and say 'Our Father.' She was sure—and rightly sure—he ought to pray before he slept, and, like other ignorant mothers and nurses, she was disposed by enforcing the mere *act* of praying to give him a lesson which would perhaps for ever destroy his sense of the *true spirit* of prayer.

Louis, however, baffled her, and, deeply afflicted at her ill success, she led him along the edge of the woods as far as possible out of sight of the drunken crowd, hoping to get close enough to communicate with his poor mother.

Lady Harriet proved to be guarded by a single Indian squaw, the woman who had joined the band that day. She was a half-breed, and offered no opposition, as Polly and the children drew near, but sat rocking herself with her face wrapped in her blanket.

With rapture the poor mother clasped her youngest to her heart, and kissed her eyes and forehead. Polly led up Louis, sulky with a consciousness of being considered naughty, and stated her difficulty.

'Why won't you say your prayers to God before you sleep to-night, my child?' his mother asked him.

'Because I like to say my prayers to you. And Polly should not say you'd whip me if I did not say my prayers,' was the indignant answer.

'My darling,' Lady Harriet replied, 'saying your prayers is between you and God. In other things you *must* obey me. But prayers would not be prayers at all if you were *forced* to say them. You make me very sorry by not doing what is right, and you do yourself great harm, for if at any time you fail to say your prayers you break up a good habit, and you put away from yourself the help of God. It is like little Mélanie insisting on trying to walk without my hand, or your hand, or Polly's hand. Whom do you say your prayers to, Louis?'

He did not answer.

'To God—to God your loving Father, King of Heaven; *you* know His name and dignity. Wherever *I* may be, my boy, as surely as His Heaven is over you, there is *He* to be a Father to you. As King of Kings He does not need our prayers, but for our own good He tells us to pray to Him. Think of this, darling. Ask your Father for what you want. As you grow older and wiser you will want better and higher things, but *all* you want ask Him for *now*. Polly, dear child, don't *force* a child to pray. It is possible he may not be willing to say his prayers in just the way you wish, from a shy, reverent sense of the sacredness and privacy of prayer. But let him feel it is his own great loss if he neglects his daily speech with his Father in Heaven. Shall I hear you say your prayers now, Louis? Let me hear you pray once more for yourself, for me, for little Mélanie, for your dear father far away, and for poor Polly.'

The little boy knelt down, and in a subdued voice began—

'Our Father which art in Heaven: Hallowed be Thy name: Thy kingdom come——'

'What's that he says?' said the half-breed. 'King George come? King George's kingdom come?'

Lady Harriet hushed her by a motion of the hand. The child finished his prayer, ending by a child's loving supplication by name for those he loved; then, rising from his knees, he nestled to his mother close while she folded her arms round him.

'Miaketa,' said Lady Harriett, 'what were you going to say just now about King George?'

'Is the kingdom of King George to come again over us?' said the woman. 'Americans bloody chiefs—King George too bloody kingdom. What for wish either to come here? Pray that both keep away. Then all right with Indian.'

'The prayer was for God's kingdom,' said Lady Harriet. 'When *that* comes we shall all be true Christians, and the world will obey God. Then all cruelty, and war, and sorrow, and tears shall be done away. Then nobody shall ever sin, or offend the Good Spirit. Then all the dreadful things that we have seen to-day—bloodshed, deceit, and drunkenness shall for ever cease.'

'That not King George's kingdom—that not American white man's kingdom,' repeated Miaketa, positively. 'I know—I seen them.'

'Not yet, but most surely it will be! I sometimes feel that but for the thought that God's kingdom is hastening on, I could not bear the dreadful things I see around me. There is such comfort in that prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," when things look dark about me.'

'King George bad—American white chiefs badder,' said Miaketa rousing herself, and sitting up with her eyes gleaming. 'Listen! and I will tell you what comes of white man's kingdom.'

So saying she proceeded to relate her own sad story.

She was the daughter of a frontiers-man, who, as Indian interpreter, had made his home among the Shawnees, and married, after the fashion of the tribe, an Indian squaw. There came into their lodges some white missionaries, who preached to the Indians, and baptized some of them. Miaketa was baptized Maria, and was very proud of it, as a distinction that seemed to exalt her above the other women of her mother's people. The chief of their village was named Cornstalk. He was the idol of his nation. He listened to the Romish missionaries with interest, an interest stimulated by his son Elenipsico, a young brave, who had already fixed an eye of favour on Miaketa, the girl being more than his equal in the opinion of that savage society, through some civilised accomplishments, and her white blood.

Already he had taken steps to demand her of her father, and had obtained her shy assurance of satisfaction at his suit, when suddenly news came of the breaking out of the American Revolution. The fort at Point Pleasant, then in the heart of the Indian country, had been seized by the detachment of militia that held it for King George, in the name of the American people. The Indian tribes in the vicinity were called upon to take sides in the white man's quarrel. Miaketa's father favoured the Americans, and finding the tribe with which he was connected likely to espouse the other side, he withdrew into the fort, taking with him his daughter.

The Shawnees as a body stood by their old ally, the English king. Miaketa was parted from her Indian lover. She went for the first time among white people and Christians, supposing she should find them like-minded with the missionary, or the saints of whom he told. Life at the fort dispersed all these illusions. There were at least some moral regulations, or respectful habitual recognition of the Great Spirit among the heathen savages with whom she had been brought up; in the Christian society into which she was now thrown, God

would have seemed utterly forgotten, had they not used His holy Name every hour in the day coupled with profanity and angry words. She was the only woman in the fort, and soon began to dread both officers and soldiers, especially one young man, called Sergeant Gilmore. Her father loved high play. In the forced idleness of life in garrison he had ample time to amuse himself with cards, and no chance to replenish his stock of pelties when it became diminished by his losses. Miaketa saw him gaming day by day with the young sergeant. She had reason to believe that in the end she would be made over to him in settlement of the debt that was accumulating. In her Indian village she had taken pride in her white name and lineage; in the fort she became wholly Indian. Everything belonging to the civilisation of the whites she began to hold in horror. She pined for her old wild life—the freedom of her savage home. An opportunity occurred to send a message to the lodges of her people. She took advantage of it, and soon received in reply a token which she well knew came from Elenipsico. A few days after Cornstalk, with Red Hawk, another chief, accompanied by a young warrior of their tribe, came into the fort. They were received with considerable distinction by the officer in command, a Captain Arbuckle.

Cornstalk, in their conference, honestly represented his unwillingness to take part in the war on the British side, but he added that the main body of his tribe having resolved to espouse that side of the quarrel, he and the men of his own village might be obliged to go with the stream.

Cornstalk imagined that, not being in his war paint, his character as a neutral, according to Indian customs, would have been respected; but Captain Arbuckle resolved to retain him and his companions as hostages. The two chiefs therefore were not allowed to leave the fort, but the young brave escaped, and carried word to Elenipsico, who forthwith repaired to Point Pleasant on a double errand. He wished to see his father, and, if possible, to secure Miaketa as his bride. Elenipsico was freely admitted to the fort, though it is doubtful whether he would ever have been permitted to leave it. That evening he had a long interview with Miaketa, and was instructed as to the situation of affairs. He managed also to send word to his party, of an escape planned by his father, Red Hawk, and himself, after night-fall, with Miaketa.

Two soldiers of the fort, one of them Sergeant Gilmore, had been sent out the day before to shoot game for the garrison. On their return, about noon of the next day, they fell in with the party of Shawnees lying in the woods, waiting for Elenipsico. The soldiers were insolent, the Indians wrathful and excited. Words passed between them. Gilmore drew his sword upon an Indian, who immediately shot him down.

There were three officers in the fort at that time—Colonel Stuart,

who was on a visit to Captain Arbuckle, and a Captain Hall. The soldier who had been with Gilmore ran down the bank crying out that the sergeant was killed. Captain Hall commanded the troop to which Gilmore belonged. With some of his men he leaped into a canoe, and pushed off to the relief of the remaining soldier. They brought back the body of Gilmore, weltering in blood, with the scalp torn from the head. No sooner had it been carried up the bank than the men exclaimed, 'Let us kill Cornstalk and his son! This is their doing!'

Captain Hall placed himself at the head of Gilmore's comrades. In vain Colonel Stuart and Captain Arbuckle endeavoured to prevent them. The men, imperfectly disciplined, wild and self-willed frontiersmen, were roused to madness by the sight of Gilmore's bloody corpse, and were in open mutiny. They cocked their guns, and threatened, if opposed, to shoot their officer.

Miaketa, seeing this, ran into the little cabin appropriated to the Indian captives, and told them of their danger. In answer to a question from his father, Elenipsico protested he knew nothing of Gilmore's death; that it must have been the result of some sudden quarrel with the party waiting his return. Old Cornstalk then perceiving that his son was greatly moved, as Miaketa clasped him in her arms, exhorted him to composure and resignation. 'If the Great Spirit,' said he, 'has sent you here to be killed, you ought to die like a man.'

At that moment the measured tramp of soldiers was heard approaching the cabin door. Cornstalk rose up to meet them. As he did so seven or eight balls entered his breast. He fell without a word across the threshold.

Elenipsico was shot dead in the seat he occupied. Red Hawk made an attempt to climb the chimney, but was dragged down and despatched by the angry crowd.

That night the half-breed girl renounced her father and her white descent, and fled from civilisation. After a journey full of perils, she reached the Shawnee lodges. She could not long remain unprotected by marriage, any more than one of the Greek or Trojan widows or maidens in Homeric times. She married a brother of Elenipsico, a rude chief in whose company she had come into the camp, where she met with Lady Harriet and her children; and ever after, as she boasted with a savage pride, she had lost no opportunity of fomenting that implacable deadly hatred against Americans, which, after the deaths of Constable, Red Hawk, and Elenipsico, was characteristic of the Shawnee nation.

So fell two chiefs, father and son, who by the testimony of Colonel Stuart himself (who not long before his death, wrote a narrative of his experiences with the Indians, a manuscript still preserved by his descendants) were 'great warriors and good men. They were both eminently dignified, and enjoyed a high reputation for ability, honesty,

and fidelity among the better class of whites, but fell a sacrifice to the fierce passions of an undisciplined and undiscerning rabble.’

As Miaketa ended her narrative she rocked herself back and forth more and more violently. She had heard that Lady Harriet was English; for that reason she pitied her. Towards Americans all the savageness of her Indian nature made her bitterly hostile.

Lady Harriet, too, sat silent when the story closed. What could she say to Miaketa? In her heart she could pray, and doubtless did pray, ‘Thy Kingdom come,’ first into the lives of baptized professing Christians, and then to the knowledge and acceptance of the heathen. But alas! what obstacles the ungodliness, injustice, and excesses of mankind are raising every day to the fulfilment of this petition!

‘WAIT, HE IS SURE TO COME!’

THE following extract from a letter of the Bishop of Algoma will give great interest to those who have subscribed to this fund:—‘You will I am sure be glad to learn that it (the first money sent) has arrived most opportunely, inasmuch as it will enable me at once to complete arrangements for carrying out a scheme for beginning work amongst the Indians on Lake Neepigon; and, in the absence of a fit and proper person to send as a missionary, I purpose sending up a young Indian (who, whilst preparing himself for the ministry, is acting in the double capacity of school teacher and catechist among the Indians at Garden River) to spend his vacation amongst them, and as it were pave the way for further operations. The death of the lad whom I brought down with me last summer to the Shingwauk Home, will, I fear, prove a hindrance to our work amongst them; but seeing that God’s ways are not our ways, and He knows best how to carry on His own work, we must believe that it will prove to be for the best in the end.’—In the July number of the *Algoma Missionary News* there is a very simple but touching account of the death of the poor boy (Frederick Oskahpukeda) intrusted to the Bishop, with a letter from the father in which he pleads for a school and teacher, so that their children may be educated at home. The Bishop gives the sum necessary for opening a mission on Lake Neepigon—cost of buildings 400 dollars (about £80), salary of missionary 600 dollars (£120 per annum). Our fund requires but little to raise it to the required amount for this year, as it has now reached the sum of £181 10s. 7d. May we ask for that little? ‘Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.’

M. E. B.

FAMINE ORPHANAGES.

AMID the stir of passing events the great Indian Famine of 1877-78 will soon be forgotten in England. But England came gallantly to the rescue in the hour of need. Prince and peasant alike held out a helping hand to the starving Oriental as he staggered in many cases to his grave. And then the question arose, what was to be done with his orphans? A question more difficult to solve in India than elsewhere on account of the peculiar caste prejudices of the country. It was calculated that thousands of orphans would be left 'children of the state,' to be fed and clothed and *educated*, but how?

There were some who said it would be taking an unfair advantage of the poor Hindu who had died in the chains of superstition to educate his orphans as Christians! Because had he been living he would not have liked their caste to be spoiled. But there were others who took a different view, and a Friendless Children's Protection Society was formed whose objects were thus defined:—

I. Whilst the famine pressure continues, to support life and relieve distress by receiving friendless children in temporary homes, either in connection with or separate from existing relief camps.

II. When the famine pressure ceases, to provide for bringing up in the Christian faith such children as remain unclaimed by their relatives.

This Society worked mainly through the great Missionary Society, and by its means hundreds of orphans were placed in the way of receiving Christian education.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLVIII.

LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

1567—1568.

LOCHLEVEN CASTLE still stands ruinous on its island. It has a tall round tower, with three of the angles adorned with small round turrets projecting, and with extinguisher roofs. Below, there were two vaulted floors, and another story rose above them on beams and joists. There was room on the islet for a hall, and for chambers and out-buildings; and there were other islets on the lake, one containing the ruined monastery of S. Serf. Supplies, however, had to come from the mainland.

Mary had fitted up her apartments there on her first arrival from

France, and the walls were hung with tapestry representing hunting and hawking pieces, and she had a green velvet bed, and a crimson canopy over her chair of state. It stood in a round presence-chamber within the tower, and looked out across the lake to the mountains, and to the hamlet of Kinross.

Three of her ladies, Marie de Courcelles, Jane Kennedy, and Mary Seton, had gone with her. The Countess of Moray was likewise at Lochleven, and such of the seven daughters of Lady Douglas as were unmarried attended upon her. At first she would not eat, and seemed broken-hearted, but her elastic spirits rose—she played at cards, worked with her needle, and devised sports and pastimes for her little train, thus winning entirely the heart of George Douglas, the second son then at home.

A month had thus passed, when, on the 23rd of July, Lord Lindsay and Sir Robert Melville were seen crossing the lake. When ushered into her presence they produced three deeds, which they required her to sign. One was an abdication of her crown in favour of her son; the second appointed Moray as regent; the third established Morton and some other lords as a council in the absence of Moray, who was still abroad.

Mary utterly refused such a proposal, and Melville begged to see her alone. He told her that her danger was great in case of her persisting. He gave her a turquoise ring as a token from Athol, Huntley, Lethington, and Grange, to authorise their message that abdication was the only means of saving her life, and likewise a letter from Throckmorton, concealed in the scabbard of his sword, with the same advice. She, however, declared that she would not comply with a demand only prompted by the ambition of a few.

On Melville's failure, Lindsay came in. He was a man whom Mary specially detested for his brutal insults on her entrance into Edinburgh; and he had no scruple in employing threats, first that he would lock her up in the tower, and then that he would throw her into the lake to feed the fishes.

'I am not yet five-and-twenty!' cried the poor young Queen, and then tears choked her utterance, and she wept piteously, while Melville whispered to her that she would do wisely to save her life by signing the papers, since these threats would render them quite invalid.

Lindsay, further exasperated by her tears, swore that he would make an end of it at once, and grasping her arm, forced the pen into her fingers, and held her till she traced her name, leaving the mark of his gauntlet on her soft wrist. George Douglas broke forth in indignation, but he was viewed as a mere boy, and his elder brother, Sir William, had left the room, refusing to have anything to do with the business. The Queen was left in such a state of agitation and despair, that she had a fever, which kept her for some weeks in bed.

Meantime, her chapel at Holyrood was rifled by Lord Glencairn, and preparations were made for the instant coronation of her unconscious child.

Scotland was accustomed to mourning coronations of infants, and perhaps that of her sixth James was the saddest of all, when, on the 28th of July, 1567, he was borne in the arms of the Earl of Mar to the parish church of Stirling. Athol carried the crown, Morton the sceptre, Glencairn the sword. Mary's act of abdication was read, and Lindsay falsely swore to its having been given by her own free will.

John Knox preached the sermon. He with some others would have omitted the anointing as a Jewish or Popish ceremony, but as it was unsafe to dispense with anything essential to the king's legal title, he was overruled. The Bishop of Orkney (by title), the same who had married the Queen to Bothwell, was to perform the ceremony, and a newly-framed coronation-oath to protect the Kirk was taken in the child's name by the Earl of Morton. Then the crown of Scotland was held over the poor little unconscious head, and each noble and each burgher laid his hand on it, and swore those oaths of allegiance which they were wont to count so lightly. After which the Earl of Mar lifted the poor baby off his throne, and carried him back to the castle as King James VI. of Scotland.

The English ambassador was not there: Queen Elizabeth had forbidden him to countenance any such proceeding; and indeed the English Queen was in great perplexity. As a woman, she would fain have supported her cousin; and as a queen, she hated insurgents; but her interests were with the Reformed rather than the Roman Catholic cause, and she knew or suspected enough to make her doubt whether Mary was not a criminal whose part she could not espouse. Her view was that it would be best for all that Mary and her son should both be in her own keeping, where the child could be well educated like the best man of his line, James I., and prepared for the throne of England, and where the lives of both would be safer than among their own subjects.

For Sir Nicolas Throckmorton wrote her word that he heard from the Council that the Archbishop of St. Andrew's (George Hamilton) was calling on the Council to put Mary to death, and when he (Sir Nicolas) suggested that it would be better to divorce her from Bothwell, and marry her to one of their own party, the answer was that her death would leave the Hamiltons with nothing but the little king between them and the throne, and he 'might die.' Throckmorton, by his own account, only succeeded in persuading the Council to take no steps for the trial and execution of their Queen till the arrival of the Earl of Moray, whom they elected as Regent.

He was in France when the tidings reached him, and there was much excitement there. Young Charles IX., who had a boy's fondness for his beautiful sister-in-law, would have brought her and her son to

France at once, but this was the last thing that Catherine de Medici wished.

Provided Scotland remained her ally, she did not care who was its sovereign, and she absolutely disliked Mary. Large promises were made to the new Regent; but he was a cool and cautious man, and did not commit himself except by taking gifts of plate and money. He returned by way of England, and saw Queen Elizabeth, who scolded him well, and declared that she meant to restore her sister-queen, and punish the rebels.

Her Council did the best to smooth away the impression these words had made, but Moray went away in displeasure, though still saying as little as possible of his intentions, and reserving his decision till he should be on the spot.

Four hundred gentlemen on horseback met him as soon as he had left Berwick and escorted him to Edinburgh. He was urged to accept the Regency, but refused until he should have seen his sister. Difficulties were made, lest she should talk him over, and at last he was only permitted to go to Lochleven in company with Morton, Athol, and Lindsay.

Mary received them with tears and complaints of her captivity. She had a long private interview with her brother, of which we have only the account he chose to give to Sir Nicolas Throckmorton on his return to Edinburgh.

By this he represented himself as behaving to her at first 'more like a ghostly father than a counsellor,' and leaving her no hope but in the mercy of Heaven when he parted with her at night; but in the morning he showed some relenting, and she, with many entreaties, tears, and embracings, besought him to accept the Regency, as the best hope for herself and her son, and to get all the strong places into his power. He showed some reluctance, but her pleading grew stronger, and finally he promised to become Regent.

After this she became cheerful and sent her blessing to her son. It seems likely that this narrative is true, though possibly not the whole truth. Indeed Moray's conduct would seem to have been a piece of acting, in order that he might be armed with her consent to his taking the Regency in case of accidents. At any rate, Moray was sworn in as Regent at the Tolbooth on the 19th of August, 1567, and proclaimed the same day at the Market Cross.

The first thing he did was to take away the government of Edinburgh Castle from Balfour, Bothwell's creature, and give it to Kirkaldy of Grange, but he was obliged to buy Balfour off with 5,000*l.*, the Abbey of Pittenweem, and a pledge of immunity for his share in Darnley's murder, though some of the lesser tools were arrested. The greater ones, such as Morton, Lethington, and Athol, who had made Moray king in all but name, were necessarily let go free.

It was a perilous path in which he had to walk. From France he

had few fears. Charles IX. might declare that he would deliver his fair sister, but he was a mere boy ; the Duke of Guise was younger still, and Catherine was sure not to promote any scheme in Mary's favour, even had she been at leisure to send any forces from France.

Queen Elizabeth, on the other hand, was furious, and used the most violent language respecting the subjects who had dared to judge and dethrone their Queen ; and she sent off Sir Nicolas Throckmorton with orders to see Queen Mary, assure her of England's protection, and then dictate terms to the rebels.

Sir Nicolas, who had only just come home from Scotland, knew that it was all very well for his mistress to talk ; but he did not believe that he should even be allowed access to Mary, and was quite sure that Scottish pride would never endure to be thus treated. However, he could not persuade the Queen to attend to him. She felt all royalty outraged by a sovereign's imprisonment, and though she was very angry with Mary, she was still more angry with the subjects who had dared to dethrone her.

Poor man, he was in a difficult position. The utmost speed that messengers could make left a fortnight at the very least between the despatch of a letter from Edinburgh and the receipt of the answer from London. The Scots lords showed themselves so mortally offended that he durst not urge his mission. Yet his Queen sent letter after letter, pressing him on, and every word he said only enraged the Scots, and made them ready to put their Queen to death as an assertion of their independence. At last they told him that his Queen forgot that she was not addressing her own subjects, and Cecil succeeded in persuading Elizabeth that she was really provoking them into murdering their Queen, and that if they did so, every one would accuse her of having thus purposely brought about a death so convenient to her.

Throckmorton was then, to his own great relief recalled. He was not allowed to see Mary, and when, on his taking leave, the usual compliment of a present of gold plate was offered to him, it was in the name of the King. He therefore would not accept it, since he owned no King in Scotland.

Elizabeth was very angry, but as she told the French ambassador, to proceed to take up arms against the Scots would be certain death to their prisoner, and she held her hand. Parliament met, and passed an act declaring the Queen and Bothwell guilty of murder.

Meanwhile the Scots, with Moray, a decided Calvinist, at their head, was regulating further their form of worship and discipline. There was a dispute between Dr. Cox, Edward VI.'s tutor, who maintained the English service book, mutilated for Frankfort use, and John Knox, who had a book of Common Order, adapted from that of Geneva, without responses. These John Knox hated, and called them 'murmuring aloud while the minister prayed.' The Scottish love for

France, and dislike to England, prevailed, and in 1567, the Book of Common Order was generally adopted. There were about 289 ministers then existing, and 715 readers, who might read the service in their absence. No provision was made for the Gaelic-speaking congregations, but the service, where English was not understood, might be in Latin. However the so-called Bishop of the Isles did translate the Book of Common Order for the use of his flock, but it was not generally adopted. In fact, most of the Highland chiefs and their clans held to the old faith, though in a very rude manner, as may be inferred from their custom of leaving the right hand outside the water at baptism, in order that unchristened blows might be the more terrible. The Common Order was received as meant to supply the lack of readiness in extemporising, and successive editions dropped out more and more of the very slender ritual. The Creed was once rehearsed by the minister whenever he pleased, and to it was appended an explanation, but as time went on, the Creed of apostolic ages was left out, and only the Scots Confession of Faith remained. Brief forms of Communion, Baptism, and Marriage still survived, but no service at all for the Burial of the Dead, so much were prayers for them dreaded !

The only congregational part of the Sunday service was the psalmody. Knox had in Frankfort seen the effect of Lutheran singing, and was willing to adopt it. A family called Wedderburn, at Dundee, did the work for Scotland that Clément Marot had done for France, even parodying many old Scottish ballads. The Psalms were also put into vigorous and rugged metre, with more of poetry than Sternhold and Hopkins had been able to retain, and these were most spirit-stirring calls to men who sang them with their whole heart and soul, and applied all their denunciations to the Church of Rome and Queen Mary.

Moray was a vigorous ruler. The spirit of the brave and justice-loving Jameses had descended to him, and he ruled with a high hand, suppressing border raids. That some of these mosstroopers were warmly attached to the cause of the Queen, and others connected with the Hepburns of Bothwell, made him all the more ready to strike them.

Still there was a cry that no one had been brought to justice for the King's murder, and Moray caused four of the actual executors of the deed to be seized, namely, Hay of Talla, Hepburn of Bolton, and Powrie, besides Dalglish, the man who had been sent back for the casket.

The English spectators expected much from their confessions, but they were arraigned, tried, convicted, and executed all in one day, the 3rd of January, 1568. Their confessions were kept private, and all that was known about them was that Hay was said to have accused many great personages, and that Hepburn sent this message to Lindsay before his execution, 'My lord, heartfully I forgive your lordship, and also my lord regent, and all others, but especially them

that betrayed me to you, as ye will answer before God in the latter day, to do your diligence to bring the rest, who was the beginning of this work to justice, as ye have done unto me, for ye know it was not begun in my head.'

The poor man might well feel it hard that the hand should suffer for the head. Every one knew that Morton, Lethington, and Lindsay were far more truly guilty, even if Moray himself had not known that Darnley must be got rid of, and absented himself on purpose, but to proceed against these nobles was an absolute impossibility. In truth, murders in Scotland had been so frequent that nobody thought much of them, except those whom they involved in a deadly feud, and the unlucky Henry Stewart was so universally despised and disliked that the conspirators could never have expected that there would be so much excitement about his murder; nor probably would it ever have been regarded as more than an act of savage political necessity, but for the Queen's marriage with Bothwell, and the theological hatred against her. It was necessary to find victims, and the poor clansmen and servants were the safest, though even their mouths had to be stopped.

Moray felt himself in danger. A great part of the country was against him, Huntley, Argyle, and the Hamiltons were scarcely withheld from attacking him; Lord Fleming, an ardent friend of the Queen, held Dumbarton Castle, where he could admit the English or French, whichever chose to espouse Mary's cause—and moreover he had no money, and durst not press for any.

And this was his way of raising it. His sister, when he saw her at Lochleven, had asked him to take charge of her jewels. Among them was a set of pearls, which in France had been valued at 16,000 crowns. These he sent to London to be offered to Queen Elizabeth at 12,000, together with a copy of the Act of Parliament declaring Queen Mary guilty of murder. Elizabeth acted only too like herself. She accepted the bargain for the jewels, but she refused to have anything to do with the Scottish affairs, unless both parties would submit to her judgment.

For ten months Mary had remained quietly at Lochleven. It is believed by some that in the course of that time a little daughter was born, and sent privately to France, where she escaped the sorrows of a royal maiden of Scotland, by becoming a nun at Soissons, where she was brought up. It is scarcely likely, however, that Mary should have lived and died without making any sign of her existence, or that the secret should have been so kept.

The description in Scott's *Abbot* may be taken as giving a very fair notion of her life there, and of the persons about her, except that the time of her stay was much longer than in the novel, and that the persons are so far altered that the Queen's Mary was the Seton, not the Fleming, and that her other two ladies were Marie de Courcelles, and Jane Kennedy, the latter of whom was with her to the last moment of her life. The true Roland Græme was really a foundling, but his

name was Willie Douglas—Volly, as the Queen spelt him—and he was page, not to her, but to the Lady of Locheven.

George Douglas, the second son of the family, was removed, because of the warm affection he had manifested to the captive Queen, but he lingered about Kinross, and communications were begun between the prisoners and their friends without.

One evening, when the laundress was being ferried back from the castle by some of the retainers, they saw she was a stranger, and were about to pull down her muffler to see what manner of wench it was. She put up her hands in self-defence, and then, as their whiteness and delicacy turned rudeness into suspicion, she began to offer rewards if she might be rowed across the lake, but the men turned a deaf ear alike to commands and entreaties, and took her back to the castle.

And now Willie Douglas was to play his part. He was only eighteen, was chivalrously devoted to his Queen, and no doubt had all a boy's exultation in outwitting the old lady and the Regent.

The castle gates were always locked at night, and the key brought to the Lady while at supper. As it lay beside her on the table, Willie contrived, while waiting on her as page, to drop a napkin over it, and secure it. He took it to the Queen, and as soon as all was quiet, she crept forth, leading a little girl, and with two attendants entered the boat, while Willie, after locking the gates, and dropping the keys into the lake, helped to ferry his precious freight across. It was the 2nd of May, 1568, when in the evening light, George Douglas, watching intently, saw the waving of a white veil with a broad red border, knew the signal, had horses ready at the landing-place, and sent off messengers.

He had the joy of receiving the Queen after her ten months' durance; he set her on her horse, and immediately after came up Lord Seton, with fifty horse. They rode at speed to Seton's Castle of Niddry, whence she sent a messenger to ask the support and aid of Elizabeth. More friends came the next morning, and escorted her to Hamilton Palace. There was wild enthusiasm at her escape: nobles flocked in, the Hamiltons, Argyle, Fleming, Eglinton, Rothes, and many more flocked round her, and she found herself in a few days at the head of 6,000 men. Her abdication was revoked; all that was done by her enemies was declared illegal, and a bond to support her was signed by nine earls, nine bishops, eighteen lords, twelve abbots, and a hundred barons—by all those indeed who either were honestly loyal to her, or who disliked Moray, and feared that he and Knox were about to make them disgorge some of the Church lands for the benefit of the Presbyterian ministry.

In England there was rejoicing over Mary's escape. Cecil had dreaded her being restored by France, and disliked being allied with rebels, but if she would allow herself to be guided and restored by Elizabeth, then—as he fondly hoped—all would go well, and Thomas

Leighton was sent off with full instructions to promise her assistance. But Moray had instantly perceived that his only chance was in speed. He was at Glasgow when he heard the tidings of his sister's escape, and he felt that he must strike before England could aid. With him were Morton, Lindsay, Lethington, Kirkaldy, all men who must overcome Mary or die ignominiously. They drew together 4,500 men, and resolved to give battle at once.

Mary would fain have avoided fighting, so as to wait to hear from England and France. Hamilton was not a strong place, and she tried to reach Dumbarton, marching along the south bank of the Clyde.

At Langside, a village on a height full on the road, Moray drew up his troops to intercept her, on the 13th of May. It was a hand-to-hand fight among the troopers who met on the road; the others could only take aim at each other through the hedges. It only lasted three quarters of an hour, and then the Queen's men broke and fled. Moray cried to save and not slay, and only 300 of the losing party were killed, while one man alone of the King's men was missing.

The Queen herself no sooner saw her cause lost, than she gave reins to her horse and fled. With her were George Douglas and Willie, Lords Herries, Fleming and Livingston, and a few more. They rode all night, and first rested at Sanquhar, whence she went on to Herries' house of Terregles. There she learnt that Seton and all her best friends were prisoners. Nobody was rising on her behalf, she had met with no pity or sympathy from the country people in her flight, and her only choice was between being taken by her subjects and finding a refuge in England. On this she determined, and Lord Herries sent a servant to Lowther, the deputy-governor of Carlisle, to ask whether she would be received there, but she was too much terrified to wait for an answer, and on the 16th of May, only a fortnight since her escape from Lochleven, she embarked with Herries and about eighteen other persons, and landed at Workington in Cumberland.

She sent off a letter instantly to Queen Elizabeth, describing her sad plight and asking for protection, saying she had no clothes but those in which she had fled from the battle-field, and that she had only dared to travel by night. The northern gentlemen, as soon as they heard of her arrival, came to Workington, and escorted her first to Cockermouth, and then to Carlisle, where she awaited her answer.

(To be continued.)

Spider Subjects.

Bog Oak's is the best Theodoric; Nightingale, Meg, Froggie, Marsh Mallow, very good, but too long; Alert, the Turk, Cape Jasmine, good; Ignoramus, Ila, Nancy, and Tippula, fair; Anemone, Violet, too short; Bretwalda has some mistakes.

THEODORIC KING OF ITALY.

COULD the first King of Rome, or even the first Emperor, have been told what race of men would first bear the title 'Kings of Italy,' how amazed they would have been to hear that they would be barbarian Austro-Goths, and that the only one worth mentioning would be born in distant and unexplored Pannonia. Yet so it was, and probably the future was as unforeseen by Theodemir, the Gothic chieftain, when at his home on the banks of what is now called the Nieuwsiedler See, he received at the same time the news that a son was born to him, and that his brother Walamir had repulsed the Huns.

The child born under such a fortunate star was named Theodoric, and brought up like all his nation, an Arian. He is said to have been the fourteenth of the royal house of Amali, and was born A.D. 455. At eight years old he was sent as a hostage to Constantinople, where reigned the Emperor Leo; and here for ten years he remained, receiving the best education then possible, and profiting by it in the arts of warfare and government, but despising literature so much that it is said he never learnt to write his name. Ennodius is of a different opinion; but it is likely that though he knew how to value men of literature, he never studied letters himself.

At the age of eighteen, he was restored to his father Theodemir, who soon after, being discontented with Pannonia, resolved to find a pleasanter home. He therefore led his Austro-Goths to the banks of the Lower Danube, where after a time the Greek Emperor received them as friends and allies; and here Theodemir died, and was succeeded by Theodoric. He accepted a command in the Imperial army under the Greek Emperor Zeno, and the policy of the East being to destroy one set of Goths by means of another, Theodoric was once sent against the Iriarian Goths, whose leader, another Theodoric, harangued the Imperial Gothic troops on the folly of allowing Roman, or rather Greek subtlety, to destroy the nationality of the Goths. The two armies embraced, and under Theodoric, son of Theodemir, they even threatened the throne of Constantinople. At last in A.D. 489, Theodoric suggested to Zeno that he should relieve the empire of his presence, and migrate with all his Goths to win Italy from the tyrant Odoacer.

The Austro-Goths accordingly marched with all their women and children towards Italy, and after many battles with Bulgarians, Sarmatians, and others, they entered Italy across the Julian Alps, and defeated Odoacer in the three battles of the Sontius, Verona, and Pavia. Theodoric's mother and sister accompanied him in his campaigns, and he wore the robes which they had embroidered for him. For three years Odoacer was besieged in Ravenna, and then by the mediation of the Church, peace was made, and the rivals agreed to

reign jointly. In a few days, Odoacer was stabbed at a banquet, it is much to be feared by order of Theodoric, who perhaps suspected treachery. From this event, A.D. 493, the reign of Theodoric, King of Italy, dates. He decided on retaining this title, perhaps to deprecate the jealousy of the Eastern Emperor, perhaps to avoid an exact avowal of the tenure on which he held his conquests; perhaps, like Odoacer, he considered 'one emperor at a time was enough.'

Theodoric held his Court at Ravenna, and partitioned the lands of Italy, assigning one-third to the victorious Goths. He was certainly an admirable ruler, just, upright, temperate, firm and wise, merciful to the conquered, a father to his people. He kept Court, and ruled more in accordance with Roman than with Gothic forms. After the conquest of Italy, he waged few wars, and those few were defensive conflicts, while such was the moderation he had taught his troops, that on one occasion, being victorious over the Greek army, they left the rich spoils untouched, because Theodoric had issued no order for pillage. The King of Italy, however, lived in general on good terms with the Emperor of Constantinople.

Theodoric united himself by marriage with several of the surrounding Teutonic nations. About A.D. 495, he married Audofleda, sister of Clovis. Their daughter, Amalasontha, was wedded A.D. 515, to a Spanish fugitive Goth, Eutharic; while Theodoric's sister, Amalafreda, was given in marriage to Thrasimond, the Vandal King of Africa.

In the seventh year of his reign, the King visited Rome, where he was received with such magnificence, that St. Fulgentius marvelled what would be the beauty of the Heavenly Jerusalem if so great was the splendour of an earthly King in his glory. Theodoric remained here six months, but preferred Ravenna, and sometimes Verona, for his residence.

The accounts of the prosperity of Italy in this reign, read very like a description of the Golden Age. Churches were built, agriculture became general, trade flourished, the earth brought forth abundantly, food was plentiful, merchants from all lands flocked to Italy, roads were made; and such was the security of property, that it equalled what is said of Erin under Bran the Blessed, and a purse of gold might be left in the roads unguarded, yet in safety. The King, though an Arian, tolerated the Catholic Church. As the heresy had been received at first innocently by the Goths, so this branch at least appears to have held it without bitterness. Theodoric's mother became a Catholic; but when a Catholic hoping to gain the royal favour became an Arian, he was put to death, for, said Theodoric, he who was faithless to his religion, would be so to his king. And he always showed the greatest respect towards the Pope and the Episcopate of Italy.

Alas! that there should be a stain on so great a character. Towards the end of his life, one or two acts of perhaps just rigour, provoked the hatred of his subjects, and he seems to have acted with needless harshness. But it is the death of Boëthius which casts the darkest shadow over his reign. This great man, sometimes called the last of the classics, had been the King's friend and counsellor, but he was accused of treason and condemned to death, though he seems to have been innocent of all save a bold defence of his fellow-senator, Albinus. By order of Theodoric, he was strangled and beaten with clubs

between Marignano and Pavia, A.D. 524. The next year Theodoric ordered the death of Symmachus, father-in-law of Boëthius, for daring to lament his son-in-law's death. But now remorse, and let us hope repentance, seized on the King. It is said that in the features of a fish served up at his supper, Theodoric exclaimed that he could recognise the likeness of Symmachus. And that night, being ill with the shock, he told his physician that he repented of these murders. He then divided his conquests between his grandsons—Amalaric, who had Spain and Gaul; while Italy was left to Athalaric, the young son of his wise and learned daughter, Amalasontha; the Rhone parted the dominions of the cousins. Three days later died Theodoric the Goth in his palace at Ravenna. He was buried near Ravenna, and a circular chapel of granite and porphyry was built over his remains.

One does not like to remember the story told by St. Gregory the Great, of a certain hermit who had a vision of demons conveying the soul of the mighty Goth to destruction, through one of the volcanoes in the Lipari Isles.

Let us judge more gently of the only great man who ever bore the title, King of Italy.

BOG OAK.

OF languages—Stella is best; Inez uses long sentences; Bath Brick, Philderida, fair; Firefly has not grasped the subject.

WHAT IS THE MENTAL BENEFIT OF STUDYING LANGUAGES?

THE study of language I hold to be the best of all mental exercises, meaning of course by the study not such a knowledge as shall enable one to speak fluently, and make one's way in travelling, but such a thorough acquaintance with the grammar and genius of a language as will give the power to translate with spirit and exactness. On the whole, I should place it above mathematics as a mental discipline, as it demands equal accuracy, and calls out more of the student's powers. If it is not too metaphysical a distinction, I should say that one appeals to the understanding, the other to the reason. The study of mathematics I have heard called narrowing, that is if pursued exclusively, and certainly very gifted mathematicians do sometimes astonish us by their poverty of mind, as well as weakness of judgment. No one of course will dispute the very high value of mathematics in itself; only a mere mathematician however gifted can hardly be called a cultivated man, and is often no reasoner apart from his own special subject. Perhaps it may be said that this is true of all studies pursued alone, that proficiency in no single branch will entitle any one to the epithet *cultivated*. But language from its very nature cannot be an exclusive study, it is so closely allied with literature and history, that it is impossible for any real student to remain narrow and unintelligent. Even an elementary knowledge of Greek or Latin clears our ideas, giving distinctness to words we are apt to use vaguely and inaccurately. Words so often lose their primary meaning that it is a great advantage when their very sound conveys a definite idea to the mind. With our great number of half-educated writers and speakers, there are few greater safeguards against the prevailing vague looseness of speech.

This is not a mere question for the student, but one which concerns us all, that we should cherish the 'native English' we have received from our fathers, and hand it down unimpaired. Again, how much

history is contained in the words we most commonly use! The names of the week-days tell the story of our Scandinavian forefathers' religion; much of their customs and character we may read in such words as king, churl, alderman. The respective position of Saxon and Norman (as French points out), is shown by the derivation of the names of implements of labour, or articles of food. How the old Romans' use of the word *virtus* gives us a conception of the rank valour held in their estimation, and its connection with moral worth. How the gradual change in the meaning of words proves a change in a people's ideas and character, its progress or deterioration. What a story of our ancestors' simple trust and acknowledgment of Heaven in daily life is contained in our 'good-bye' used so unthinkingly. Or again, how we can trace the influence of Christianity in the change in value of such a word as *humility*, the dignity conferred upon it, or in the altered meaning of *charity*. This is too wide a subject to do more than glance at, but a mere glance will, I think, show that language includes so much, that even its exclusive study will cultivate the mind, and never result in pedantry and narrowmindedness.

A piece of Greek, Latin, or German translated exactly, with not only the literal meaning given, but the spirit of the original preserved seems to me an even better reasoning exercise than a problem in Euclid, while at the same time higher faculties are called into play, and the most interesting subjects presented to the mind. STELLA.

Le mal est plus visible que le bien. Il fait plus de bruit et il a l'air de faire plus de chemin. Mais qu'il l'emporte jamais sur le bien, ne le croyez pas. Une bonne action pèse plus dans la balance de la justice divine que mille mauvaises. Un diamant a plus de prix qu'un tombereau de cailloux. La puissance seule du bien est sans limite. Celle du mal est bornée. Il lui manquera toujours le consentement du juste, et cela suffit à le tenir en échec.

This is the sentence as it originally stood in French. Gabrielle is almost exact; Devoniensis scarcely diverges from it, except that *manquera* is future, and in using the present the translator consulted the English idiom; The Turk varies, but is good; Sintram, very good; Eurydice, good; Marsh Mallow is encumbered with needless words; F. M. L., good, but the accents are strange; Bruce, good, all but *suffice*; Ilet, good; Cormorant good, all but *des cailloux*; Claribel, good, all but *le retenir*, there is no repetition; The Mock Turtle need not have said, *ne croyez vous pas*; Edytha, *seul illimité* is wrong, for *seul* is not an adverb, the ensuing sentence is left out; Thorn, *pouvoir seul* would mean solitary power, and the final sentence is confusion; Mrs. Muggins unnecessarily introduced influence, *le plus grande action* is an English idiom, *ce qui* would relate to approbation, not the lack of it; Tadpole has put *croyait* for *croyez*, used wrong accents, and made the power of evil boundless; Alert should not have used *de* after *paraît*, *valoir* should not be followed by *plus*, *tumbril* is English; Nightingale, *plus du bien* and *y manque* is wrong; Sintram No. 2, *s'éloigner* means to go away, *unique* is inappropriate; Bianca, accents wanting; Tarantula weighs with the scale of a fish, *caisson* is a military waggon, *suffit* should have two *f*'s; Anemone's *mal* is more visible than the nursemaid, she also uses *échelle* which means a ladder, *suffie* is impossible, so is the use of *bonne* and *mauvaise*; Eleanor has

poid, and her *justice* is masculine; why does Clara say *On eu* and *c'est scullement*? Lion, diligent, but not idiomatic; Geometric Spider, good, except the odd word *refréné*; Peaseblossom, *atteindre* means to lay hold of, *vainquit* is the preterite, *mauvaise* should be plural; Little Bo-peep should not say *in limite*; Kentish Cherry makes *justice* masculine, and misspells *diamant*, also *soutenir* means to sustain; Spear Maiden takes *écaille*, which means tortoiseshell or animal scales; E. S. C., good French, why are the scales turned into eyes and the cart into a sack? Lambda has *vaine* for *vainque*, and *rapport*, which does not mean consent; Ila has left her *diamond* English, and her *justice* masculine, *c'est suffisant* is very poor; Cape Jasmine has made evil more *sensible*, that is, sensitive, than good, and *seule* does not agree with *pouvoir*, *pès lourd* is inadmissible; Bruce's Spider, good; A Brownie displaces *jamaïs*, and misspells *tombereau*; Dorothy misspells *mille*, talks of *écaille*, and does not properly conjugate *suffire*.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Vertumnus—who may perhaps be allowed to mention that his is not a *feminine* designation, as some of his correspondents seem to suppose—has received twenty-two packets of dried specimens, with descriptions, of the Genus *Veronica*, and twenty of *Campanula*. Of these, a few are excellent, as far as neatness and accuracy are concerned. Many are sufficient for the purposes of a herbarium, but lack neatness. Of others, the less said the better. The number of species sent is in most cases rather meagre, a deficiency which is not compensated by diffuseness of description, which is by no means necessary. *Vertumnus* begs to suggest: 1. That the natural system (not the Linnæan) should be followed. 2. That in all cases the exact locality where the plant was found should, as far as possible, be given. 3. That conciseness of description should be studied. There are now forty members, and therefore no vacancies. The portfolio is now on its rounds. The Genus for August is *Geranium*—for September, *Epilobium*. Garden specimens are inadmissible.

HANDWRITING SOCIETY.

The Epitaph of Carlos has nearly run its course. Its further vicissitudes have been thus, on the 11th of August.—

Doxology and Gondola copied from *The Monthly Packet*, and so have no place in the list, as theirs was no trial; Appleblossom put *r* into *sis pagos*; Pearl made *finel* into *final*; Itti Duffa, Miss Molly, Marie, right; Mock Turtle turned *Aguni* into *Aquin*; Bluebell and N. Y. E., right; Breath turned *finel* to *fenel*; Table Mountain, Rondebosch, Mowbray, Tilkie, Phatti, right; Whirlwind has got *corsagos*; Wild Thyme and Mushroom, gone back to verse; Caliph has got *corsajos*; Kat Vermont and Fiducia, right; The Cat has got *volnero*; Crock and Freestone, right; Tiny recovered *ye* instead of *ze*; Kitten, right; Miss Kittie, prose again; Bad Halfpenny, Editha, Duchess, and Marlie, right; Daisy Chain recovered *Santo*; Scamp has made *Aquin* into *Aquiro*; Crowquill, *cogsagos*, which Castor turned into *copajos*; Cowslip, Pollux, Marjory, Crab, and Clairvoyante right. Thus it stands with Ona:—

'Aquiro yo aus ob Carlos los sis pargos.
La parte principal voluero al cielo;
Con ella fin el valor quida guelomielo
En el corazon Elanto en copajos.'

N. Y. E., Nixie, Breath, Mock Turtle, Wild Thyme, Whirlwind, Caliph, Fiducia, Doxology, The Cat, Crock, Freestone, Kitten, Miss Kittie, Bad Half-penny, Ona, Bonnie Doo, and Marlie, have all incurred fines of 3*d.* for not dating their Spanish as they were particularly asked to do, and giving great trouble.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Twelve names of London Streets, with their derivation and history.

If six cats kill six rats in six minutes, how many cats will it take to kill a hundred rats in fifty minutes? Send the working.

Notices to Correspondents.

ANSWERS.

Wild Rose.—*The Winds* have not been re-published.

Brynchild.—There is authority for bowing at the most holy Name, and at the *Trisagion*. It is well to do so at the *Gloria*, but not in the least obligatory, and for the rest it is best to follow the habit of the congregation. The colours are red for Whitsuntide and all Martyrs; white for all festivals of our Lord and Virgin Saints.

L. M. B.—‘Casabianca’s story is to be found in any ordinary history of the Battle of the Nile, also in *Golden Deeds*. The boy died with his father in *L’Orient*, but Mrs. Hemans has somewhat embellished his heroism.

Catherine.—Miss Whidborne, Fir Cottage, Exeter, and Miss Ada Lydden, Wellington, Somerset, can send a fair copy of the *History of England* in verse, for a small compensation.

Mrs. Page, 20, *Portland Villas, Plymouth*, has the Scotch tune ‘Drumclog’ in MS., and will lend it to *S. M. H.* to copy if address is sent.

The hymn-tune known in Scotland by the name of ‘Drumclog,’ and elsewhere as ‘Martyrs,’ or ‘Martyrdom,’ is set to hymn, No. 310 (‘As pants the hart’), in the original edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.

—*C. E. Martin, Fareham, Hants.*

A. G. W.—Christina Rossetti’s poems are published in a volume called the *Goblin Market and other Poems*. We do not know of any publication of B. M.’s but Ezekiel.

A. S. asks if any tradition is connected with the Passion Flower? We believe it is a native of America, and therefore too recent.

S. S.—*Decani* means ‘of the Dean,’ and is applied to the side where he sits. *Cantoris* is ‘of the singer,’ and means the side where the leader of the choir sits.

Maud.—Orientation is unheeded in Roman Catholic Churches.

QUESTIONS.

E. M. K.—By whom is Myers’ *St. Paul* published?

Wild Rose asks the origin of the two hearts surmounted by a crown, ‘adopted as the arms of La Vendée?’ [Does she mean the device worn by the peasants? for that was the Sacred Heart.]

Flock will be glad if any one can tell her what English translations of the works of the Fathers are published, except Parker's *Library of the Fathers*? She especially wishes to hear of good editions of SS. Bernard, Ambrose, Basil, and Jerome.—Send to Messrs. Clarke, Edinburgh, for a list of their translations from the Fathers. S.P.C.K. is also publishing some translations.

Will the Editor, or any reader of *The Monthly Packet*, kindly tell me who is the 'Warrior' referred to in the following extract from one of Robertson's sermons, on 'The Character of Eli,' preached in January, 1848, which runs as follows:—'One soldier we have heard of, who gave up the post of honour and the chance of high distinction, to cover an early failure of that great warrior whom England has lately lost, and to give him a fresh chance of retrieving honour.' Also, who was the soldier?—*S. A. C. W.*

Will any one kindly lend for a few days No. xxxix. of the *Churchman's Companion*, for the year 1866, containing part of the story of 'Christina'? Great care will be taken of it, and the postage, paid both ways. Address—*Miss Osborn, Kibworth Rectory, Leicester.*

QUOTATION WANTED.

'It matters little at what hour of the day
The righteous fall asleep; death cannot come
To him untimely, who's prepared to die.
The less of this cold world, the more of Heaven;
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.'

—*Tiths.*

'Then were the nations by her wisdom swayed,
And every crime on every sea was judged
According to her judgments.'

QUOTATION FOUND.

J. L. M. D.—

'I could not love thee, dear, so much,'

is from a poem by Lovelace, to be found in Percy's *Reliques*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I will send flowers to a London Hospital in need of them, on condition that the hamper is regularly returned. Address—*Miss S., Slinfold Lodge, Horsham.*

I shall be glad to hear of a Half-hour Reading Society with prizes. Address—*Miss S., Slinfold Lodge, Horsham.*

Miss M. Parkinson, Rock Cottage, Ventnor, would be glad of more working members in a lace club (established three years), for the sale of ladies' work. Rules enclosed.

Will any readers of *The Monthly Packet* kindly give *A. Z.* the address of secretary of any corresponding Essay Society where there is a vacancy.—*Miss Walker, Gordon Rectory, Reading.*

A. Z. will also be glad to have the name of any lady willing to join a small society for correspondence on Scriptural subjects or those connected with Mission work. Replies to be sent to next number of this periodical.

B. G. B. would be glad if any one could tell her of a MS. magazine where the subscriptions would not be large and contributions sent each month.

Declined with thanks *C. N. E.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Daisy Chain Cot.—S., 2s. 6d.

Bishop Wilberforce Confirmation Memorial Window in S. Mary's Southampton.—Miss L. Phillimore, *The Coppice, Henley-on-Thames*, begs to acknowledge, with her best thanks, for the above—Rev. C. J. Evans, 1l.; per Miss Jellicoe, 10s. 6d.; E. N., 2s. 6d.; Miss H. Tottenham, 10s.; A. Collinge, 2s. 2d.; M. Day, 1s.; per Miss M. Chambers, 2s. 6d.; per Miss Turner, 10s.; per Miss Launton, 1s. 6d.; Miss E. Jacob, 10s.; per Miss L. Cox, 5s.; Mrs. H. Mills, 2s.; per J. B. Gedger, Esq., 10s.; H. J. Crosse, Esq., 14s.; J. R. Smith, Esq., 1l. 1s.; One Confirmed, 5s.; Rev. H. F. Johnson, 1l. 1s.; Miss C. North, 2s. 6d.; L. M. C. of R. N., 10s.; C. R. N., 5s.; L. A. N., 5s.; per Rev. G. R. Portal, 10s.; F. Filliter, Esq., 1l. 1s.; Charlotte Mortin, 1s.; Miss M. Gosset (second donation), 3s.; M. D. and S. L. D., 2s. 366l. received; 99l. still required. Further offerings gladly received as above.

Fladbury House, near Pershore, July 17th.—Mrs. Bromfield begs to acknowledge thankfully for the Algoma Special Fund, 'Wait, he is sure to come,' the following sums:—W. Mills, Esq., 1l. 1s.; Miss Mills, 10s. 6d.; Miss F. Holroyd, 1s.; Mrs. C. E. Mills, 10s.; M. A. C., 1s.; Mrs. Goulding, 10s.; F. R., 1s.; 'Little M.', 1s.; the Misses Cooper, 1l.; Mrs. Sewell, 10s.; John Mills, Esq., 10s.; Mrs. J. Mills, 10s.; H. S. R. and T. W. R., 5s.; E. Almack, 5s.; E. C., 5s.; Mrs. C. M. Mills, 2s. 6d.; Miss Richards, 10l.; Reader of *Monthly Packet*, 3s.; Mrs. Procter, 10s.; Miss Procter, 3s.; Miss M. Procter, 5s.; A. M., 5s.; F. C., 2s.; Mrs. Macleare, 5l.; Miss Phipps, 10s.; Stratford Association, 10s.; Miss A. Winnington-Ingram, 10s.; G. C., 10s.; W. Drutt, Esq., 10s. 6d.; Reader of *Monthly Packet*, 1l.; Rev. H. Mrs., and Miss Bromfield, 3l. 3s. 6d.; H., 30l.; Miss Street, 10s. 6d.; L. P. K., 5s.; K., 2s.; W. Rivington, Esq., 5l. 5s.; L. B. S., 2s.; Mrs. Laing, 5s.; Mrs. Mattieson, 5s.; Miss A. Chapman, 2s. 6d.; Miss Wright, 5s.; Miss Carter, 5s.; Miss Wigan, 2l.; Mrs. R. Freedy, 1l.; E. H. M., 2l. 10s.; Miss M. Tindall, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Holbech, 5l.; S. Gibbins, 10l.; Miss Matthews, 10s.; J. B., 2l.; the Misses Salt, 5l.; Mrs. A. Armitage, 3s. 6d.; Corde Fixam, 3s.; H., 6s.; M. S. E., 5s.; Mrs. Lascelles, 2l.; the Misses Attree, 3l.; Miss M. E. Dickinson, 3s.; M. S., 2s.; Mrs. Lloyd, 10s.; Two Readers of *Monthly Packet*, 5s.; Miss C. Black, 5s.; Mrs. Nutter, 2l. 0s. 8d.; A. G. B., 2s.; Miss M. Cave, 2l. 2s.; R. and B. Morgan, 1l. 10s.; Miss Nicholl, 2s. 6d.; Miss E. B. G. Gray, 1s.; Mrs. G. B. Southwell, 1l.; Miss M. Pigou, 1l. 10s.; Miss Towke, 25l.; Rev. W. Boye, 1l. 1s.; Miss C. M. Percival, 2l.; Mrs. Barwell, 2l.; Mrs. Watts, 1l.; A. T. W., 1l.; Mrs. Maxiwell, 15s.; A. and M. L., 2l.; Mrs. A. Sidney Pott, 2l. 10s.; Ellen, 5l.; D. L. T., 10l.; The Misses Lewis, 13s. 6d.; Mrs. Sutton, 1l. 10s.; Mrs. Moore, 1l. 10s.; Mrs. Le Tissier, 10s.; Miss P. Monk, 1l.; unnamed contributions, 12l. 7s. 6d.—Total, 181l. 0s. 7d. P.O.O.'s to be made payable at Fladbury, to Mrs. (M. E.) Bromfield, Fladbury House, Pershore.

MISTAKES CORRECTED.

Golden Hours. Gertrude wishes to correct a mistake in the reply to N. in July. A new series of the magazine was commenced this year, but it is under the same editorship as formerly.

In the translation of the Spanish epitaph, *fue* should have been 'went.'

Sakya Mouni was a name applied to Gautama.

THE
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THE BASILICA.

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PART X.

THESE papers have reached a point at which they ought either to be brought to an end, or taken back to a fresh beginning. The Editor of this Magazine kindly gives me to understand that her patience is not exhausted, and she may be presumed to know the mind of her readers and collaborators. We have indulged in a glance at the origin of Christian Church-Architecture, and followed it down to its zero in the Dark Ages; we have said a few words about its restorers; and it may be permitted us at the end to 'run to' a chapter on the Early Italian Renaissance, which is in fact that of Beauty in Art. For Italian Gothic may be called beautiful Gothic, as distinguished from the northern or grotesque Teutonic.

We have taken sculpture as connected with, and more or less dependent on, architecture: that is to say, it has seemed that in a temple or Basilica the needs or character of the architecture will determine where the sculpture is to be placed in the said temple; and the place of the sculpture will determine its scale, height, or shallowness of relief, light and shade, and even subjects. We dare not venture into any of the questions of supremacy between the constructive or the decorative worker. It is right to set up a building for the sake of its sculpture, if its sculpture be like Michel Angelo's *Duke Lorenzo* and *Night and Day*. It is right to set up a building as you want it, and carve parts of it in a manner becoming its form and purposes, like the Parthenon. Still the Parthenon was, or was thought to be, built for its great agalma or symbol of Athene; and the Laurentian Chapel was, or was thought to be, built for the glory of God, and also of the Medici family. The question between architecture and sculpture is best settled, though not answered formally, when the architect is also a sculptor, and designs his own decoration,

like Pheidias, or Giotto, or Michel Angelo. In any other case there is a certain incongruity or loss of unity, which may increase until we come to what Professor Poynter justly calls plastering bad construction with sham ornament. It is no use saying which ought to go first, architect or sculptor, because they ought to be the same person.

Now if this matter of precedence is not quite settled, it must be, and in fact it is, much worse as between architect and painter; and that more particularly in Christian Churches and houses. The Parthenon was full of painting. Its sculpture, one may say, represented the symbolic or mythical glories of Athene; its paintings were chiefly of her deeds by her people—the foughten fields where Athens had sacrificed to her and prevailed. Now we may suppose with confidence that all these pictures were in the right place, and also that they were painted in a tone, or pitch of light and shade, suitable to their place, i.e., to their relations to the sculpture and architecture;—and again, that their colour, such as it was, was conventional, and suited to a general colour-effect. So that in the Parthenon, painting was probably subordinate in important respects to both sculpture and architecture. In the Arena Chapel at Padua we have perfect harmony; because Giotto was painter, sculptor, and architect alike: and he being devoted to the Christian Faith as he had been taught it, makes his painting, as expressive of his faith, the commanding or absorbing element of his work. But one or other art must take the lead. In the Sistine, again, painting is sculptural, and architecture itself subordinate. Michel Angelo would rather have done most or all of his great works there in marble, higher or lower in relief: and there accordingly, one may say, that painting is impressed with statuesque ideas and subordinate to glyptic feeling. But when you come to Tintoret's *Crucifixion* or *Paradise*, there you have pictures indeed painted for their places, and intended to fill up space, but which do fill it up in such a manner as to overpower by their interest all the rest of the interior view, or effect, to which they belong. The curious transitions of architecture, as avowedly subject to painting, are best exemplified, perhaps, in Venice; as the following sketch extracted from the *Stones of Venice* will show:—

‘The principle of Byzantine ornament had always been incrustated colour; i.e., generally speaking, the colours of various substances, inlaid as mosaic, in broader or finer tessellæ. Properly speaking, in the earlier times, a casing or sheeting of marble plates on a wall was called a *platonica*, and scarcely thought of as mosaic. Well, in Venice the earlier Byzantine palaces combined colour and carving very beautifully by the use, and varied sculpture of, many-tinted marbles with which they were faced. The principal difference in general form and treatment between the Byzantine and Gothic palaces, was the contraction of the marble facing of the former into the narrow space between the

windows, leaving large fields of brick wall perfectly bare. The Gothic builders were no longer satisfied with the faint and delicate hues of the veined marble; they wished for some more forcible and *piquante* mode of decoration, corresponding more completely with the gradually advancing splendour of chivalric costume and heraldic device.' Hegoes on to describe the two great principles of colour-decoration for large spaces of wall, which turned up by the way, as it were, in the work of this period. They were those (1) of interpenetration or counterchange; of carrying portions of one colour into another (as in its simplest form in the quarterings of knight's shields); (2) of varying large opposed masses of colour by chequering or diapering them with other colours and small portions of pure white. 'The chromatic decoration of the Gothic palaces of Venice was founded on these two great principles, which prevailed constantly, wherever the true chivalric and Gothic spirit possessed any influence. The whole part of a Gothic palace in Venice may be described as a field generally of subdued russet, quartered with broad sculptured masses of white and gold; these latter being relieved by smaller inlaid fragments of blue, purple, and deep green. . . . Then, the merely decorative chequerings on the walls yielded gradually to more elaborate paintings of figure subjects, first small and quaint, then colossal. *As these paintings became of greater merit and importance*, the architecture with which they were associated was less studied, and at last a style was introduced in which the framework of the building was little more interesting than that of a Manchester factory, but the whole space of its walls was covered with the most precious fresco-paintings.'

This, as the Professor seems to think, marked a mistaken preponderance in the painting. The frescoes had got out of their place; it never could be right to expose Giorgione to the sea winds. And meanwhile the learned architects of the later renaissance were excluding the painter more and more from buildings over which they had personal influence. The pride of their science rejected even sculpture and incrustation, and trusted for effect to size and proportion only. So at last two palaces are found side by side, one built so far as mere masonry goes, with consummate care and skill, but without the slightest vestige of colour in any part of it; the other, utterly without claim to interest in its architectural form, but covered from top to bottom with paintings by Veronese.

So much for the certainly unsatisfactory results of severing the ideas of construction and decoration, and setting architect against artist. Architecture, painting, or sculpture cannot be independent or at variance, and the sure and only remedy is to unite the knowledge of construction and ornament in every thoroughly-trained architect. But with regard to the Christian use of painting, its connexion with architecture is very different from the relations of sculpture in the same direction. For Christian painting began where there was no

architecture, or where the science of construction was not that of building but of burrowing : in fact, in the earliest Catacombs of Rome. The use of sepulchral painting in Italy is Etruscan ; belonging to that great component element of the Roman name which derives from Etruria ; and which, if left to itself, might have provided Rome after the second Punic war with a great school of her own. It would have done so but for the conquest of Greece, and general 'conveyance,' 'collection,' or plunder of her great works. All we have here to do with it is to remember its existence. For there is no doubt that Christian painting in the Catacombs is connected with old Etrurian custom, based on the worship of forefathers, and that cultus of the dead which desired to make their dwellings like the houses of the living. We have already acknowledged the pure Greek element of Christian art ; the earliest Basilicas used by the Church, as was said, were large halls in palaces like that of Pudens ; and the Church was early accustomed to the usual decorations of such places, and learnt to adopt favourite images of Vine and Shepherd, and invest them with her own meaning. So far the Græco-Roman part of the Church. But it was in Roman nature also to paint the houses of the dead ; so much so, that even the Synagogue of Rome yielded to her ancestral habit : and we find Jewish Catacombs of the first and second centuries ornamented like the others, though generally in a rather mournful and poverty-stricken style. But as we said at first, Christian congregations met either above ground or under ground ; the Christian Basilica, from the peace of the Church, represents the Church or Temple of worship and Sacraments ; while the Catacomb, or Confessio, or family tomb had their own services, and their own ornamentation. This had to consist almost entirely of colour ; for sculpture was forbidden, and with architecture they had nothing to do. And the difference between the under ground and above ground colour was infallibly that in the Basilica colour was seen by light from without, in the Catacombs only by light from within. The first possessed windows, and began* to ornament them with transparent hues, through which the outer light was transmitted. The second had to use colours which only reflected the wild or feeble light of faint lamps and torches in the depths of the Granular Tufa. And this difference affects our Church decoration to the present day, and often involves us in much difficulty ; since people generally wish to have both mosaics and stained glass in church, and cannot make up their minds which shall take the lead, by superior richness of colour ; and the only thing to be said is that one or the other must take precedence, because both cannot.

As to the antiquity of the Catacombs ; † as to their very generally

* As early as Prudentius Peristeph, xii. 53, 54. See Labarte's *Handbook of Arts of the Middle Ages*, cii. p. 66. English translation.

† The word catacomb is, in the first instance, the old local name of a single well-known cemetery (*ad catacumbas*) applied to all others as a generic term. It

or almost entirely Christian origin; as to the important and decisive differences between the Catacomb and the arenaria, or sand-pit; as to the infrequent instances and difficult expensive works by which an arenaria could be made useful as a Catacomb; as to the peculiar strata of soil adapted for these cemeteries, called granular tufa, a dry, friable stone midway between the puzzuolana sandstone, which was too soft for the purpose, and the lithoid tufa, which was too hard; as to the way of beginning a Catacomb by excavating a passage all round your lot of ground and driving galleries across and across; as to table-tombs, arcosolia, luminaria, ambulacra, and cubicula, all this is accessible in one view, and with equal fulness and accuracy, in the late lamented Mr. Wharton Marriett's article on 'Catacombs' in Smith's new *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, which is very generally accessible.

Mr. Parker's photographs are the best or final authority for the present state of cemeteries. They fully confirm the accuracy of Bosio, the pioneer of all subterranean inquiry in Rome,* though too many paintings have perished since his time. As we shall see, an even more grievous destruction began at a far earlier date. Re-touchings and re-paintings have been various and lamentable; there have been many removals or attempts to remove pictures and inscriptions, to the destruction of precious records, or the loss of half their historical value. For example, the most ancient Christian inscription known which bears a consular date, is of the third year of Vespasian, A.D. 72, but its original locality is unknown (Northcote, *Roma Subterranea*, p. 65). Indeed, even Seroux d'Agincourt is said to have incurred some blame for rash removals. Then some Catacombs are forgotten or inaccessible, and it is even thought that others still exist unknown and perhaps undespoiled, with riches as we trust, reserved for a generation which will preserve them *in situ*.

Between the photographs, Bosio's faithful plates, and De Rossi's coloured illustrations, which fairly represent the usual greens, reds, and browns of the original works, a fair idea of the Catacomb pictures may be obtained in any large library. D'Agincourt may suffice by himself to careful students of his plates. One of the most interesting objects I remember in the French Exhibition of 1865 was a full-sized

was situated near the Porto S. Sebastiano, and the relics of S. Peter and S. Paul were supposed to have lain there. (Anastasius, Hadrian, I. § 343; also Nicolaus I. § 601.) The etymology seems to be *καρά* and *κύβη*—the latter being the Greek form of a very widely-spread root, from which our own word *coomb* is derived, meaning any hollow thing or place. In our own language hell is thus connected with hole or hollow.

* Bosio's plates, published in his *Roma Subterranea*, 1632, are repeated in Arnghi's Latin *Roma Subterranea* (1651—9), and were again reproduced by Bottari in his *Sculture e pitture sagre*, &c., 1737—54. Marchi and De Rossi, with Dr. Northcote's translation of the latter, are standard authorities, with Perret's splendid French work.

model of an interior of an ambulatory or gallery, with a cubiculum, or chapel, and its arcosolia or vaulted tombs ; but what became of it I know not.

We have referred to Dean Milman's often quoted observation, that at least the first two centuries of the Latin Church were entirely Greek, as to language spoken, written, and read in the Holy Scriptures ; as to organisation and ritual, and, in fact, in all respects. It has an important bearing on the Catacomb paintings, and on those in other Christian churches ; and it is emphasized by the curious fact we learn from Sozomen, the historian, that for the first few centuries there was no public preaching in Rome. Nor this only, but as all nations met in Rome, converts of all languages would then frequently meet in the Christian Churches, which would certainly stand in the way of public preaching. But if that was rare, there must have been catechising or exposition, at special times and places in the cemeteries, or above ground in times of safety. Now no better aid to instruction can well be imagined than that Scriptural cycle of illustrations of the Old and New Testament, which, as all agree, occupied all Christian art for the first three or four centuries. It is probable that the earliest pictures represented the Lord's own Figure of Himself as the Good Shepherd and the True Vine ; but next after these certainly come such pictures of type and antitype, Old Testament and New, as are found with them in the Catacomb of S. Domitilla, of Nereus and Achilles, and of S. Callixtus.*

Such pictures, with comparatively few words in the language of the audience, would convey to Italian or barbarian converts the real meaning of their connection with the Old Testament and the Jewish covenant ; and this, too, enables us to understand how Hebrew objections to the use of pictures were easily waived with respect to these. Indeed, as we have said, the Jewish Catacombs, identified by the seven-branch candlesticks and other obvious tokens, are illustrated with flowers and leaves, peacocks and other birds.

The use of pictures to convey information or teach doctrine made the church walls, as Professor Ruskin says of S. Mark's of Venice, literally as the pages of an illuminated MS. The quaint, bright pictures in these latter were for use quite as much as for ornament ; they made it much easier to spell out the meaning of a written text. Those who shudder at the barbarity of our forefathers who could not read, may understand that reading was a much more difficult matter in early times of MSS. with their various hands and multiform abbreviations, than in our days of uniform printing and uniform lettering. Hand, characters, and contractions vary quite endlessly from grand uncials and Roman capitals, down to Gothic cursive or Merovingian grotesque-letters ; and the pithy pictures which always tell their tale so straight-

* As Moses and the rock, Daniel and the lions, David with his sling, and Jonah, very frequently ; and in the New Testament the Miracles of Mercy.

forwardly, were useful to bishops and kings. In presence of the wall-paintings the proper passages of Holy Scripture would be read to the catechumens, in Greek and in their own languages: and some short exposition would follow. It is very important to consider how the special passages which connect the Old Testament with the New, and to which S. Peter in his first preaching appealed (as indeed the Lord Himself had done), are set forth in symbol in these wall-pictures, as certain means of supplying the deficiencies of speakers in a foreign tongue.

They are unquestionably Greek, like everything in the early or Græco-Roman Church. Of course we mean Greek in the old or classical sense, not the Byzantine, which did not in fact exist for four centuries afterwards. But the curious thing is that late in the seventh century, when all art at Rome had fallen into utter degradation, Greece or the Eastern Empire seems to have instructed her again from Byzantium, and there was apparently a *Schola Græca* in Rome which did some new mosaics, and many early restorations in paint or inlaying, as in the well-known Catacomb and Baptistery of S. Pontianus; and so once again, in the wreck of the Empire as in its rise, 'skill won favour,' and 'Greece charmed her fell conqueror,' as Horace said.

It is not only a pious reflection once in a way, that the Roman Empire, though it became the most pagan of all systems, had prepared the way for the Christian Faith. Those who have time to consider what the Faith inherited from the Empire; what great elements of ancient civilisation the faith adopted in mass; what and how much, in fact, all Christian races have learned from ancient Rome, will soon see what vast means of teaching and culture have come to us from heathen hands. To a great extent it is true that Scipio and Cæsar and Cicero laboured, and we have entered into their labours. Take only the system of law, and these few lines from the present Dean of S. Paul's, who, like his predecessor, has made return to old Rome for her past benefits:—

'So grew up, slowly and naturally, through many centuries, in the way familiar to us in our law, the imposing and elaborate system of scientific jurisprudence, which the Romans, when they passed away, bequeathed to the coming world; the great collections of Theodosius and Justinian, in which are gathered the experiences of many ages of Roman society, played upon, illuminated, analysed, arranged by a succession of judicial intellects of vast power and consummate accomplishment; that as yet unequalled monument of legal learning, comprehensive method, and fruitfulness in practical utility, which, under the name of civil law, has been the great example to the world of what law may be, which has governed the jurisprudence of great part of Europe; which has influenced in no slight degree our own jealous and hostile English traditions, and will probably influence them still more. "The education of the world in the principles of a sound jurisprudence,"

says Dean Merivale, "was the most wonderful work of the Roman conquerors."

Well, law of society is of Rome, and she got her first lessons in it from Athens, in the twelve tables. Grammar is law of articulate speech, and we get it from Greece through Rome. Architecture is the law of fit and beautiful construction, sculpture and painting the laws of form and colour; and all this we get from Greece through Rome. We have the language of the New Testament from Greece; and the Peace of Rome (*Pax Romana*), the order which Rome kept in the world, secured it a hearing in the world. Rome herself, in the early ages of decadence, speaks through law alone; for the last remnants of poetry and art belong to her early Church, which was Greek, and their first and faintest Renaissance to the Byzantine-Greek of Constantinople. Nevertheless, whether from the eastern or the western capital of the empire, civilisation came to the north also; and as far as art is concerned, the ineradicable character of classical law (or method, or doctrine, or teaching) is seen in Scots-Irish, Northumbrian, Saxon, and Swedish MSS. Then at last, the fully prepared Renaissance based itself on the study of Greek language and art, with pre-eminent success and glory in Florence; and the Greek Testament was published in Germany and England.

The subterranean architecture, so to call it, of the Catacombs would naturally have round arches and vaults, as the work of excavation proceeded in cavernous forms. These vaults would be roughly divided out into geometrical forms, and adorned with subjects in compartments; and the place being one of Christian sepulture, Christian ideas of death, the resurrection, and the Lord of Life and Death, would necessarily supply the most frequent subjects. Historical pictures of events in Holy Scripture came, perhaps, somewhat later; the great first example of them being the Old Testament mosaics in the Liberian Basilica, or Sta. Maria Maggiore at Rome. I have never been able to understand why modern artists have taken so little interest in scriptural motives, or followed each other in repeating the same subjects so very often. People have copied each other in all ages, or been led by traditional methods and purposes. It seems possible that the intense interest of the Gospel-history should have inspired an early Church Angelico or a primitive Giotto. However it was not so; the fear of idolatry stood in the way till the sixth century, and then idolatry itself cared nothing for historic or instructive pictures, always wanting miraculous portraits, and frescoes attributable to angels. The decline and fall of the Roman Empire was to proceed, and to accomplish its appointed desolations, which included the loss of all the arts. When they reappeared it was in modified forms, and these the world has been rather occupied in distinguishing, than in tracing to any common source or rudiment. Greek and Gothic, Athenian and

* See also Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*, ch. xv. p. 264, ed. 1866.

Florentine architecture are not so much opposed to each other as modern Greek or Gothic architects; much less so than the frenzied followers on both sides. The constructive principle was the same in both, to build a house to one's mind, and suitable to one's wants; the decorative study was the same in both; the observation of beautiful features of nature. The moderns have not yet learnt that you do not imitate an original man by copying his works, so much as by doing as he did, and learning as he learned. Then what you do will be in natural and true relation to your purpose, different from his in appearance, but like his in original adaptation or inventiveness.

Let us go back to the condition of a Christian Church or congregation, in Rome or Naples, where the largest systems of catacombs are found.* They would meet above ground in times of peace, and wherever they could in tolerable safety; and certainly in the cemeteries while active persecution was going on. That some catacombs were used as places of refuge is a certainty, not only from the arrangements for water supply, &c., &c., but even from disguised exits, entrances, galleries ending abruptly between different floors, where ladders were evidently kept below, and only produced on some proper signal, and other means of escape. Here catechumens would receive instruction, and hear exhortation at leisure; and symbolic representations of some kind would be found, if not necessary, at least extremely useful. There were undoubtedly both Jewish and heathen catacombs; and we often find heathen or secular ornament in undoubtedly Christian cemeteries, as heathen phrases appear in Christian inscriptions. Indeed, it seems certain that heathens were occasionally laid to rest among Christian brethren. Separation in the grave must have been one, and not the least, of the distresses of divided houses, where some members accepted the faith, and others continued heathen or unconvinced, and the enormous space occupied by the burial-vaults of Christian Rome show how searching a distinction was made, in so many families, by those who gave up the Gentile or ancestral modes of burial, or changed from the use of cremation to that of Christian interment. The total length of the ambulacra or galleries is vaguely calculated at from 300 to 900 miles. Dr. Mommsen gives a better notion of extent by saying that they are not surpassed by the whole system of the Cloacæ of Republican Rome, while he emphatically insists on their being 'the work of that community which St. Paul addressed in his

* It should be mentioned that the subterranean cemeteries of Syracuse, called the Grottos of St. John, and perhaps connected with the ancient Latomie, were visited by D'Agincourt, who describes them as of immense size—that there is a Saracen Catacomb near Taormina, with ambulacra twelve feet wide, and loculi or graves at right angles, and not parallel with them: that there are other pagan tombs of this character in Egypt; and that a small Christian catacomb has lately been discovered at Alexandria. I remember seeing traces of loculi in the sandstone there as long ago as 1859. The Neapolitan catacombs are cut in a hard building-stone, and are on a larger scale, more like underground Churches and halls.

Epistle to the Romans.' Heathen burial did take place; but still burning was the heathen rule, and burial the Christian. And the Church pressed the principle of common burial also, so that all holders of the faith might lie together, and the ecclesia or assembly of the faithful be continued in death. So that the cultus of deceased ancestors, the hearth or household worship which was perhaps the most genuine part of Roman religion, would have to be given up for all who lay among the Christians.

It was not only the Christian preference for burial, but the vast population of Rome, and the great conveniences of the softer kinds of tufa-stratum which gave the subterranean system such a vast extension. As men had been crowded all through life in the high insulæ, or many-storied blocks of houses, so they lay range below range in their subterranean fields of sleep. The celebrated passage from St. Jerome about their terrors in the fourth century must have applied far more pitilessly to those who knew not of a resurrection of the dead.* But though Christians objected to burning, heathens had no objection to burial in itself, and in fact preferred it if possible. The Roman idea of what one may call sepulchral comfort was that a man should be buried in a corner of his own land. There his mausoleum, or cella memoriæ, was erected; there, if he were a heathen, the ancient rites of domestic worship and commemoration would be performed. If he were a Christian, the agape or love-feast would be celebrated there from time to time, and probably his mausoleum would become the entrance to a catacomb under his land, if the soil were the right granular tufa.

In the reign of Constantine, then, the catacomb-chapels were needed no longer as places of refuge, or for the liturgy of a Church, once persecuted, now rising to predominance. Memorial services in them no doubt continued; but what was of more importance, many associations connected with them were taken into the new Basilicas, and many ideas of the ages of persecution were there worked out. For though imperial persecution to death was over, suffering was not; and indeed, enough has been said about the increasing distresses of the dying civilisation of Rome and the world. The willing expectation of death and of the Lord's coming, whether to all souls or the individual soul, continued to express itself, and chiefly by loving and admiring the

* In Ezech. xl. (circ. A.D. 354). When I was young, and studying in Rome, I was in the habit, on Sundays, of visiting the graves of the apostles and martyrs, and often did we enter those vaults which are excavated deep in the earth, where the bodies of the buried are seen in the walls on each side of the visitors, and all is so dark that the words of the prophet seem literally fulfilled—'Let them go down quick into hell'; where the gloomy darkness is seldom broken by any glimmer from above, whilst the light appears to come through a slit (*luminare*) rather than through a window, and you take each step with caution, as, surrounded by deep night, you recall the words of Virgil, 'Terrors appal thee thoroughly, above all, terrible stillness.'

memory of those who had gone before. The martyr's tomb had already taken the form of the cemetery Altar, in its typical shape of a table-tomb, with a half vault or arcosolium hollowed out above it. The great Basilica, perhaps occupied by the Church from heathen purposes, was a sign of her triumph; but the martyrs' graves represented her strength, the power which had won the triumph. Now, of course, the most important of the changes made in a 'converted' Basilica, would be those connected with the Altar. The apse of the Basilica, as we have seen, would be a thoroughly convenient place either for it, or for the bishop's throne behind it, and the seats of the presbytery, as in the Duomo of Torcello. Where the old classical or heathen arrangement was retained, i.e., where the position of the heathen altar of the Basilica was kept for the Christian one—which probably did not often happen—there would be a space and perhaps seats behind the Altar; but generally speaking it would be at the farthest recess of the apse itself, as in its earliest arrangement of arcosolium and table-tomb.

We have already seen how natural it was to excavate a half-dome in the tufa above the grave of any specially venerated person,* and to make the flat surface over his body an Altar of Celebration; or to go a step farther, and to cut a passage behind also; and the next thing was to ornament the surfaces thus formed with painting of symbolic or even indifferent subjects. And thus began the round-arch ornamentation of Romanesque, Early English, Northern, and other styles. The sarcophagus would be carved, or a marble tomb substituted, and the walls and arch or vault over it would be painted in compartments. Illustration and decoration were universal, and of inveterate habit in the Empire, and the Church accepted both quite frankly. No harm followed for centuries at least: and in the evil days, when Iconoclasm had become unavoidable, and a source of division and ruin, the real evil was not so much in the pictures themselves, as in the changed and fallen faith of their worshippers. If there had been no painting or sculpture at all, the relics of saints would have been worshipped all the same. The evil was that the Church had lost the sense of communion with God in Christ. He had not rent His heavens and come to her in what seemed, and was, her great need. He seemed not to hear prayer, to be inaccessible, to require to be mediated with, rather than to be the ever-present, ever-interceding Advocate: and men began to set up images of the brethren whom perhaps they had seen, to take the place of Him they could not see.

But in the Augustan and following ages (as any book of Pompeian or other archæology will show) all Gentile life was a gallery of pictures and sculpture, good, bad, indifferent and omnipresent, from marble

* See article 'Catacombs' in Smith's *Dictionary of Antiquities*, or D'Agincourt, *Architecture*, pl. xiii.

Apollos and tinted Aphrodites down to the sign-cloths, or "inscripta lintea," of taverns and gladiator-schools.*

And once more, let us get rid of the idea that early Church paintings were different from these, or anything like what we call Byzantine or Gothic. Roughly speaking, at this time there would be no Byzantine for 500 years; and pointed Gothic certainly was not due for a thousand. If, which is impossible, any Christian of the first five centuries could have imagined such objects as early mediæval pictures, he certainly would not have wanted them in Church or elsewhere: and if he had, they would have given ground for Pagan accusations of strange witchcraft and abominable rites. The distinction between Christian and heathen was then absolute, a matter of heart and mind: and the expression, pagan ornament, as we use it now since the Renaissance, never could have been used in those days. It is the Renaissance which has somehow set classical work against Gothic, and correct drawing against Christianity. We used to have, and have still, a great many persons who are devoted to Gothic grotesque, and archaism: but without denying many merits and great value to the style they love, it is no use setting it up as exclusively the Christian style. Keble Chapel is excellent, so is S. Domitilla's Cemetery, so is the Chapel of Galla Placidia; but the two latter are a good deal the oldest. Real early Church work is too ancient for archaism. Just as in Gothic times men lived in Gothic houses, so in classic times they prayed in classically-adorned Churches; and very well the latter must have looked. The notion that all Gothic building is Christian, and all Christian building is Gothic, is an error which may yet cause a good deal of prejudice and quarrel.

A very brief history of the Catacombs is necessary, and that means for the most part, an account of their despoiling and defacement. While we lament over the destructions of the Reformation in German and English Churches, let us take some of the following facts to heart, all perfectly undisputed, and equally matter of regret to Roman Catholics and Anglicans.†

First, the Christian Catacombs, or the whole Catacomb system, practically speaking, was an enlarged development of the subterranean tomb, or vault, almost peculiar to Rome from the soil which invited excavation. There is evidence of first century tombs for this. The usual method of construction was to secure a piece of ground on the right sort of granular tufa, so many feet in front, facing the road, so many deep *in agro*; to excavate a passage all round it, burying people in the walls as you went on; and then to drive galleries across as you wanted more graves. By the beginning of the third century the Christians of Rome

* In my next number I shall compare Mr. Parker's new Gentile photographs of the *Shepherd*, &c., from the tomb of Statilius Taurus (Nos. 3,304, 3,316), with the paintings of the *Callixtine Catacomb*, *S. Domitilla's*, and *S. Prætextatus's*.

† See 'Catacombs' and 'Frescoes,' articles in Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*.

are found in quiet possession of such a cemetery, to this day called the cemetery of Callixtus; besides the crypt of the Vatican, the tombs and catacombs of Domitilla, Prætextatus, and probably others. Then about half through the third century begins the period of regular imperial persecution, as distinguished from former outbreaks of popular violence and occasional severities, such as we know of in the celebrated correspondence of Pliny and Marcus Aurelius. Nero's in A.D. 65 may be excepted, as a general persecution; but Decius's (A.D. 249—51) and the still more terrible one of 303, under Galerius and Diocletian, are the two foci of affliction. To these times we may trace the secret entrances and egresses, the hidden staircases, &c. (Northcote *R.S.* pp. 331, 347), and perhaps, the filling and earthing-up of many of the galleries. That martyrs were buried, and that martyrdoms took place in the Catacombs are facts beyond a shadow of doubt; there is no question of Fabianus Bishop of Rome's martyrdom in 251, or that he was buried in the crypt of the Vatican. Xystus was certainly slain with his four deacons in the cemetery of Prætextatus; and a large number of the faithful were walled up and suffocated together in a catacomb on the Salarian way.

Towards the middle of the fourth century, as the Faith became the established religion of Rome, fewer subterranean burials took place; and it would seem, by Jerome's words about his schoolboy visits to the cemeteries, that by 354 they were quite disused. But "the zeal displayed by Pope Damasus from 366 to 384 in repairing and decorating them, caused a short outburst of desire to be buried near the hallowed remains, resulting in wholesale destruction of many hundreds of early paintings from the cubicula and arcosolia." This died away; and after the dread year of Alaric in 410 no certain case of interment in them is recorded. Then came the second sack of Rome in 457, and Vitiges in 537; in the former the Catacomb churches were in all probability plundered; and certainly in the latter. The Lombards in 956 found little left to destroy; for the great religious spoliation of the eighth century, highly excusable as it seemed at the time, took the attention of the devout entirely away, and the pilgrims, for whom the paintings had been kept up and renewed, had ceased to frequent the cemeteries. The names of Paul I. (c. 761) and Paschal 817—827 are specially connected with the translation of relics from them. Their existence seems to have been forgotten for six centuries, till they were accidentally discovered on May 31, 1578.

It may sound Puritanic, anti-æsthetic (or is anæsthetic the proper adjective!) but whatever may be thought of it, I cannot help saying that I see grave cause for regret that the subjects of Church decoration and symbolism have not been limited in all times to the Biblical cycle of the Catacombs. The primitive Church only represented or symbolised the words and work of God on her walls. His saints were represented, but as characters in historical pictures, as vessels of His

Spirit commissioned by Him to act or speak, as saints doing something, not merely standing in glory to be adored with, or instead of Him. I wish our own Church buildings observed the primitive restriction. It is mere nonsense to say the Old and New Testament would not supply noble subjects to believing painters, even to all time; and if Church-painting is to be considered a serious matter, and a part of Christian instruction, (and not mere art-work, in which case it has no business in Church at all) it ought to be used under the regulations of other instruction. We do not read the legends of saints from the eagle; we ought not to have legends painted on walls or windows. The fact is, our whole religious use of the arts requires a good deal of regulation; for between singing and ceremonial, mosaics and windows, flowers and banners, candles and embroidery, the Christian soul seems to have too many pretty things to attend to; and both the deep abstraction of prayer from the heart, and true unanimity of spirit in our common service, are a great deal more interrupted than they used to be in less æsthetic days.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLIX.

THE CASKET LETTERS.

1568—1569.

QUEEN ELIZABETH's first impulse on hearing of Mary's arrival in her dominions was to invite her at once to Court, and there receive her affectionately, and make common causé with her.

But Cecil, Leicester, and all the rest of the ministers, were determined to prevent this. They believed Mary to be guilty; they received her as the head of the Roman Catholic party, and necessarily the enemy of the Queen and the Reformation. A war to restore her would be extremely unpopular with all Protestant English, and might further lead to an attack from France, since the Huguenots were at this time in favour with Catherine de Medicis, always Mary's enemy, and on friendly terms with the Earl of Moray. Besides, Cecil must have known better than Elizabeth herself, how much all dangers might be aggravated by the personal rivalry of the two Queens in the same court. At any rate, he was entirely determined to keep them apart, and all that was done was to send off Lady Scrope to act as lady in waiting; and Sir Francis Knollys to attend on Mary with fitting state, while she made up her mind what was to be done.

Sir Francis was Elizabeth's cousin on the Boleyn side, and Puritanically inclined, and the Queen thought him a perfectly safe person to

be exposed to the attractions of the dangerous siren. He found Lord Northumberland very angry at being excluded, and though he considered that Lord Lowther, the Deputy-Governor of Carlisle, had only done his duty by such exclusion, he allowed her free intercourse with the persons who came to pay court to her. Meantime, Herries pleaded her cause in London, and Flemyng at Paris; and on the other hand, Sir John Norris, the English Ambassador in France, was warned by Huguenots that 'the Queen of England did hold the wolf that should devour her,' and that all the Roman Catholic powers were going to join to overthrow her, and set Mary on her throne.

Mary was living as a guest at Carlisle, going and coming as she pleased, seeing her friends from Scotland, and riding out every day, hunting, and amusing herself. It was hard to believe any ill of one so lovely. Knollys wrote: 'If the spots in this Queen's coat be manifest, the plainer and sooner that her Highness doth record her discontentation therewith, the more honourable it will be, I suppose; and it is the readiest way to stop the mouths of factious, murmuring subjects. This lady and princess is a notable woman. She seemeth to regard no ceremonial honour beside the acknowledgment of her estate royal. She showeth a disposition to speak much, to be bold, to be pleasant, and to be very familiar. She showeth a great desire to be avenged of her enemies. She showeth a readiness to expose herself to all perils in hope of victory. She desireth much to hear of hardiness and valiancy, commending by name all approved hardy men of her country, although they be her enemies, and she concealeth no cowardice even in her friends. The thing that most she striveth after is victory, and it seemeth indifferent to her to have her enemies diminished either by the sword of her friends, or by the liberal promises and rewards of her purse, or by divisions and quarrels raised among themselves, so that for victory's sake pain and peril seemeth pleasant unto her; and in respect of victory, wealth and all things seemeth to her contemptible and vile. Now, what is to be done with such a lady and princess, or whether such a princess and lady is to be nourished in one's bosom, I refer to your judgment.'

Knollys himself was much with her; he taught her English, which was regarded as quite a different language from Scotch, and he held religious discussions with her. Mary had listened to Knox and his followers in the pulpits of Edinburgh, and she made no objection to going to English Churches, hearing sermons, and conversing with the chaplain; but she afterwards said, she never found any two who agreed in anything but cursing the Pope, and praying for the Queen; and this was probably quite true, since doctrine had fallen to a very low ebb in England, and every one was doing and believing pretty much as was right in his own eyes.

Lord Scrope and Sir Francis were much afraid of Mary riding off, angry and disobliged. They proved to themselves how easily she

might reach the border when out hunting or hawking, and how readily she might let herself down into an orchard below her bed-room window. They kept a diligent watch upon her, but much recommended her removal, and accordingly she was taken to Lord Scrope's castle at Bolton, where she continued to hold a kind of court, and was visited by the northern nobles and gentry, many of whom were Roman Catholics. The removal took place on the 16th of July, 1568, and it was determined that in September there should be a court of inquiry held at York to look into the question at issue between Mary and her subjects. Elizabeth's commissioners were the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Essex, and Sir Ralph Sadler; Mary's, John Leslie, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ross; Lords Herries, Livingstone, and Boyd; the Abbot of Kilwinning; Sir John Gordon, of Lochinvar; and Sir James Cockburn, of Stirling. For the little King of Scotland came Moray and Morton; Adam Bothwell, the so-called Protestant Bishop of Orkney; the Abbot (because he held the lands) of Dunfermline; and Lord Lindsay.

Probably Elizabeth honestly meant to have the truth brought to light, but there was not one of her ministers who would not have been greatly discomfited by a total acquittal of Mary. Failure of proof against her would be in their eyes failure of justice, and the re-establishment of the Guise influence, Romanism, and the fires of Smithfield. Therefore they were disposed not to scrutinise too closely the evidence that the other side might bring. Indeed so entirely had Machiavel's principles been accepted, that public morality did not exist, and the very men who were religious, faithful, and honest in private life, saw no harm in tampering with evidence, treacherously exciting rebellion in foreign countries, and accepting the most bare-faced forgeries.

Queen Mary, by Elizabeth's direction, was the accuser, demanding her subjects to show the cause wherefore they had driven her from her throne.

Their answer did not enter on any question of her share in the death of Darnley, only stating that she had married Bothwell, and when her subjects wished to put him to death for his crimes, he had fled, and she would not consent to a divorce, but threatened all his enemies hotly. Therefore they were obliged to seclude her for a season, and she, being wearied with the cares and burthens of government, had voluntarily laid down her crown, and constituted Moray, without knowledge on his own part, as Regent.

It was a very lame story, easily answered. Bothwell had been actually recommended as a husband to the Queen by the very men who, a few weeks later, rose against her for not divorcing him. They had let him ride off without trying to seize him, and as to resigning her crown by her own good will, she had been forced to do it as the only means of saving her life.

Moray, in the meantime, secretly had desired to know whether the

commissioners had authority to pronounce Mary guilty, and if, in that event, they would promise to pronounce sentence, or to deliver her up to him. They sent to their Queen to know how they should answer, and before the answer came back, Moray had sent them by Maitland five letters and some poetry. The commissioners wrote: 'Afterwards they showed us one horrible and long letter of her own hand, as they say, containing foul matter, and abominable to be thought or written of.'

At the same time, Maitland sent private information to Mary, who complained to Sir Francis Knollys, but as the accusation was not publicly made, there was no real opportunity of proving whether the letters were hers. The English Queen, on her side, desired that the conferences should be removed from York to Westminster, so as to lose less time in referring backwards and forwards. The cause was to be heard before the Queen in council, but without the presence of the accused. Before leaving York, however, the Duke of Norfolk made, through the Bishop of Ross, and the other Scottish friends of Mary, the extraordinary proposal of marrying Mary, if she were divorced from Bothwell.

This certainly was strange, if he thought the letters genuine, as he evidently did at first. He was thirty-six years old, the son of the poetic Surrey, and he held with the Church of England, though his first wife had been the daughter of the old Roman Catholic Earl of Arundel. He had never seen Queen Mary, so that his offer was not caused by her personal fascination, but it is not unlikely that he had become convinced that the letters were either forged or altered; and it must be owned that the general indignation at the removal of such a personage as Darnley was more convenient than real. With this view, Moray and Norfolk seem to have agreed that the murder should not, if possible, be charged openly against the Queen.

However, it was plain that the English would not be satisfied without some cause for her deposition more rational than that she would not divorce Bothwell at the bidding of the Lords who had just advised her to marry him. So on the 26th of November, Moray, in the Painted Chamber at Westminster, added what he called an *eik*, or additional item, accusing the Queen of the murder of her husband.

Three days later appeared Darnley's father, the Earl of Lennox, to make the same accusation against his daughter-in-law, appealing to Elizabeth because his son had been an English subject.

The Earls of Northumberland, Westmoreland, Shrewsbury, Worcester, Huntingdon, and Warwick were called in to examine the matter; Elizabeth declaring all the time that what concerned her was not the judging between the Queen of Scots and her subjects, which she would not undertake, but the deciding whether Mary should be received at court as an innocent woman, her equal, and her sister.

Various papers were laid before the Council on the table, Acts of Parliament of Scotland, reports of the trials of the men who had been

put to death, and the casket letters, all lying 'by hap' together, to be looked at by any of the nobles who chose to do so. Such a thing as examination of papers by an expert was utterly unimagined in those days, and these appear on the first day to have been simply handed about from one statesman to another, and read aloud, but not left with them for examination. Only the next day, English translations of the letters and sonnets were supplied. Two of the letters thus translated remain in the Record Office, marked by Cecil's hand.

Two witnesses were brought forward—Darnley's servant, Thomas Nelson, who had been taken alive out of Kirk of Field, on whose authority rests the story of the change of the new bed for the old one, and Thomas Crawford, who told the story of Mary's enticing Darnley to Edinburgh, he being a gentleman of the household of the Earl of Lennox. The commissioners of Queen Mary were not allowed to ask any questions, and not a single one of all the Queen's servants was examined, so that it would seem as if none of them would bear witness against her.

Mary, by her letters and her commissioners, desired to be allowed to answer in person, and to have the documents laid before her that she might confute them. But conditions were imposed. The English Council, especially Cecil, were, it would appear, determined that she was really guilty, and it was not their concern whether the evidence that was to establish her guilt were genuine or not. They also were afraid that if she and her subjects met face to face, 'the Scots would pack together,' as they said, and make common cause against the English; they were also afraid of the effect of her charms upon Norfolk and others of the peers, and so they wanted to stave off the full and open trial. Thus Mary was required to answer to these charges by her commissioners—or by writing—or else to reply to some nobleman who was to be sent to her.

She would do none of these things, sending orders to the Bishop of Ross to refuse on her part to submit to an inquiry thus conducted, and likewise to charge Moray and his friends direct with the murder. Nothing, however, came of this but some hot words between Herries and Lindsay. In fact the Council was determined to uphold Moray in the regency, and only wanted a respectable pretext, and this pretext could not be found, or at any rate brought home to the Queen.

Elizabeth herself devised the causing Mary to be counselled to make a voluntary abdication in favour of her son. If she would do this, and further have him brought into England to be there educated, she should enjoy full favour.

To this Mary returned an indignant refusal. 'I would rather die than do so; my last words I speak in life shall be those of a Queen of Scotland.'

And thus the Conferences at Westminster came to no conclusion at all, or rather a lame and unsatisfactory one. Elizabeth still kept Mary at Bolton as a kind of half prisoner, and she sent Moray home with a

loan of 5,000*l.* and recognition of his authority as Regent, and of little James as King of Scots.

Elizabeth seems to have been persuaded that Mary was guilty, but thought that the proofs would probably break down, and therefore that it was better to shuffle over the matter and accept the casket letters without examination.

That they were forgeries is likely, but Mary's cause does not entirely stand or fall by them, or the evidence that went with them. She probably did know that her husband was to die, but did not know the details of the plot, nor make the arrangements that her grooms fastened upon her. Still her connivance would enable Moray and the rest to throw the entire guilt upon her, and it is observable that even her best friend, the Bishop of Ross, never wholly denied her participation, but only argued that David's sin did not justify rebellion in his people.

As to the letters, the originals have never been found. George Buchanan, who was appointed tutor to the little King, published a scurrilous book called the *Detection*, in Latin and in Scottish, in which he gave translations of these French letters, but the originals have vanished. Some say that Elizabeth destroyed them, others that James I. did, others that they never really existed!

Perhaps Mary's best friend at this time was the French ambassador, the Marquis de la Mothe Fénelon, who constantly defended her to Elizabeth, took care that her income as a dowager Queen of France should reach her safely, and once almost shamed Elizabeth into letting her see the letters. Altogether he showed a chivalry worthy of the ancestor of the great archbishop.

Moray went back to Scotland, taking with him letters of safeguard not only from Elizabeth, but from Mary, with whom he was in correspondence about Norfolk, since it was alleged (though it is hard to suppose that any one would believe it) that Scottish kingsmen, and Scottish queensmen, Elizabeth, and everybody else, would be satisfied if Mary were restored with an English Protestant nobleman for her husband!

Mary had, however, made the Duke of Chatelherault (the head of the House of Hamilton, and next heir to the crown after her son) lieutenant-general of the kingdom in her name, and with him were Huntly, Argyll, Athol, Morton, Mar, Glencairn, Herries, Seton, and Fleming, so that her party was still a strong one, more especially as it held the strong castle of Dumbarton, where French succour could be admitted.

The chiefs of the party began to consider of another rising in favour of the Queen, and Elizabeth, apprehending that she might escape from Bolton Castle and join them, gave orders that she should be conducted to a greater distance from the Border. She had to set out on the 26th of January, 1569, in very cold and stormy weather, and only 'sorry horses' were provided to take her to Tutbury Castle, a cold, half-furnished place, where she first began to become a prey to rheumatic

attacks. It stood on the banks of the river Dove, and belonged to the Earl of Shrewsbury, who was thenceforth joined with Sir Robert Knollys in the charge of the captive Queen. Lady Knollys had just died, to the real grief of Elizabeth, whom La Mothe Fénelon found much depressed, but she would not allow Sir Robert to quit his post on account of his affliction.

Chatelherault tried to stir up a rising in Scotland on the Queen's behalf, but he was not trusted enough to succeed, and he began a negotiation with Moray for the pacification of the unfortunate kingdom which was torn to pieces between kingsmen and queensmen. A meeting was to be held at Edinburgh between Moray on the one side, and Chatelherault and Herries on the other. There Moray produced a paper for them to sign, absolutely acknowledging James as King. They both flatly refused, and were immediately seized and sent as prisoners into the castle. It was a flagrant breach of faith, which offended many of Moray's own adherents.

The Norfolk marriage scheme was in the meantime going on, and of all people in the world, Leicester was drawn into writing a letter recommending it, and holding out hopes of Elizabeth's consent. The most probable explanation of this is that Norfolk and his father-in-law Arundel, had of late taken umbrage at some of the foolish flirtations between him and the Queen, and that he wished to purchase their silence. At any rate, he went on promising from day to day to speak to the Queen, but never doing so, until hints of what was going on began to reach the Queen from other quarters.

Norfolk has told how one day when the Court was at Guildford, he came in and found the Queen listening with one ear to a little child who was playing on the lute to her, and with the other to Leicester who was kneeling on one knee talking to her.

He drew back, and Leicester presently coming to him, told him that he was just going to have entered on his matter with the Queen, and that she would speak with him.

She did speak, but not in an encouraging fashion. For she gave him 'a nip,' and 'bade him take heed to his pillow.' This, in Tudor, jocularly meant to beware of the block.

Norfolk protested his utter innocence of all treason, and no doubt he honestly meant no harm to Elizabeth, but the Roman Catholic gentry in the north, many of whom had seen Mary when at Bolton, were hatching very serious plots, and his name could not but be connected with them.

Leicester found that all would come to light. So he pretended to fall ill at Titchfield, sent for the Queen as if he were dying, and confessed as if to ease his conscience, that he had been privy to a plot for marrying the Queen of Scots to the Duke of Norfolk, and raising the north on her behalf to restore her to her throne.

Again the Queen sent for Norfolk and rated him soundly. He made proud answer that his estate in England was worth little less than

the whole kingdom of Scotland, and that when he was in his own tennis court at Norwich, he felt himself a king !

Finding the whole court treated him as one in disgrace, he went off from it with his father-in-law, Arundel, and returned to his own grand mansion at Kenninghall, but a summons to court soon followed him thither, and on his way back he was seized and lodged in the Tower.

Maitland of Lethington, who had always been liked for his eloquence and persuasive tongue, would, it had been hoped, talk over Elizabeth to consent to the marriage, but Moray was beginning to mistrust him. At Stirling, Thomas Crawford, the same who had figured as a witness against Queen Mary, accused him on the part of the Earl of Lennox as an accessory to the murder of Darnley. He was arrested, and was sent off to Tantallan Hold, belonging to the Douglasses, but on the way Kirkaldy of Grange came down with a troop of horse, and carried him off to Edinburgh Castle.

Kirkaldy was governor of the castle, and it was the proper place for a state prisoner ; but he was by this time thoroughly a Queen's man, so that Lethington was really safe in his hands. Another victim of the meaner sort was found and put to death at this time ; the page, Nicolas Hubert, commonly called French Paris, was executed at St. Andrews, on 16th August, 1569. His confession—or what was so-called—with all the particulars about the rooms and the gunpowder, was sent to Elizabeth. She desired to have the man himself sent to her, and was answered that he had been already hung. And what looks still more ugly is, that documentary evidence shows that he had been in Moray's hands for months past, long before the York and Westminster Conferences, though it was pretended to Elizabeth that he was only just seized. The poor man must have met with frightfully foul play.

MAGNUM BONUM ; OR, MOTHER CAREY'S BROOD.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

OF NO CONSEQUENCE.

LORD FORDHAM made it his most especial and urgent desire that his brother's wedding, which was to take place before Lent, should be at his home instead of at the lady's. Otherwise, he could not be present, for Kenminster had a character for bleakness, and he was never allowed to travel in an English winter. Besides, he had set his heart on giving one grand festal day to his tenantry, who had never had a day of rejoicing since his great-uncle came of age, forty years ago.

Mrs. Robert Brownlow did not like it at all, either as an anomaly or as a disappointment to the Kenminster world, but her husband was won over, and she was obliged to consent. Mother Carey, with her

brood, were of course to be guests, but her difficulty was the leaving Dr. and Mrs. Lucas. The good old physician was failing fast, and they had no kindred near at hand or capable of being of much comfort to them, and she was considering how to steer between the two calls, when Jock settled it for her, by saying that he did not mean to go to Fordham, and if Mrs. Lucas liked, would sleep in the house. There was much amazement and vexation. He had of course been the first best man thought of, but he fought off, declaring that he could not afford to miss a single lecture or demonstration. Friar John's University studies had given him such a start that he had to work less hard than his cousin, and could afford himself the week for which he was invited; but Jock declared that he could not even lose the thirty-six hours that Armine was to take for the journey to Fordham and back. Every one declared this nonsense, and even Mrs. Lucas could not bear that he should remain, as she thought, on her account; but his mother did not join in the public outcry, and therefore was admitted to fuller insight, as he was walking back with her, after listening to the old lady's persuasions.

'I think she would really be better pleased to spare you for that one day,' said Caroline.

'May be, good old soul,' said Jock; 'but as *you* know, mother, that's not all.'

'I guessed not. It may be wiser.'

'Well! There's no use in stirring it all up again, after having settled down after a fashion,' said Jock. 'I see clearer than ever how hopeless it is to have anything fit to offer a girl in her position for the next ten years, and I must not get myself betrayed into drawing her in to wait for me. I am such an impulsive fool, I don't know what I might be saying to her, and it would not be a right return for all they have been to me.'

'You will have to meet her in town?'

'Perhaps; but not as if I were in the home and at the wedding. It would just bring back the time when she bade me never give up my sword.'

'Perhaps she is wiser now.'

'That would make it even more likely that I should say what would be better left alone. No, mother! Ten years hence, if——'

She thought of *Magnum Bonum*, and said, 'Sooner, perhaps!'

'No,' he said, laughing. 'It is only in the *Traveller's Joy* that all the bigwigs are out of sight, and the apothecary's boy saved the Lord Mayor's life.'

With that laugh, rather a sad one, he inserted the latch-key and ended the discussion.

Whether Barbara were really unwilling to go was not clear, for she had no such excuse as her brother; but she grumbled almost as much as her aunt at the solecism of a wedding in the gentleman's home; and for the only time in her life showed ill-humour. She was vexed

with Esther for her taste in bridesmaids' attire (hers was given by her uncle) ; sarcastic to Cecil for his choice of gifts ; cross to her mother about every little arrangement as to dress ; satirical on Allen's revival of spirits in prospect of a visit to a great house ; annoyed at whatever was done or not done ; and so much less tolerant of having little Lina left on her hands, that Aunt Carey became the child's best reliance.

Some of this temper might be put to the score of that pity for Bobus, which Babie in her caprice had begun to dwell on, most inconsistently with her former gaiety ; but her mother attributed it to an unconfessed reluctance to meet Lord Fordham again, and a sense that the light thoughtlessness to which she had clung so long, might perforce be at an end.

So sharp-edged was her tongue, even to the moment of embarkation in the train, that her mother begun to fear how she might behave, and dreaded lest she should wound Fordham ; but she grew more silent all the way down, and when the carriage came to the station, and they drove past banks starred with primroses, and with the blue eyes of periwinkles looking out among the evergreen trailers, she spoke no word. Even Allen brightened to enjoy that lamb-like March day ; and John, with his little sister on his knee, was most joyously felicitous. Indeed, the tall, athletic, handsome fellow looked as if it were indeed spring with him, all the more from the contrast with Allen's languid, sallow looks, savouring of the fumes in which he lived.

Out on the steps were Fordham, wrapped up to the ears ; Sydney ready to devour Babie, who passively submitted ; and Mrs. Evelyn, as usual, giving her friend a sense of rest and reliance.

The last visit, though only five years previous to this one, had seemed in past ages, till the familiar polished oak floor was under foot, and the low tea-table in the wainscoted hall, before the great wood fire, looked so homelike and natural, that the new comers felt as if they had only left it yesterday. Fordham, having thrown off his wraps, waited on his guests, looking exceedingly happy in his quiet way, but more fragile than ever. He had a good deal of fair beard, but it could not conceal the hollowness of his cheeks, and there were great caves round his eyes, which were very bright and blue. Yet he was called well, waited assiduously on little Lina, and talked with animation.

'We have nailed the weathercock,' he said, 'and telegraphed to the clerk of the weather-office not to let the wind change for a week.'

'Meantime we have three delicious days to ourselves,' said Sydney, 'before any of the nonsense and preparation begins.'

'Indeed ! As if Sydney were not continually drilling her unfortunate children !'

'If you call the Psalms and hymns nonsense, Duke——'

'Isn't there a course of instruction going on how to strew the flowers gracefully before the bride ?'

'Well, I don't want them thrown at her head, as the children did at

the last wedding, when a great cowslip ball hit the bride in the eye. So I told the mistress to show them how, and the other day we found them in two lines, singing—

“This is the way the flowers we strew!”

‘I suppose Cecil is keeping his residence?’

‘No. Did you not know that this little Church of ours is not licensed for weddings? The parish Church is three miles off and a temple of the winds. This is only a chapelry, so it has to be by special license, and Cecil is hunting with the Hamptons, and comes with them on Monday.’

‘Special license! Happy Mrs. Coffinkey!’ ejaculated Babie.

‘Everybody comes then,’ said Sydney; ‘not that it is a very large everybody after all, and we have not asked more neighbours than we can help, because it is to be a feast for all the chief tenants—here in this hall—then the poor people dine in the great barn, and the children drink tea later in the school. Come, little Caroline, you’ve done tea, and I have my old baby-house to show you. Come, Babie! Oh! isn’t it delicious to have you?’

When Sydney had carried off Babie, and the two mothers stood over the fire in the bedroom, Mrs. Evelyn said—

‘So Lucas stays with his good old godfather. I honour him more than I can show.’

‘We did not like to leave the old people alone. They were my kindest friends in my day of trouble.’

‘You will not let me press him to run down for the one day, if he cannot leave them for more? Would he, do you think?’

‘I believe he would, if you did it,’ said Caroline, slowly; ‘but I ought not to let you do so, without knowing his full reason for staying away.’

They both coloured as if they had been their own daughters, and Mrs. Evelyn smiled as she said—

‘We have outgrown some of our folly about choice of profession.’

‘But does that make it safer? My poor boy has talked it over with me. He says he is afraid of his own impulses leading him to say what would not be an honourable requital for all your kindness to him.’

‘He is very good. I think he is right—quite right,’ said Mrs. Evelyn. ‘I am afraid I must say so. For anything to begin afresh between them might lead to suspense that my child’s constitution might not stand, and I am very grateful to him for sparing her.’

‘Afresh? Do you think there ever was anything?’

‘Never anything avowed, but a good deal of sympathy. Indeed, so far as I can guess, my foolish girl was first much offended and disquieted with Jock for not listening to her persuasions, and then equally so with herself for having made them, and now I confess I think shame and confusion are predominant with her when she hears of him.’

'So that she is relieved at his absence!'

'Just so, and it is better so to leave it; I should be only too happy to keep her, with me waiting for him, only I had rather she did not know it.'

'My dear friend!' And again Caroline thought of Magnum Bonum. All the evening she said to herself that Sydney showed no objection to medical students; when she was looking over the Engelberg photographs with John, who had been far more her companion in the mountain rambles they recalled, than had Jock in his half-recovered state.

The mother could not help feeling a little pang of jealousy as she owned to herself that the Friar was a very fine-looking youth, with the air of a university man, and of one used to good society, and that he did look most perilously happy. He was the next thing to her own son, but not quite the same, and she half repented of her candour to Mrs. Evelyn and wished that the keen, sensitive face and soldierly figure could be there to reassert their influence.

There ensued a cheerful, pleasant Saturday, which did much to restore the ordinary tone between the old friends and to take off the sense of strangeness. It was evident that Lord Fordham had insensibly become much more the real head and master of the house than at the time when the Brownlow party had last been there, and that he had taken on him much more of the duties of his position than he had then seemed capable of fulfilling. It might cost much effort, but he had ceased to be the mere invalid, and had come to take his part thoroughly and effectively, and to win trust and confidence. It was strange to think how Babie could ever have called him a muff merely to be pitied.

The Sundays at Fordham were always delightful. The little Church was as near perfection as might be. It was satisfactory to see that Fordham's gentleness and courtesy had dispelled all the clouds, and Barbara had returned to her ordinary manner; perhaps a little more sedate and gentle than usual, and towards him she was curiously submissive, as if she had a certain awe of the tenderness she had rejected.

After the short afternoon service Sydney waited to exercise her choir once more in their musical duties; but Babie, hearing there was to be no rehearsal of the flower-strewing, declared she had enough of classes at home, and should take Lina for a stroll on the sunny terrace among the crocuses, where Fordham joined them till warned that the sun was getting low.

One there was who would have been glad of an invitation to join in the practice, but who did not receive one. John lingered with Allen about the gardens till the latter disposed of himself on a seat with a cigar beyond the public gaze. Then saying something about seeing whether the river promised well for fishing, John betook himself to the bank of the river, one of the many Avons, probably with a notion

that by the merest accident he might be within distance at the break-up of the choir practice.

He was sauntering with would-be indifference towards the foot-bridge that shortened the walk to the Church, but he was still more than one hundred yards from it, when on the opposite side he beheld Sydney herself. She was on the very verge of the stream, below the steep, slippery clay bank, clinging hard with one hand to the bared root of a willow stump, and with the other striving to uphold the head and shoulder of a child, the rest of whose person was in the water.

One cry, one shout passed, then John had torn off coat, boots, and waistcoat, and plunged in to swim across, perceiving to his horror that not only was there imminent danger of the boy's weight overpowering her, but that the bank, undermined by recent floods, was crumbling under her feet, and the willow-stump fast yielding to the strain on its roots. And while each moment was life or death to her he found the current unexpectedly strong, and he had to use his utmost efforts to avoid being carried down far below where she stood watching with cramped, strained, failing limbs, and eyes of appealing, agonising hope.

One shout of encouragement as he was carried past her, but stemming the current all the time, and at last he paddled back towards her and came close enough to lay hold of the boy.

'Let go,' he said, 'I have him.'

But just as Sydney relaxed her hold on the boy the willow stump gave way and toppled over with an avalanche of clay and stones. Happily Sydney had already unfastened her grasp, and fell, or threw herself backwards on the bank, scratched, battered, bruised, and feeling half buried for an instant, but struggling up immediately, and shrieking with horror as she missed John and the boy, who had both been swept in by the tree. The next moment she heard a call, and, scrambling up the bank, saw John among the reedy pools a little way down, dragging the boy after him.

She dashed and splashed to the spot and helped to drag the child to a dryer spot, where they all three sank on the grass, the boy, a sturdy fellow of seven years old, lying unconscious, and the other two sitting not a little exhausted, Sydney scarcely less drenched than the child. She was the first to gasp—

'The boy?'

'He'll soon be all right,' said John, bending over him. 'How came——'

'I came suddenly on them—him and his brother—birds'-nesting. In his fright he slipped in. I just caught him, but the other ran away, and I could not pull him up. Oh! if you had not come.'

John hid his face in his hands with a murmur of intense thanksgiving.

'You should get home,' he said. 'Can you? I'll see to the boy.'

At this moment the keeper came up, full of wrath and consternation,

as soon as he understood what had happened. He was barely withheld from shaking the truant violently back to life, and averred that he would teach him to come birds'-nesting in the park on Sunday.

And when, after he had fetched John's coat and boots, Sydney bade him take the child, now crying and shivering, back to his mother, and tell her to put him to bed and give him something hot, he replied—

'Ay, ma'am, I warrant a good warming would do him no harm. Come on, then, you young rascal ; you won't always find a young lady to pull you out, nor a gentleman to swim across that there Avon. Upon my honour, sir, there ain't many could have done that when it is in flood.'

He would gladly have escorted them home, but as the boy could not yet stand, he was forced to carry him.

'You should walk fast,' said John, as he and Sydney addressed themselves to the ascent of the steep sloping ground above the river.

She assented, but she was a good deal strained, bruised, and spent, and her heavy winter dress, muddied and soaked, clung to her and held her back, and both laboured breathlessly without making much speed.

'I never guessed that a river was so strong,' she said. 'It was like a live thing fighting to tear him away.'

'How long had you stood there?'

'I can't guess. It felt endless! The boy could not help himself, and I was getting so cramped that I must have let go if your call had not given me just strength enough! And the tree would have come down upon us!'

'I believe it would,' muttered John.

'Mamma must thank you,' whispered Sydney, holding out her hand.

He clasped it, saying almost inwardly—

'God and His Angels were with you.'

'I hope so,' said Sydney softly.

They still held one another's hands, seeming to need the support in the steep, grassy ascent, and there came a catch in John's breath that made Sydney cry,

'You are not hurt?'

'That snag gave me a dig in the side, but it is nothing.'

As they gained the level ground Sydney said—

'We will go in by the servants' entrance, it will make less fuss.'

'Thank you ;' and with a final pressure she loosed his hand, and led the way through the long, flagged, bell-hung passage, and pointed to a stair.

'That leads to the end of the gallery ; you will see a red baize door, and then you know your way.'

Sydney knew that at this hour on Sunday servants were not plentiful, but she looked into the housekeeper's room where the select

grandees were at tea, and was received with an astounded 'Miss Evelyn!' from the housekeeper.

'Yes, Saunders; I should have been drowned, and little Peter Hollis too, if it hadn't been for Mr. Friar Brownlow. He swam across Avon, and has been knocked by a tree; and Reeves, would you be so *very* kind as to go and see about him!'

Reeves, who had approved of Mr. Friar Brownlow ever since his race at Schwarenbach, did not need twice bidding, but snatched up the kettle and one of Mrs. Saunders's flasks, while that good lady administered the like potion to Sydney and carried her off to be undressed. Mrs. Evelyn was met upon the way, and while she was hearing her daughter's story, in the midst of the difficulties of unfastening soaked garments, there was a knock at the door. Mrs. Saunders went to it, and a young housemaid said—

'Oh, if you please, ma'am, Mr. Friar Brownlow says its of no consequence, but he has broken two of his ribs, and Mr. Reeves thinks Mrs. Evelyn ought to be informed.'

She spoke so exactly as if he had broken a window, that at first the sense hardly reached the two ladies.

'Broken what?'

'His ribs, ma'am.'

'Oh! I was sure he was hurt!' cried Sydney. 'Oh, mamma! go and see.'

Mrs. Evelyn went, but finding that Reeves and Fordham were with John, and that the village doctor, who lived close by the park gates, had been sent for, she went no farther than the door of the patient's room, and there exchanged a few words with her son. Sydney thought her very hard-hearted, and having been deposited in bed, lay there starting, trembling, and listening, till her brother, according to promise, came down.

'Well, Sydney, what a brave little woman you have shown yourself! John has no words to tell how well you behaved.'

'Oh, never mind that! Tell me about him? Is he not dreadfully hurt?'

'He declares these particular ribs are nothing,' said Fordham, indicating their situation on himself, 'and says they laugh at them at the hospital. He wanted Reeves to have sent for Oswald privately, and then meant to have come down to dinner as if nothing had happened.'

'Mr. Oswald does not mean to allow that,' said Miss Evelyn.

'Certainly not; I told him that if he did anything so foolish I should certainly never call him in. Now let me hear about it, Sydney, for he was in rather too much pain to be questioned, and I only heard that you had shown courage and presence of mind.'

The mother and brother might well shudder as they heard how nearly their joy had been turned into mourning. The river was a dangerous one, and to stem the current in full flood had been no slight

exploit ; still more the recovery of the boy after receiving such a blow from the tree.

'Very nobly done by both,' said Fordham, bending to kiss his sister as she finished.

'Most thankful,' said Mrs. Evelyn.

There was a brief space spent silently by both Mrs. Evelyn and her son on their knees, and then the former went up to the little bachelor-room where in the throng of guests John had been bestowed, and where she found him lying, rather pale, but very content, and her eyes filled with tears as she took his hand, saying—

'You know what I have come for?'

'How is she?' he said, looking eagerly in her face.

'Well, I think, but rather strained and very much tired, so I shall keep her in her room for precaution's sake, as to-morrow will be a bustling day. I trust you will be equally wise.'

'I have submitted, but I did not think it requisite. Pray don't trouble about me.'

'What, when I think how it would have been without you? No, I will not tease you by talking about it, but you know how we shall always feel for you. Are you in much pain now?'

'Nothing to signify now it has been bandaged, thank you. I shall soon be all right. Did she make you understand her wonderful courage and resolution in holding up that heavy boy all that time?'

Mrs. Evelyn let John expatiate on her daughter's heroism till steps were heard approaching, and his aunt knocked at the door. Perhaps she was the person most tried when she looked into his bright, dark eyes, and understood the thrill in his voice as he told of Sydney's bravery and resolution. She guessed what emotion gave sweetness to his thankfulness, and feared if he did not yet understand it he soon would, and then what pain would be in store for one or other of the cousins! When Mrs. Evelyn asked him if he had really sent the message that his fractured ribs were of no consequence, his aunt's foreboding spirit feared they might prove of only too much consequence; but at least, if he were a supplanter, it would be quite unconsciously.

As Barbara said, when she came up from the diminished dinner-party to spend the evening with her friend—

'Those delightful things always do happen to other people!'

'It wasn't very delightful!' said Sydney.

'Not at the time, but you dear old thing, you have really saved a life! That was always our dream!'

'The boy is not at all like our dream!' said Sydney. 'He is a horrid little fellow.'

'Oh, he will come right now!'

'If you knew the family you would very much doubt it.'

'Sydney, why will you go on disenchanting me? I thought *the real thing* had happened to you at last as a reward for having been truer to our old woman than I.'

'I don't think you would have thought hanging on that bank much reward,' said Sydney.

'Adventures aren't nice when they are going on. It is only *meminisse juvat*, you know. You must have felt like the man in Rückert's Apologue, with the dragon below, and the mice gnawing the root above.'

'My dear, that story kept running in my head, and whenever I looked at the river it seemed to be carrying me away, bank, and stump, and all. I'm afraid it will do so all night. It did, when some hot wine and water they made me have with my dinner sent me to sleep. Then I thought of—

'Time, with his ever rolling stream,
Is bearing them away,'

and I didn't know which was Time and which was Avon.'

'In your sleep, or by the river?'

'Both, I think! I seem to have thought of thousands of things, and yet my whole soul was one scream of despairing prayer, though I don't believe I said anything except to bid the boy hold still, till I heard that welcome shout.'

'Ah, the excellent Monk! He is the family hero. I wonder if he enjoys it more than you? Did he really never let you guess how much he was hurt?'

'I asked him once, but he said it was only a dig in the side, and would go off.'

'Ah, well! Allen says it is accident that makes the hero. Now the Monk has been as good as the hyena knight of the Jotapata, who was a mixture of Tyr, with his hand in the wolf's mouth, and of Kunimund, when he persuaded Amala that his blood running into the river was only the sunset.'

'Don't,' said Sydney. 'I won't have it made nonsense of!'

'Indeed,' said Babie, 'almost piteously, 'I meant it for the most glorious possible praise; but somehow people always seem to take me for a little hard bit of spar, a barbarian or a baby; I wish I had a more sensible name!'

'Infanta, his princess, is what Duke always calls you,' said Sydney, drawing her fondly to nestle close to her on the bed in her fire-lit room. 'Do you know one of the thoughts I had time for in that dreadful eternity by the river, was how I wished it were you that were going to be a daughter to poor mamma.'

'Esther will make a very kind, gentle, tender one.'

'Oh, yes; but she won't be quite what you are. We have all been children together, and you have *fitted* in with us ever since that journey when we talked incessantly about Jotapata.' Then as Babie made no answer, Sydney gave her a squeeze, and whispered, 'I know!'

'Who told you?' asked Babie, with eyes on the fire.

'Mamma, when I was crazy with Cecil for caring for a pretty

face instead of real stuff. She thought it would hurt Duke if I went on.'

'Does he care still?' said Babie, in a low voice.

'Oh, Babie, don't you feel how much?'

'Do you know, Sydney, sometimes I can't believe it. I'm sure I have no right to complain of being thought a childish, unfeeling little wretch, when I recollect how hard, and cold, and impertinent I was to him three years ago.'

'It *was* three years ago, and we were very foolish then,' consolingly murmured the wisdom of twenty, not without recollections of her own.

'I hope it was only foolishness,' said Barbara; 'but I have only now begun to understand the rights of it, only I could not bear the thoughts of seeing him again. And now he is so kind!'

'Do you wish you had?'

'Not that. I don't think anything but fuss and worry would have come of it then. I was only fifteen, and my mother could never have let it go on, and even if——; but what I am so grieved and ashamed at is my fancying him not enough of a man for such a self-sufficient ape as I was. And now I have seen more of the world, and know what men are, I see his generosity, and that his patient fight with ill health to do his best and his duty, is really very great and good.'

'I wish you could tell him so. No, I know you can't; but you might let him feel it, for you need not be afraid of his ever asking you again. They have had a great examination of his lungs, and there's only part of one in any sort of order. They say he may go on with great care unless he catches cold, or sets the disease off again, and upon that he made up his mind that it was a very good thing he had not disturbed your peace.'

'As if I should not be just as sorry!' said Babie. 'Oh, Sydney, what a sad world it is! And there is he going about as manful, and pleased, and merry about this wedding as if it were his own. And the worst of it is, though I do admire him so, it can't be real, proper, lover's love, for I felt quite glad when you said he would never ask me, so it is all wasted.'

The mothers would hardly have liked the subject of the maidens' talk in their bower, and Barbara bade good-night, feeling as if she should never look at Fordham with the same eyes again; but the light of day restored commonplace thoughts of the busy Monday.

Reeves, having been sent up by his lord with inquiries, found the patient's toilet so far advanced, that under protest he could only assist in the remainder. So the hero and heroine met on the stairs, and clasped hands in haste to the sound of the bell for morning prayers in the household chapel, to which they carried their thankful hearts.

The Fordham household was not on such a scale that the heads of the family could sit still in dignified ease on the eve of such a spectacle. Every one was busy adorning the hall or the tables, and

John would not be denied his share, though as he could neither stoop, lift, nor use his right arm, he was reduced to making up wreaths and bouquets, with Lina to supply him with flowers, since he was the one person with whom she never failed to be happy or good. Fordham was entreated to sit still and share the employment, but his long, thin hands proved utterly wanting in the dexterity that the Monk displayed. He was, moreover, the man in authority constantly called to give orders, and in his leisure moments much more inclined to haunt his Infanta's winged steps, and erect his tall person where she could not reach. Artistic taste rendered her, her mother, and Allen most valuable decorators, and it might be doubted whether Allen had ever toiled so hard in his life. In pity to the busy servants, luncheon was served up cold on a side table, when Barbara, who had rallied her spirits to nonsense pitch, declared that metaphorically, Fordham and the agent carved the meal with gloves of steel, and that the workers drank the red wine through the helmet barred. In the midst, however, in marched Reeves, with a tray and a napkin, and a regular basin of invalid soup, which he set down before John in his easy chair. There was something so exceedingly ludicrous in the poor Friar's endeavour to be gratified, and his look of dismay and disgust, that the public fairly shrieked with laughter, in which he would fain have joined, but had to beg pardon for only looking solemn; laughter was a painful matter.

However, later in the afternoon, when he was looking white and tired, his host came and said—

'Your object is to be about, and not make a sensation when people arrive. Come and rest then;' then landed him on his own sofa in his sitting-room, which was kept sacred from all confusion.

About half an hour later Mrs. Evelyn said—

'Sydney, my dear, Willis is come for the tickets. Are they ready?'

'Oh, mother, I meant to have done them yesterday evening!'

'You had better take them to Duke's room, it is the only quiet place. He is not there—I wish he were. Willis can wait while you fill them up,' said Mrs. Evelyn, not at all sorry to pin her daughter down for an hour's quiet, and unaware that the room was occupied.

So Sydney, with a list of names and packet of cards, betook herself to her brother's writing-table, never perceiving that there was anybody under the Algerine rug, till there was a movement, suddenly checked, and a voice said—

'Can I help?'

'Oh! don't move. I'm so sorry, I hope——'

'Oh, no! I beg your pardon,' he said, with equal incoherency, and raising himself more deliberately. 'Your brother put me here to rest, and I fell asleep, and did not hear you come in.'

'Oh, don't! Pray, don't! I am so sorry I disturbed you. I did not know any one was here——'

'Pray, don't go ! Can't I help you ?'

Sydney recollected that in the general disorganisation pen, ink, and table were not easy to secure, and replied—

'It is the people in the village who are to dine here to-morrow. They must have tickets, or we shall have all manner of strangers. The stupid printer only sent the tickets yesterday, and the keeper is waiting for them. It would save time if you would read out the names while I mark the cards ; but, please, lie still, or I shall go.' And she came and arranged the cushions, which his movements had displaced, till he pronounced himself quite comfortable.

Hardly a word passed but 'Smith James, two ; Bennet, widow, one ; Hacklebury Nicholas, three ;' with a 'yes' after each, till they came to 'Hollis Richard.'

'That's the boy's father,' then said Sydney.

'Have you heard anything of him ?' asked John.

'Oh, yes ! his mother dragged him up to beg pardon, and return thanks, but mamma thought you would rather be spared the infliction.'

'Besides that they were not my due,' said John, 'I never thought of the boy.'

'If you did not, you saved him twice !'

'A Newfoundland-dog instinct. But I am glad the little scamp is not the worse. I suppose he is to appear to-morrow ?'

'Oh, yes ! and the vicar begs no notice may be taken of him. He is really a very naughty little fellow, and if he is made a hero for getting himself and us so nearly drowned by birds'-nesting on a Sunday in the park, it will be perfectly demoralising !'

'You are as bad as your keeper !'

'I am only repeating the general voice,' said Sydney, with a gleam upon her face, half-droll, half-tender. 'Poor little man ! I got him alone this morning, while his mother was pouring forth to mine, and I think he has a little more notion where thanks are due.'

'I should like to see him,' said John. 'I'll try not to demoralise him ; but he has given me some happy moments.'

The voice was low, and Sydney blushed as she laughed and said—

'That's like Babie saying it was delightful.'

'She is quite right as far as I am concerned.'

The hue on Sydney's cheek deepened excessively, as she said—

'Is George Hollis next ?'

They went on steadily after that, and Willis was not kept long waiting. Then came the whirl of arrivals, Cecil with his Hampton cousins, Sir James Evelyn and Armine, Jessie and her General, and the Kenminster party. Caroline found herself in great request as general confidante, adviser, and medium, as being familiar with all parties, and it was evidently a great comfort to her sister-in-law to find some one there to answer questions and give her the *carte-du-pays*. Outwardly, she was all the Serene Highness, a majestic matron,

overshadowing everybody, not talkative, but doing her part with dignity, in great part the outcome of shyness, but rather formidable to simple-minded Mrs. Evelyn.

She heard of John's accident with equanimity amazing to her hostess, but befitting the parent of six sons who were always knocking themselves about. Indeed, John was too well launched ever to occupy much of her thoughts. Her pride was in her big Robert, and her joy in her little Harry, and her care for whichever intermediate one needed it most. This one at the moment was of course pretty, frightened, blushing Esther, who was moving about in one maze and dazzle of shyness and strangeness, hardly daring to raise her eyes, but fortunately graceful enough to look her part well in the midst of her terrors. Such continual mistakes between her and Eleanor were made, that Cecil was advised to take care that he had the right bride; but Ellie, though so like her sister outwardly, was of a very different nature, neither shy nor timid, but of the sturdy Friar texture.

She was very unhappy at the loss of her sister, and had an odd little conversation with Babie, who showed her to her room, while the rest of the world made much of the bride.

'Ellie, the finery and flummery is to be done in Aunt Ellen's dressing-room,' explained Babie; 'but Essie is to sleep here with you to-night.'

Poor Ellie! her lip quivered at the thought that it was for the last time, and she said, bluntly—

'I didn't want to have come! I hate it all!'

'It can't be helped,' said Barbara.

'I can't think how you and Aunt Carey could give in to it!'

'It was the real article, and no mistake,' said Babie.

'Yes; she is as silly about him as possible. A mere fine gentleman! Poor Bobus has more stuff in him than a dozen of him!'

'He is a real, honest, good fellow,' said Babie. 'I'm sorry for Bobus, but I've known Cecil almost all my life, and I can't have him abused. I do really believe that Essie will be happier with a simple-hearted fellow like him, than with a clever man like Bobus, who has places in his mind she could never reach up to, and lucky for her too,' half whispered Babie at the end.

'I thought you would have cared more for your own brother.'

'Remember, they all said it would have been wrong. Besides, Cecil has been always like my brother. You will like him when you know him.'

'I can't bear fine folks.'

'They are anything but fine!' cried Babie indignantly.

'They can't help it. That way of Lord Fordham's, high-breeding I suppose you call it, just makes me wild. I hate it!'

'Poor Ellie. You'll have to get over it, for Essie's sake.'

'No, I sha'n't. It is really losing her, as much as Jessie—'

'Jessie looks worn.'

'No wonder. Jessie was a goose. Mamma told her to marry that old man, and she just did it because she was told, and now he is always ordering her about, and worries and fidgets about everything in the house. I wish one's sisters would have more sense and not marry.'

Which sentiment poor Ellie uttered just as Sydney was entering by an unexpected open door into the next room, and she observed, 'Exactly! It is the only consolation for not having a sister that she can't go and marry! O Ellie, I am so sorry for you.'

This somewhat softened Ellie, and she was restored to a pitch of endurance by the time Essie was escorted into the room by both the mothers.

That polished courtesy of Fordham's which Ellie so much disliked had quite won the heart of her mother, who, having viewed him from a distance as an obstacle in Esther's way, now underwent a revulsion of feeling, and when he treated her with marked distinction, and her daughter with brotherly kindness, was filled with mingled gratitude, admiration, and compunction.

When after dinner Fordham had succeeded in rousing his uncle and the other two old soldiers out of a discussion on promotion in the army, and getting them into the drawing-room, the Colonel came and sat down by his 'good little sister' to confide to her, under cover of Sydney's music, that he was very glad his pretty Essie had chosen a younger man than her elder sister's husband.

'Very opinionated is Hood!' he said, shaking his head. 'Stuck out against Sir James and me in a perfectly preposterous way.'

Caroline was not prepossessed in favour of General Hood, either by his conversation with herself at dinner, or by the startled way in which Jessie sat upright and put on her gloves as soon as he came in; but she did not wish to discuss him with the Colonel, and asked whether John had gone to bed,

'Is he not here? I thought he had come in with the young ones? No? then he must have gone to bed. Could Armine or any of them show me the way to his room?—for I should like to know how the boy really is.'

'I doubt if Armine knows which is his room. I had better show you, for he is not unlikely to be lying down in Fordham's sitting-room. Otherwise you must prepare for many stairs. I suppose you know how gallantly he behaved,' she added, as they left the room.

'Yes, Mrs. Evelyn told me. I am glad he has not lost his athletics in his London life. I always tell his mother that John is the flower of the flock.'

'A dear good brave fellow he is.'

'Yes, you have been the making of him, Caroline. If we don't say much about it, we are none the less sensible of all you have been to our children. Most generous and disinterested!'

This was a speech to make Caroline tingle all over, and be glad both that she was a little in advance, and at the door of Fordham's room, where John was not. Indeed he proved to be lying on his bed, waiting for some one to help him off with his coat, and he was gratified and surprised to the utmost by his father's visit, for in truth John was the one of all the sons who most loved and honoured his father.

If that evening were a whirl, what was the ensuing day, when all who stood in the position of hosts or their assistants were constantly on the stretch, receiving, entertaining, arranging, presiding over toilettes, getting people into their right places, saving one another trouble. If Mrs. Joseph Brownlow was an invaluable aid to Mrs. Evelyn, Allen was an admirable one to Lord Fordham, for his real talent was for society, and he had shaken himself up enough to exert it. There might have been an element of tuft-hunting in it, but there was no doubt that he was making himself useful. For Robert was of no use at all, Armine was too much of a mere boy to take the same part, and John was feeling his injury a good deal more, could only manage to do his plan as bridegroom's man, and then had to go away and lie down, while the wedding-breakfast went on. In consequence he was spared the many repetitions of hearing how he had saved Miss Evelyn from a watery grave, and Allen made a much longer speech than he would have done for himself when undertaking, on Rob's strenuous refusal, to return thanks for the bridesmaids.

That which made this unlike other such banquets was that no one could help perceiving how much less the bridegroom was the hero of the day to the tenants, than was the hectic young man who presided over the feast, and how all the speeches, however they began in honour of Captain Evelyn, always turned into wistful good auguries for the elder brother.

There was no worship of the rising sun there, for when Lord Fordham, in proposing the health of the bride and bridegroom, spoke of them as future possessors, in the tone of a father speaking of his heir apparent, there was a sub-audible "No, no," and poor Cecil fairly and flagrantly broke down in returning thanks.

Fordham's own health had been coupled with his mother's, and committed to a gentleman who knew it was to be treated briefly; but this did not satisfy the farmers, and the chief tenant rose saying he knew it was out of course to second a toast, but he must take the opportunity on this occasion. And there followed some of that genuine native heartfelt eloquence that goes so deep, as the praise of the young landlord was spoken, the strong attachment to him found expression, and there were most earnest wishes for his long life, and happiness like his brother's.

Poor Fordham, it was very trying for him, and he could only command himself with difficulty and speak briefly. He thanked his friends with all his heart for their kindness and good wishes. What-

ever might be the will of God concerning himself, they had given him one of the most precious recollections of his life, and he trusted that when sooner or later he should leave them, they would convey the same warm and friendly feelings to his successor.

There were so many tears by that time, and Mrs. Evelyn felt so much shaken that she made the signal for breaking up. No one was more relieved than Barbara. She must go to her room to compose herself before she could bear a word from any one, and as soon as she could gain the back stair, she gathered up her heavy white silk and dashed up, rushing along the gallery so blinded by tears under her veil that she would have had a collision if a hand had not been put out as some one drew aside to let her fly past if she wished; but as the mechanical 'Beg pardon' was exchanged, she knew Fordham's voice and paused. 'I was going to look after the wounded Friar,' he said, and then he saw her tearful eyes, and she exclaimed, 'I could not help it! I could not stay. You would say such things. O Duke! Duke!'

It was the first time she had used the familiar old name, but she did not know what she said. He put her into a great carved chair, and knelt on one knee by her, saying, 'Poor Rogers, I wish he had let it alone. It was hard for my mother and Cecil.'

'Then how could you go on and break all our hearts!' sobbed Babie.

'It will make a better beginning for Cecil. I want them to learn to look to him. I thought every one knew that each month I am here is like an extra time granted after notice, and that it was no shock to any one to look forward to that fine young couple.'

'Oh, don't! I can't bear it,' she exclaimed, weeping bitterly.

'Don't grieve, dearest. I have tried hard, but I find I cannot do my work as it ought to be done. People are very kind, but I am content, when the time comes, to leave it to one to whom it will not be such effort and weariness. This is really one of the most gladsome days of my life. Won't you believe it?'

'I know unselfish people are happy.'

'And do you know that you are giving me the sweetest drop of all, to-day?' said Fordham, giving one shy, fervent kiss to the hand that clasped the arm of the chair just as sounds of ascending steps caused them to start asunder and go their separate ways.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE TRAVELLER'S JOY.

To his mother's surprise, Lucas did not betray any discomfiture at Sydney's adventure, nor even at John's having, of necessity, been left behind for a week at Fordham after all the other guests were gone. All he said was that the Friar was in luck.

He himself was much annoyed at the despatch he had received from Japan. Of course there had been much anxiety as to the way in which Bobus would receive the tidings of Esther's engagement; and his mother had written it to him with much tenderness and sympathy. But instead of replying to her letter, he had written only to Lucas, so entirely ignoring the whole matter that except for some casual allusion to some other subject, it would have been supposed that he had not received it. He desired his brother to send him out the rest of his books and other possessions which he had left provisionally in England; and he likewise sent a manuscript with orders to him to get it published and revise the press. It proved to be a dissertation on Buddhism, containing such a bitter attack upon Christianity that Jock was strongly tempted to put it in the fire at once, and had written to Bobus to refuse all assistance in its publication, and to entreat him to reconsider it. He would not telegraph, in order that there might be more time to cool down, for he felt convinced that this demonstration was a species of revenge, at least so far that there was a certain satisfaction in showing what lengths the baffled lover might go to, when no longer withheld by the hope of Esther or by consideration for his mother. Jock would have kept back the knowledge from her, but she was too uneasy about Bobus for him not to tell her. She saw it in the same light, feared that her son would never entirely forgive her, but went on writing affectionate letters to him all the same, whether he answered them or not. Oh what a pang it was that she had never tried to make the boy religious in his childhood.

Then she looked at Jock, and wondered whether he would harbour any such resentment against her when he came to perceive what she had seen beginning at Fordham.

John came back most ominously radiant. It had been very bad weather, and he and Sydney seemed to have been doing a great quantity of fretwork together, and to have had much music, only chaperoned by old Sir James, for Fordham had been paying for his exertions at the wedding by being confined to his room.

He had sent Babie a book, namely Vaughan's beautiful *Silex Scintillans*, full of marked passages, which went to her heart. She asked leave to write and thank him, and in return his mother wrote to hers, 'Duke is much gratified by the dear Infanta's note. He would like to write to her, but he will not unless he knows you would not object.'

To which Caroline replied, 'Let him write whatever he pleases to Barbara. I am sure it will only be what is good for her.' Indeed Babie had been by many degrees quieter since her return.

So a correspondence began, and was carried on till after Easter, when the whole party came to London for the season. Mrs. Evelyn wished Fordham to be under Dr. Medlicott's eye; also to give Sydney another sight of the world, and to superintend Mrs. Cecil Evelyn's very inexperienced *début*.

The young people had made a most exquisitely felicitous tour in the South of France and North of Spain, and had come back to a pleasant little house, which had been taken for them near the Park. There Cecil was bent on giving a great house-warming—a full family party. He would have everybody, for he had prevailed to have Fordham sleeping there while his room in his own house received its final arrangements; and Caroline had added to Ellen's load of obligation by asking her and the Colonel to come for a couple of nights to behold their daughter dressed for the drawing-room.

That would no doubt be a pretty sight, but to others her young matronly dignity was a prettier sight still, as she stood in her soft dainty white, receiving her guests, the rosy colour a little deepened, though she knew and loved them all, and Cecil by her side, already having made a step out of his boyhood by force of adoration and protection.

But their lot was fixed, and they could not be half so interesting to Caroline as the far less beautiful young sister, who could only lay claim to an honest, pleasant, fresh-coloured intelligent face, only prevented by an air of high-breeding from being milkmaid-like. It was one of those parties where the ingenuity of piecing a puzzle is required to hinder more brothers and sisters from sitting together than could be helped.

So fate or contrivance placed Sydney between the two Johns at the dinner-table, and Mother Carey, on the other side, felt that some indication must surely follow. Yet Sydney was apparently quite unconscious, and she was like the description in *Rokeby*:—

'Two lovers by the maiden sate
Without a glance of jealous hate;
The maid her lovers sat between
With open brow and equal mien;
It is a sight but rarely spied,
'Thanks to man's wrath and woman's pride.'

Were these to awaken? They seemed to be all three talking together in the most eager and amiable manner, quite like old times, and Jock's bright face was full of animation. She had plenty of time for observation, for the Colonel liked a good London dinner, and knew he need not disturb his enjoyment to make talk for 'his good little sister.' Presently however he began to tell her that the Goulds and Elvira had really set out for America, and when her attention was free again, she found that Jock was called in by Fordham to explain to Essie whether she had, or had not, seen Roncesvalles, while Sydney and John were as much engrossed as ever.

So it continued all the rest of the dinner-time. Jock was talked to by Fordham, but John never once turned to his other neighbour. In the evening, the party divided, for it was very warm, and rather than inconvenience the lovers of fresh air, Fordham retreated into the

inner drawing-room, where there was a fire. He had asked Babie to bring the old numbers of the *Traveller's Joy*, as he had a fancy for making a selection of the more memorable portions, and having them privately printed as a memorial of those bright days. Babie and Armine were there looking them over with him, and the former would fain have referred to Sydney, but on looking for her, saw she was out among the flowers in the glass-covered balcony, too much absorbed even to notice her summons. Only Jock came back with her, and sat turning over the numbers in rather a dreamy way.

The ladies and the Colonel were sent home in Mrs. Evelyn's carriage, where Ellen purred about Esther's happiness and good fortune all the way back. Caroline lingered, somewhat purposely, writing a note that she might see the young men when they came back.

They wished her good-night in their several fashions.

'Good-night, mother. Well, some people are born with silver spoons!'

'Good-night, mother dear. Don't you think Fordham looks dreadful?'

'Oh, no, Army; much better than when I came up to town.'

'Good-night, Mother Carey. If those young folks make all their parties so jolly, it will be the pleasantest house in London! Good-night!'

'Mother,' said Jock, as the cousin, softly humming a tune, sprang up the stairs, 'does the wind sit in that quarter?'

'I am grievously afraid that it does,' she said.

'It is no wonder,' he said, doctoring the wick of his candle with her knitting-needle. 'Did you know it before?'

'I began to suspect it after the accident, but I was not sure; nor am I now.'

'I am,' said Jock quietly.

'She is a stupid girl!' burst out his mother.

'No! there's no blame to either of them. That's one comfort. She gave me full warning, and he knew nothing about it, nor ever shall.'

'He is just as much a medical student as you! That vexes me.'

'Yes, but he did not give up the service for it, when she implored him.'

'A silly girl! O Jock, if you had but come down to Fordham.'

'It might have made no odda. Friar was so aggressively jolly after his Christmas visit, that I fancy it was done then. Besides, just look at us together!'

'He will never get your air of the Guards.'

'Which is preposterously ridiculous in the hospital,' said Jock, endeavouring to smile. 'Never mind, mother. It was all up with me two years ago, as I very well knew. Good-night. You've only got me the more whole and undivided, for the extinction of my will-of-the-wisp.'

She saw he had rather say no more, and only returned his fervent

embrace with interest ; but Babie knew she was restless and unhappy all night, and would not ask why, being afraid to hear that it was about Fordham, who coughed more, and looked frailer.

He never went out in the evening now, and only twice to the House, when his vote was more than usually important ; but Mrs. Evelyn was taking Sydney into society, and the shrinking Esther needed a chaperon much more, being so little aware of her own beauty, that she was wont to think something amiss with her hair or her dress when she saw people looking at her.

Sydney had no love for the gaities, and especially tried to avoid their own county member, who showed signs of pursuing her. Her real delight and enthusiasm were for the surprise parties, to which she always inveigled her mother when it was possible. Mrs. Evelyn was not by any means unwilling, but Cecil and Esther loved them not, and much preferred seeing the Collingwood Street cousins without the throng of clever people, who were formidable to Esther, and wearisome to Cecil.

Jock seldom appeared on these evenings. He was working harder than ever. He was studying a new branch of his profession, which he had meant to delay for another year, and had an appointment at the hospital which occupied him a great deal. He had offered himself for another night school class, and spent his remaining leisure on Dr. and Mrs. Lucas, who needed his attention greatly, though Mrs. Lucas had her scruples, feared that he was overdoing himself, and begged his mother to prohibit some of his exertions. Dr. Medicott himself said something of the same kind to Mrs. Brownlow. 'Young men will get into a rush, and suffer for it afterwards,' he said, 'and Jock is looking ill and overstrained. I want him to remember that such an illness as he had in Switzerland does not leave a man's heart quite as sound as before, and he must not overwork himself.'

'And yet I don't know how to interfere,' said his mother. 'There are hearts and hearts, you know,' she added.

'Ah! Work may sometimes be the least of two evils,' and the doctor said no more.

'So Jock will not come,' said Mrs. Evelyn, opening a note declining a dinner in Cavendish Square.

'His time is very much taken up,' said his mother. 'It is one of his class-nights.'

'So he says. It is a strange question to ask, but I cannot help it. Do you think he fully enters into the situation?'

'I say in return, Do you remember my telling you that the two cousins always avoided rivalry?'

'Then he acts deliberately. Forgive me ; I felt that unless I was certain of this virtual resignation of the unspoken hope, I was not acting fairly in allowing—I cannot say encouraging—what I cannot help seeing.'

'Dear Mrs. Evelyn! you understand that it is no slight to Sydney, but you know why he held back; and now he sees that his absence had made room for John, he felt that there was no chance for him, and that the more he can keep out of the way the better it is for all parties. Honest John has never had the least notion that he has come between Jock and his hopes, and it is our great desire that he should not guess it.'

'Well! what can I say? You are generous people, you and your son; but young folks' hearts will go their own way. I had made up my mind to a struggle with the prejudices of all the family, and I had rather it had been for Jock; but it can't be helped, and there is not a shadow of objection to the other John.'

'No, indeed! He is only not Jock——'

'And I do not think my Sydney was knowingly fickle, but she thought she had utterly disgusted and offended Jock by her folly about the selling out, and that it was a failure of influence. Poor child! it was all a cloud of shame and grief to her. I think he would have dispelled it if he had come to the wedding, but as he did not——'

'The Adriatic was free,' said Caroline, trying to smile. 'I see it all, dear Mrs. Evelyn. I neither blame you nor Sydney; and I trust all will turn out right for my poor boy.'

'He deserves it!' said Mrs. Evelyn with a sigh.

There was a good deal more intercourse between Cavendish Square and Collingwood Street than Mother Carey had expected. Mrs. Evelyn and her son and daughter fell into the habit of coming when they went out for a drive, to see whether Mrs. Brownlow or Barbara would come with them; and as it was almost avowed that Babie was the object, she almost always went, and kept Fordham company in the carriage, whilst his mother and sister were shopping or making calls. He had certainly lost much ground in these few weeks; he had ceased to ride, and never went out in the evening; but the doctors still said he might live for months or years if he avoided another English winter. His mother was taking Sydney into society, and Esther was always happier when under their wing, being rather frightened by the admiration of which Cecil was so proud. When they went out much before Fordham's bed time, he was thankful for the companionship of Allen or Armine, generally the former, for Armine was reading hard, and working after lectures for a tutor; while Allen, unfortunately, had nothing to prevent him from looking in whenever Mrs. Evelyn was out, to play chess, read aloud, or assist in that re-editing of the cream of the *Traveller's Joy*, which seemed the invalid's great amusement. Fordham had a few scruples at first, and when Allen had undertaken to come to him for the whole afternoon of a garden-party, he consulted Barbara whether it was not permitting too great a sacrifice of valuable time.

'You don't mean that for irony?' said Babie. 'It is only so much time subtracted from tobacco.'

'Will you let me say something to you, Infanta?' returned Fordham, with all his gentleness. 'It seems to me that you are not always quite kind in your way of speaking of Allen.'

'If you knew how provoking he is!'

'I have a great fellow-feeling for him, having grown up the same sort of helpless being as he has been. I should be much worse in his place.'

'Never!' cried Babie. 'You would never hang about the house, worrying mother about eating and fiddle-faddles, instead of doing any one useful thing!'

'But if one can't!'

'I don't believe in can't.'

'Happy person!'

'Oh, Duke, you know I never meant health; you know I did not,' and then a pang shot across her as she remembered her past contempt of him whom she now revered.

'There are other incapacities,' he said.

'But,' said Babie, half-pleading, half-meditating, 'Allen is not stupid. He used to be considered just as clever as Bobus; and he is so now to talk to. Can there be any reason but laziness, and want of application that makes him never succeed in anything, except in answering riddles and acrostics in the papers? He generally just begins things and makes mother or Army finish them for him. He really did set to work and finish up an article on Count Ugolino since we came home from Fordham, and he has tried all the periodicals round, and they won't have it, not even the editors that know mother!'

'Poor fellow! And you have no pity!'

'Don't you think it is his own fault?'

'It is quite possible that he would have done much better if he had always had to work for his livelihood. I grant you that even as a rich man he ought to have avoided the desultory ways, which, as you say, are more likely to have caused his failures than want of native ability. But I don't like to see you hard upon him. You hardly realise how cruelly he has been treated in return for a very deep and generous attachment, or how such a grief must make it more difficult for him to exert his powers.'

'I don't like you to think me hard and unkind,' said Babie, sadly.

'Only a little over just,' said Fordham. 'I am sure you could do a great deal to help and brighten Allen; and,' he added, smiling, 'in the name of spoilt and shiftless heirs, I hope you will try.'

'Indeed I will,' said Babie earnestly, as the footman at the shop door signalled to the coachman that his ladies were ready.

She found it the less difficult to remember what he had said, because Allen himself was much less provoking to her. Something was due to the influence and example of the strenuous endeavour that Fordham

made to keep up to such duties as he had undertaken, not indeed onerous in themselves, but a severe labour to a man in his state. It had been intimated to him also that his saturation with tobacco was distressing to his friend, and he was fond enough of him to abstain from his solace, except when walking home at night.

Perhaps this had cleared his senses to perceive habits of consideration for the family, which he had never thought incumbent on himself, whatever they might be in his brothers; and his eyes were open, as they had never yet been, to his mother's straits. It was chiefly indeed through his fastidiousness. His mother and Babie had existed most of this time upon their Belforest wardrobe; indeed, the former, always wearing black, was still fairly provided; but Babie, who had not in those days been out, was less extensively or permanently provided; and Allen objected to the style in which she appeared in the enamelled carriage, 'like a nursery governess out for an airing.'

'Or not so smart,' said Babie, merrily putting on her little black hat with the heron's plume, and running down stairs.

'She does not care,' said Allen; 'but mother, how can you let her?'

'I can't help it, Allen. We turned out all the old feathers and flowers, to see if I could find anything more respectable; but things don't last in Bloomsbury, and they only looked fit to point a moral, and not at all to adorn a tail or a head.'

'I should think not. But can't the poor child have something fresh, and like other people?'

No; her uncle had given her bridesmaid's dress, but there had been expenses enough connected with the journey to Fordham to drain the dress purse, and the sealskin cap that had been then available could not be worn in the sun of June. There had been sundry incidental calls for money. Mother Carey had been disappointed in the sale of a somewhat ambitious set of groups from Fouqué's *Seasons*, which were declared abstruse and uninteresting to the public. She had accepted an order for some very humble work, not much better than chimney ornaments, for which she rose early, and toiled while Babie was out driving with her friends. When she had the money for this she would be more at ease, and if it came to a little more than she durst reckon upon, she could venture on some extras.

'Babie might earn it for herself; she is full of invention.'

'There is nothing more strongly impressed on me than that those children are not to begin being made literary hacks before they are come to maturity. One Christmas tale a year is the utmost I ought to allow.'

'I wish I could be a literary hack, or anything else,' sighed poor Allen.

It was the first time he really let himself understand what a burthen he was, and as Fordham was one of those people who involuntarily

almost draw out confidence, he talked it over with him. Allen himself was convinced, now that he had really tried, that he was not as availably clever as others of his family. Whether nature or dawdling was to blame, he had neither originality nor fire. He could not get his plots or his characters to work, even when his mother or Babie jogged them on by remarks ; his essays were heavy and unreadable, his jokes hung fire, and he had so exhausted every one's patience, that the translations and small reviewing work which he could have done were now unattainable. He was now ready to do anything, and he actually meant it, but there seemed nothing for him to do. Mrs. Evelyn succeeded in getting him two pupils, little pickles whom their sister's governess could not manage, and whom he was to teach for two hours every morning in preparation for their going to school.

He attended faithfully, but he was not the man to deal with pickles. The mutual aversion with which the connection began, increased upon further acquaintance. The boys found out his weak points, and played tricks, learnt nothing, and made his life a burthen to him ; and though the lady mother liked him extremely, and could not think why her sons were so naughty with him, it would not be easy to say which of the parties concerned looked with the strongest sense of relief to the close of the engagement.

The time spent with Fordham was, however, the compensation. There was sincere liking on both sides, and such helpfulness that Fordham more than once wished he had some excuse for making Allen his secretary ; and perhaps would have done so if he had really believed such a post would be permanent.

Armine's term likewise ended, and his examination being over with much credit, he wished for nothing better than to resume the pursuits he had long shared with Fordham. He had not Jock's facility in forming intimacies with youths of his own age. His development was too exclusively on the spiritual and intellectual side to attract ordinary lads, and his home gave him sufficient interests outside his studies ; and thus Fordham was still his sole, as well as his earliest, friend outside the family. Their intercourse had never received the check that circumstances had interposed between others of the two families, Armine had spent part of almost all his vacations with the Evelyns, the correspondence had been a great solace to the invalid, and the friendship grew yearly more equal.

Armine was to join the Evelyn party when they went to the seaside, as they intended to do on leaving London. It was the fashion to say he looked pale and overworked, but he had really attained to very fair health, and was venturing at last to look forward in earnest to a clerical life ; a thought that began to colour and deepen all his more intimate conversations with his friend, who could share with him many of the reflections matured in the seclusion of ill-health. For they were

truly congenial spirits, and poor Fordham was more experienced in the lore of suffering and resignation than his twenty-seven years seemed to imply.

Meantime, the work of editing the *Traveller's Joy* was carried on. Some five-and-twenty copies were printed, containing all the favourite papers—a specimen from each contributor, from a shocking bad riddle of Cecil's to Dr. Medlicott's commentary upon the myths of the nursery; from Armine's original acrostic on the 'Rhine and Rhone,' down to the 'Phantom Black Cock of Kilnaught;' the best illustrations from Mrs. Brownlow's sketches, and Dr. Medlicott's clever pen-and-ink outlines were reproduced; and, with much pains and expense, Fordham had procured photographs of all the marked spots, from Schwarenbach even to Fordham Church, so that Cecil and Esther considered it a graceful memorial of their courtship.

'So very kind of Duke,' they said.

Esther had quite forgotten all her dread of him, and never was happier than when he was listening to all that had amused her in the gaieties which she liked much better in the past than in the present.

The whole was finished at last, after many a pleasant discussion and reunion scene, and the books were sent to the binder. Fordham was eager for them to come home, and rather annoyed at some delays which made it doubtful whether they would be received before he, with his mother and sister, were to leave town. It was late, and June had come in, and the weight of London air was oppressing him and making him weaker, and his mother, anxious to get him into sea air, had made no fresh engagements. It was a surprise to meet him at All Saints' on St. Peter's day.

'Come with us, Infanta,' he said, pausing at the door of the carriage. 'I am to have my drive early to-day, as the ladies are going to this great garden-party.'

Sydney said she would walk home with Mrs. Brownlow, and be taken up when Babie was set down.

Fordham gave the word to go to the binder's.

'I should have thought you had better have gone into some clearer air,' said his mother, for he looked very languid.

'There will be time for a turn in the park afterwards,' he said; 'and the books were to be ready yesterday if there is any faith in binders.'

The books were ready, and Fordham insisted on having them deposited on the seat beside him, in spite of all offers of sending them; and a smiling—

'Oh, Duke, your name should have been Babie,' from his mother.

They then drove to Cecil's house, where Mrs. Evelyn went in to let Esther know her hour of starting; but where Cecil came running down, and putting his head into the carriage, said—

'Come in, mamma ; here's the housemaid been bullying Essie, and she wants you to help her. These two can go round the park by themselves, can't they ?'

'Those are the most comical pair of children,' said Fordham, laughing, as the carriage moved on. 'Will Esther ever make a serene highness ?'

'It is not in her,' said Babie. 'It might have been in Jessie, if her General was not such a horrid old martinet as to hinder the development ; but Essie is much nicer as she is.'

Meantime, Fordham's fingers were on the knot of the string of his parcel.

'Oh, you are going to peep in ? I am so glad.'

'Since mamma is not here to laugh at me.'

'You'll tell her you did it to please the Babie !'

'There, it is you that are doing it now,' as her vigorous little fingers plucked far more effectively at the cord than his thin weak ones.

Out came at last one of the choice dark green books, with a clematis wreath stamped on the cover, and it was put into Barbara's lap.

'How pretty ! This is mother's own design for the title-page ! And oh—how capital ! Dr. Medlicott's sketch of the mud baths, with Jock shrinking into a corner out of the way of the fat Gräfin ! You have everything. Here is Armine's Easter hymn !'

'I wished it to commemorate the whole range of feeling,' said Fordham.

'I see ; you have even picked out the least ridiculous chapter of Jotapata. I wish some one had sketched you patiently listening to the nineteen copy-books. It would have been a monument of good nature. And here is actually Sydney's poem about wishing to have been born in the twelfth century :—

'Would that I lived in time of faith,
When parable was life,
When the red cross in Holy Land
Led on the glorious strife.
O for the days of golden spurs,
Of tournament and tilt,
Of pilgrim vow, and prowess high,
When minsters fair were built ;
When holy priests the tonsure wore,
The friar had his cord,
And honour, truth, and loyalty
Edged each bold warrior's sword.'

'The solitary poetical composition of our family,' said Fordham, 'chiefly memorable, I fear, for the continuation it elicited.

'Would that I lived in days of yore
When outlaws bold were rife,
The days of dagger and of bowl,
Of dungeon and of strife.

Oh ! for the days when forks were not,
 On skewers came the meat ;
 When from one trencher ate three foes :
 Oh ! but those times were sweet !
 When hooded hawks sat overhead,
 And underfoot was straw,
 Where hounds and beggars fought for bones
 Alternately to gnaw.'

'That was Jock's, I believe. How furious it did make us. Good old Sydney, she has lived in her romance ever since.'

'Wisely or unwisely ?'

'Can it be unwisely, when it is so pure and bright as hers, and gives such a zest to common things ?'

'Glamour sometimes is perplexing.'

'Do you know, Duke, I would sometimes give worlds to think of things as I used in those old times !'

'You a world-wearied veteran !'

'Don't laugh at me. It was when Bobus was at home. His common sense made all we used to care for seem so silly, that I have never been able to get back my old way of looking at things !'

'I am afraid glamour once dispelled does not return. Yet after all truth is the greater. And I am sure that poor Bobus never loosened my Infanta's hold on the real truth.'

'I don't know,' she said, looking down ; 'he or his looks made me afraid to think about it, and like to laugh at some things—no, I never did before you. You hushed me on the very borders of that kind of flippancy, and so you don't guess how horrid I am, or have been, for you have made things true and real to me again.'

'Fancy may die, but Faith is there,' said Fordham. 'I think you will never shut your eyes to those realities again,' he added, gently. 'It is there that we shall still meet. And my Infanta will make me one promise.'

'I would promise you *any* thing.'

'Never knowingly to read those sneering books,' he said, laying his hand on hers. 'Current literature is so full of poisoned shafts that it may not be possible entirely to avoid them ; and there may sometimes be need to face out a serious argument, but you will promise me never to take up that scoffing style of literature for mere amusement ?'

'Never, Duke, I promise,' she said. 'I shall always see your face, and feel your hand forbidding me.'

Then as he leant back, half in thankfulness, half in weariness, she went on looking over the book, and read a preface, new to her.

'I have put these selections together, thinking that to the original "Travellers" it may be a joy to have a memorial of happy days full of much innocent pleasure and wholesome intercourse. Let me here express my warm gratitude for all the refreshments afforded by the friendships it commemorates, and which makes the name most truly appropriate. As a stranger and pilgrim whose journey may

be near its close, let me be allowed thus to weave a parting garland of some of the brightest flowers that have bloomed on the wayside, and in dedicating the collection to my dear companions and fellow-wanderers in the scenes it records, let me wish that on the highway of life that stretches before them, they may meet with many a Traveller's Joy, as true as they have been to the Editor.

‘F——.’

Babie, with eyes full of tears, was looking up to speak, when the carriage, having completed the round, again stopped, and Mrs. Evelyn came down, escorted by Cecile, with hearty thanks.

‘Essie’s nice clean, fresh, country notions were scouted by the London housemaid,’ she said. ‘I am happy to say the child held her own, though the woman presumed outrageously on her gentleness, and neither of the two had any notion how to get rid of her.’

‘Arcadia had no housemaids,’ said Fordham, rallying.

‘If not, it must have been nearly as bad as Jock’s twelfth century,’ said Babie, in the same tone.

‘Ah! I see!’ said Mrs. Evelyn, laughing.

And there was a little playful banter as to which had been the impatient one to open the parcel, each pretending to persuade her that it had been a mere yielding to the other. Thus they came to Collingwood Street, where Babie would have taken out her book.

‘No, no, wait,’ said Fordham. ‘I want to write your name in it first. I’ll send it this evening. Ali and Army are coming to me while these good people are at their Duchess’s.’

‘Our last gaiety, I am thankful to say,’ returned his mother, as Barbara felt a fervent squeeze of the hand, which she knew was meant to remind her of the deeper tone of their conversation.

It was a very hot day, and in the cool of the evening the two Johns beguiled Mrs. Brownlow and Babie into a walk. They had only just come home when there was a hurried peal at the bell, and Armine, quite pale, dashed up stairs after them.

‘Mother, come directly! I’ve got a hansom.’

‘Fordham?’ asked John.

Armine signed an affirmative.

‘Allen sent me for mother. He said one of you had better come. It’s a blood-vessel. We have sent for Medicott, and telegraphed for the others. But oh! they are so far off!’

Mrs. Brownlow gave Barbara one kiss, and put her into Jock’s arms, then sprang into the cab, followed by Jock, and was driven off. The other three walked in the same direction, almost unconsciously, as Armine explained more fully.

Fordham had seemed tired at first, but as it became cooler, had roused himself, seated himself at his writing-table, and made one by one the inscriptions in the volumes, including all their party of travellers, even Janet and Bobus; Reeves, who had been their binder, besides Mrs. Evelyn’s maid, and one or two intimate friends—such as Mr. Ogilvie and his sister—and almost all had some kind little motto

or special allusion written below the name, and the date. It had thus taken a long time, and Fordham leant back so weary that Allen wanted him to leave the addressing of the books, when wrapped up, to him and Armine; but he said there were some he wished to direct himself, and he was in the act of asking Bobus' right address, when a cough seized him, and Allen instantly saw cause to ring for Reeves. The last thing that Armine had seen was a wave of the hand to hasten his own departure, as Allen despatched him for his mother, and gave orders for the summoning of others more needed, but who might not be fetched so promptly.

Then Jock had time to question whether Barbara ought to go on with him and Armine to the door, but there was a sound in her 'Let me! I must!' that they could not withstand; and they walked on in absolute silence, except that Jock said Reeves knew exactly what to do.

Dr. Medicott's carriage was at the door, and on their ringing, they were silently beckoned into the dining-room, where their mother came to them. She could not speak at first, but the way in which she kissed Barbara told them how it was. All had been over before she reached the house. Dr. Medicott had come, but could do nothing more than direct Allen how to support the sufferer as he sank, with but little struggle, while a sudden beam of joy and gladness lit up his face at the last. There had been no word from the first. By the time the flow of blood ceased, the power of speech was gone, and there was thus less reason to regret the absence of the nearest and dearest.

Mrs. Brownlow said she must await their return with Allen, who was terribly shocked and overcome by this his first and sudden contact with death. John, too, had better remain for his sister's sake, but the others had better go home.

'Yes, my child, you must go,' she said, laying her hand on the cold ones of Barbara, who stood white, silent, and stunned by the shock.

'Oh, don't make me,' said a dull, dreamy, piteous voice.

'Indeed you must, my dear. It would only add to the pain and confusion to have you here now. They may like to have you to-morrow. Remember, he is not here. Take her, Jock. Take care of her.'

The coming of Sir James Evelyn at that moment gave Babie the impulse of movement, and Dr. Medicott hurrying out to offer the use of his carriage, made her cling to Jock, and then to sign rather than speak her desire to walk with her brothers.

Swiftly and silently they went along the streets on that June night in the throng of carriages carrying people to places of amusement, the wheels surging in their ears with the tramp and scuffle of feet on the pavement like echoes from some far-off world. Now and then there was a muffled sound from Armine, but no word was spoken till they were within their own door.

Then Jock saw for one moment Armine's face perfectly writhen with suppressed grief; but the boy gave no time for a word, hurrying up the stairs as rapidly as possible to his own room.

'Will not you go to bed? Mother will come to you there,' said Jock to his sister, who was still quite white and tearless.

'Please not,' was her entreaty. 'Suppose they sent for me!'

He did not think they would, but he let her sit in the dark by the open window, listening; and he put his arm round her, and said, gently—

'You are much honoured, Babie. It is a great thing to have held so pure and true a heart, not for time, but eternity.'

'Don't, Jock. Not yet! I can't bear it,' she moaned; but she laid her head on his shoulder, and so rested till he said—

'If you can spare me, Babie, I think I must see to Army. He seemed to me terribly overcome.'

'Armine has lost his very best and dearest friend,' she said, pressing her hands together. 'Oh yes, go to him! Army can feel, and I can't! I can only choke!'

Jock apprehended a hysterical struggle, but there only came one long sob like strangulation, and he thought the pent up feeling might better find its course if she were left alone, and he was really anxious about Armine, remembering what the loss was to him, that it was his first real grief, and that he had had a considerable share of the first shock of the alarm.

His soft knock was unheard, and as he gently pushed open the door, he saw Armine kneeling in the dark with his head bowed over his prayer-desk, and would have retreated, but he had been heard, and Armine rose and came forward.

The light on the stairs showed a pale, tear-stained face, but calm and composed; and it was in a steady, though hushed, voice that he said—

'Can I be of any use?'

'I am sorry to have disturbed you. I only came to see after you. This is a sore stroke on you, Army.'

'I can stand it better now. I have given him up to God as he bade me,' said Armine. 'It had been a weary, disappointed, suffering life, and he never wished it to last.' The tears were choking him, but they were gentle ones. 'He thought it might be like this—and soon—only he hoped to get home first. And I can give thanks for him, what he has been to me, and what he will be to me all my life.'

'That is right, Army. John did great things for us all, when he caught the carriage.'

'And how is Babie?'

'Poor child, she seems as if she could neither speak, nor cry. It is half hysterical, and I was going to get something for her to take. Perhaps seeing you may be good for her.'

'Poor little thing, she is almost his widow, though she scarcely knows it,' said Armine, coming down with his brother.

They found Babie still in the same intent transfixed watching state, but she let Armine draw her close to him, and listened as he told her, in a low tender voice of the talks he had had with Fordham, who had expressed to his young friend, as to no one else, his own feelings as to his state; and said much that he had spared others, who could not listen with that unrealising calmness that comes when sorrow, never yet experienced, is almost like a mere vision. And as Babie listened, the large soft tears began to fall, drop by drop, and the elder brother's anxiety was lessened. He made them eat and drink for one another's sake, and watched over them with a care that was almost parental, till at nearly half-past twelve o'clock the other three came home.

They said Mrs. Evelyn had come fully prepared by the telegram, and under an inexplicable certitude which made it needless to speak the word to her. She was thankful that Marmaduke had been spared the protracted weeks of struggle in which his elder brothers' lives had closed, and she said—

'We knew each other too well to need last words.'

Indeed she was in the exalted state that often makes the earlier hours and days of bereavement the least distressing, and Sydney was absorbed in the care of her. Neither had been nearly so much overcome as Cecil and Esther, who had been hunted up with difficulty. He seemed to be as much shocked and horrified as if his brother had been in the strongest possible health; and poor Esther felt it wicked and unfeeling to have been dancing, and cried so bitterly that the united efforts of her aunt and brother could not persuade her that what was done in simple duty and obedience need give no pang, and that Mrs. Evelyn never thought of the incongruity.

It was only her husband's prostration with grief and desolation that drew her off, to do her best with her pretty childish caresses and soothing; and when the two had been sent to their own home, Mrs. Evelyn was so calm that her friend felt she might be left with her daughter for the night, and returned, bringing her tender love to 'Our Babie,' as she called the girl.

She clung very much to Barbara in the ensuing days. The presence of every one seemed to oppress her except that of her own children, and the two youngest Brownlows, for had not Armine been the depository of all Fordham's last messages? What she really seemed to return to as a refreshment after each needful consultation with Sir James on the dreary tasks of the mourners, was to finish the packing of those *Traveller's Joys* which lay strewn about Fordham's sitting-room, open at the fly leaves, that the ink might dry.

Esther was very gentle and sweet, taking it quite naturally that Babie should be a greater comfort to her mother-in-law than herself; and content to be a very valuable assistant herself, for the stimulus

made her far more capable than she had been supposed. She managed almost all the feminine details, while Sir James attended to the rest. She answered all the notes, and wrote all the letters that did not necessarily fall on her husband and his mother; and her unobtrusive helpfulness made her a daughter indeed.

All the young men went to the funeral; but Mrs. Brownlow felt that it was a time for friends to hold back till they were needed, when relations had retreated; so she only sent Babie, whom Mrs. Evelyn and Sydney could not spare, and followed her after three weeks, when Allen was released from his unwelcome work.

She found Mrs. Evelyn feeling it much more difficult to keep up than it had been at first, now that she sorely missed the occupation of her life. For full twenty years she had had an invalid on her mind, and Cecil's marriage had made further changes in her life. It was not the fault of the young couple. They did not love their new honours at all. Apart from their affection, Cecil hated trouble and responsibility, and could not bear to shake himself out of his groove, and Esther was frightened at the charge of a large household. Their little home was still a small paradise to them, and they implored their mother to let things go on as they were, and Cecil continue in the Guards, while she reigned as before at Fordham; letting the Cavendish Square house, which Essie viewed with a certain nervous horror.

Mrs. Evelyn had so far consented that the change need not be made for at least a year. Her dower house was let, and she would remain as mistress of Fordham till the term was over, by which time the young Lady Fordham might have risen to her position, and her Lord be less unwilling to face his new cares.

'And they will be always wanting me to take the chair,' said he in a deplorable voice that made the others laugh in spite of themselves; and he was so grateful to his mother for staying in his house, and letting him remain in his regiment, that he seemed to have quite forgotten that the power was in his own hands.

HERIOT'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'NELLIE'S MEMORIES,' 'WOOL AND MARRIED,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

OLIVE'S DECISION.

'Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever;
Do lovely things, not dream them all day long;
And so make Life, Death, and that vast For Ever,
One grand sweet song.'—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

ETHEL TRELAWNEY had long felt as though some crisis in her life were impending.

To her it seemed impossible that the unnatural state of things

between her father and herself could any longer continue; something must occur to break the hideous monotony and constraint of those slowly revolving weeks and months. Latterly there had come to her that strange listening feeling to which some peculiar and sensitive temperaments are subject, when in the silence they can distinctly hear the muffled footfall of approaching sorrow.

Yet what sorrow could be more terrible than this estrangement, this death of a father's love, this chill cloud of distrust that had risen up between them.

And yet when the blow fell, filial instinct woke up in the girl's soul, all the stronger for its repression. There were times during those first forty-eight hours, when she would gladly have laid down her own life if she could have restored power to those fettered limbs, and peace to that troubled brain.

Oh, if she could only have blotted out those last cruel words—if they would cease to ring in her ears!

She had met him almost timidly, knowing how heavily the bitterness of his failure would lie upon him.

'Papa, I fear things have not gone well with you,' she had said, and there had been a caressing, almost a pitying chord in her voice as she spoke.

'How should things go well with me when my own child opposes my interest?' he had answered, gloomily. 'I have wasted time and substance, I have fooled myself in the eyes of other men, and now I must hide my head in this obscurity which has grown so hateful to me, and it is all your fault, Ethel.'

'Papa, listen to me,' she pleaded. 'Ambition is not everything; why have you set your heart on this thing? It is embittering your life and mine. Other men have been disappointed, and it has not gone so very hard with them. Why will you not let yourself be comforted?'

'There is no comfort for me,' he had replied, and his face had been very old and haggard as he spoke. It were far better that she had not spoken; her words, few and gentle as they were, only added to the fuel of his discontent; he had meant to shut himself up in his sullenness, and make no sign; but she had intercepted his retreat, and brought down the vials on her devoted head.

Could she ever forget the angry storm that followed? Surely he must have been beside himself to have spoken such words! How was it that she had been accused of jilting Mr. Cathcart, of refusing his renewed overtures, merely from obstinacy, and the desire of opposition; that she should hear herself branded as her father's worst enemy?

'You and your pride have done for me!' he had said, lashing himself up to fresh fury with the remembrance of past mortification. 'You have taken from me all that would make life desirable. You have

been a bad daughter to me, Ethel. You have spoiled the work of a lifetime.'

'Papa, papa, I have only acted rightly. How could I have done this evil thing, even for your sake?' she had cried, but he had not listened to her.

'You have jilted the man you fancied out of pride, and now the mischief will lie on your own head,' he had answered angrily, and then he had turned to leave the room.

Half-an-hour afterwards the heavy thud of a fall had been heard, and the man had come to her with a white face to summon her to her father's bedside.

She knew then what had come upon them. At the first sight of that motionless figure, speechless, inert, struck down with unerring force, in the very prime and strength of life, she knew how it would be with them both.

'Oh, my dear, my dear, forgive me,' she had cried, falling on her knees beside the bed, and raining tears over the rigid hands; and yet what was there to forgive? Was it not rather she who had been sinned against? What words were those the paralysed tongue refused to speak? What was the meaning of those awful questioning eyes that rested on her day and night, when partial consciousness returned? Could it be that he would have entreated her forgiveness?

'Papa, papa, do not look so,' she would say in a voice that went to Richard's heart. 'Don't you know me? I am Ethel, your own, only child. I will love you and take care of you, papa. Do you hear me, dear? There is nothing to forgive—nothing—nothing.'

During the strain of those first terrible days Richard was everything to her; without him she would literally have sunk under her misery.

'O Richard, have I killed my father? Am I his murderess?' she cried once almost hysterically when they were left alone together. 'Oh, poor papa—poor papa!'

'Dear Ethel, you have done no wrong,' he replied, taking her unresisting hand; 'it is no fault of yours, dearest; you have been the truest, the most patient of daughters. He has brought it on himself.'

'Ah, but it was through me that this happened,' she returned, shuddering through every nerve. 'If I had married Mr. Cathcart, he would not have lost his seat, and then he would not have fretted himself ill.'

'Ought we to do evil that good may come, Ethel?' replied Richard, gravely. 'Are children responsible for the wrong-doing of their parents? If there be sin, it lies at your father's door, not yours; it is you to forgive, not he.'

'Richard, how can you be so hard?' she demanded, with a flash of her old spirit through her sobs; but it died away miserably.

'I am not hard to him—God forbid! Am I likely to be hard to your father, Ethel, and now especially?' he said, somewhat reproachfully, but speaking with the quiet decision that soothed her even then. 'I cannot have you unfitting yourself for your duties by indulging these morbid ideas; no one blames you—you have done right; another time you will be ready to acknowledge it yourself; you have enough to suffer, without adding to your burden. I entreat you to banish these fancies, once and for ever. Ethel, promise me you will try to do so.'

'Yes, yes, I know you are right,' she returned, weeping bitterly; 'only it breaks my heart to see him like this.'

'You are spent and weary,' he replied, gently; 'to-morrow you will look at these things in a different light. It has been such an awful shock to you, you see,' and then he brought her wine, and compelled her to drink it, and with much persuasion induced her to seek an hour or two's repose before returning to the sick-room.

What would she have done without him, she thought, as she closed her heavy eyes. Unconsciously they seemed to have resumed their old relations towards each other; it was Richard and Ethel now. Richard's caressing manner had returned; no brother could have watched over her more devotedly, more reverently; and yet he had never loved her so well as when, all her imperiousness gone, and with her brave spirit well nigh broken, she seemed all the more dependent on his sympathy and care.

But the first smile that crossed her face was for Mildred, when Dr. Heriot brought her up to Kirkleatham the first evening after their arrival. Mildred almost cried over her when she took her in her arms; the contrast to her own happiness was so great.

'Oh, Ethel, Ethel,' was all she could say, 'my poor girl!'

'Yes, I am that and much more,' she returned, yielding to her friend's embrace; 'utterly poor and wretched. Has he—has Dr. Heriot told you all he feared?'

'That there can only be partial recovery! Yes, I know he fears that; but then one cannot tell in these cases; you may have him still for years.'

'Ah, but if he should have another stroke? I know what Dr. Heriot thinks—it is a bad case; he has said so to Richard.'

'Poor child! it is so hard not to be able to comfort you.'

'No one can do that so long as I have him before my eyes in this state. Mildred, you cannot conceive what a wreck he is; no power of speech, only those inarticulate sounds.'

'I am glad Cardie is able to be so much with you.'

A sensitive colour overspread Ethel's worn face.

'I do not know what I should have done without him,' she returned,

in a low voice. 'If he had been my own brother he could not have done more for me; we fancy papa likes to have him, he is so strong and quiet, and always sees what is the right thing to be done.'

'I found out Cardie's value long ago; he was my right hand during Olive's illness.'

'He is every one's right hand, I think,' was the quiet answer. 'He was the first to suggest telegraphing for Dr. Heriot. I could not bear breaking in upon your holiday, but it could not be helped.'

'Do you think we could have stayed away?'

'All the same it is a sad welcome to your new home; but you are a doctor's wife now. Mildred, if you knew what it was to me to see your dear face near me again.'

'I am so thankful John brought me.'

'Ah, but he will take you away again. I can hear his step now.'

'Poor girl! her work is cut out for her,' observed Dr. Heriot thoughtfully, as they walked homewards through the crofts. 'It will be a sad, lingering case, and I fear that the brain is greatly affected from what they tell me. He must have had a slight stroke many years ago.'

'Poor, poor Ethel,' replied Mildred, sorrowfully. 'I must be with her as much as possible; but Richard seems her greatest comfort.'

'Perhaps good may come out of evil. You see, I can guess at your thought, Milly darling,' and then their talk flowed into a less sad channel.

But not all Mildred's sympathy, or Richard's goodness, could avail to make those long weeks and months of misery otherwise than dreary; and nobly as Ethel Trelawney performed her duty, there were times when her young heart sickened and grew heavy with pain in the oppressive atmosphere of that weary sick-room.

To her healthy vitality, the spectacle of her father's helplessness was simply terrible; the inertness of the fettered limbs, the indistinct utterance of the tied and faltering tongue, the confusion of the benumbed brain, oppressed her like a nightmare. There were times when her pity for him was so great, that she would have willingly laid down all her chances of happiness in this life if she could have restored to him the prospect of health.

It was now that the real womanhood of Ethel Trelawney rose to the surface. Richard's heart ached with its fullness of love when he saw her day after day so meekly and patiently tending her afflicted father; the worn pale face and eyes heavy with trouble and want of sleep was far more beautiful to him now; but he hid his feelings with his usual self-control. She had learned to depend upon him and trust him, and this state of things was too precious to be disturbed.

Richard was his father's sole curate now. Towards the end of October, Hugh Marsden had finished his preparations, and had bidden good-bye to his friends at the vicarage.

Mildred, who saw him last, was struck with the change in the young man's manner ; his cheerful serenity had vanished—he looked subdued, almost agitated.

She was sitting at work in the little glass room ; a tame canary was skimming among the flowers, Dr. Heriot's voice was heard cheerfully whistling from an inner room, some late blooming roses lay beside Mildred, her husband's morning gift, the book from which he had been reading to her was still open on the table ; the little domestic picture smote the young man's heart with a dull pain.

'I am come to say good-bye, Mrs. Heriot,' he said, in a sadder voice than she had ever heard from him before ; 'and it has come to this that I would sooner say any other word.'

'We shall miss you dreadfully, Mr. Marsden,' replied Mildred, looking regretfully up at the plain honest face. Hugh Marsden had always been a favourite with her, and she was loath to say good-bye to him.

'Others have been kind enough to tell me so,' he rejoined, twirling his shabby felt hat between his fingers. 'Miss Olive, Miss Lambert I mean, said so just now. Somehow, I had hoped—but no, she has decided rightly.'

Mildred looked up in surprise. Incoherence was new in Hugh Marsden ; but just now his clumsy eloquence seemed to have deserted him.

'What has Olive decided ?' she asked, with a sudden spasm of curiosity ; and then she added kindly, 'sit down, Mr. Marsden, you do not seem quite yourself ; all this leave-taking has tired you.'

But he shook his head.

'I have no time ; you must not tempt me, Mrs. Heriot ; only you have always been so good to me, that I wanted to ask you to say this for me.'

'What am I to say ?' asked Mildred, feeling a little bewildered.

He was still standing before her, twirling his hat in his big hands, his broad face flushed a little.

'Tell Miss Olive that I know she has acted rightly ; she always does, you know. It would be something to have such a woman as that beside one, strengthening one's hands ; but of course it cannot be—she could not deviate from her duty by a hairsbreadth.'

'I do not know if I understand you,' began Mildred slowly, and groping her way to the truth.

'I think you do. I think you have always understood me,' returned the young man more quickly. 'And you will tell her this from me. Of course one must have regrets, but it cannot be helped ; good-bye, Mrs. Heriot. A thousand thanks for all you have done for me.' And before Mildred could answer, he had wrung her hand, and was half-way through the hall.

An hour later, Mildred stole softly down the vicarage lobby, and

knocked at the door of the room she had once occupied, and Olive's voice bade her enter.

'Aunt Milly, I never thought it was you,' she exclaimed, rising hastily from the low chair from the window. 'Is Dr. Heriot with you?'

'No; I left John at home. I told him that I wanted to have a little talk with you, and like a model husband he asked no questions, and raised no obstacles. All the same I expect he will follow me.'

'You wanted to talk to me?' returned Olive in a questioning tone, but her sallow face flushed a little. 'How strange, when I was just wishing for you too.'

'There must be some electric sympathy between us,' replied her aunt, smiling. 'Nothing could have induced me to sleep until I had seen you. Mr. Marsden wished me to give you a message from him; he was a little incoherent, but so far as I understand, he wished me to assure you that he considers yours a right decision.'

Olive's face brightened a little. Mildred had already detected unusual sadness on it, but her calmness was baffling.

'Did he tell you to say that? How kind of him!'

'He did not stop to explain himself; he was in too great a hurry; but I thought he seemed troubled. What was the decision, Olive? Has this helped you to make it?' touching reverently the open page of a Bible that lay beside her.

The brown light in Olive's eyes grew steady and intense; she looked like one who had found rest in a certainty.

'I have just been preaching to myself from that text: "He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh backward," you know, Aunt Milly. Well, that seems to point as truly to me as it does to Mr. Marsden.'

'Yes, dearest,' replied Mildred softly; 'and now what has he said to you?'

'I hardly know myself,' was the low-toned answer. 'I have been thinking it all over, and I cannot now understand how it was; it seems so wonderful that any one could care enough for me,' speaking to herself with a soft, bewildered smile.

'Does Mr. Marsden care for you? I thought so from the first, Olive.'

'I suppose he does, or else he would not have said what he did; it was difficult to know his meaning at first, he was so embarrassed, and I was so slow; but we understood each other at last.'

'Tell me all he said, dear,' pleaded Mildred. Could it be her own love story that Olive was treating so simply? There was a chord of sadness in her voice, and a film gathered over the brightness of her eyes, but there was no agitation in her manner; the deep of her soul might be touched, but the surface was calm.

'There is not much to tell, Aunt Milly, but of course you may know

all. We had said good-bye, and I had spoken a word or two about his work, and how I thought it the most beautiful work that a man could do, and then he asked me if I should ever be willing to share in it.'

'Well!'

'I did not understand him at first, as I told you, until he made his meaning more plain, and then I saw how it was, that he hoped that one day I might give myself heart and soul to the same work; that my talent, beautiful, as he owned it to be, might not hinder me from such a glorious reality—"the reality,"' and here for the first time she faltered and grew crimson, "'of such work as must fall to a Missionary's wife.'"

'Olive, my dear child,' exclaimed Mildred, now really startled, 'did he say as much as that?'

'Yes, indeed, Aunt Milly; and he asked if I could care enough for him to make such a sacrifice.'

'My dear, how very sudden.'

'It did not seem so. I cannot make out why I was not more surprised. It came to me as though I had expected it all along. Of course I told him that I liked him better than any one else I had seen, but that I never thought that any one could care for me in that way, and then I told him that while my father lived nothing would induce me to leave him.'

'And what did he say to that?'

'That he was afraid this would be my answer, but that he knew I was deciding rightly, that he had never meant to say so much, only that the last minute he could not help it; and then he begged that we might remain friends, and asked me not to forget him and his work in my prayers, and then he went away.'

'And for once in your life you decided without Aunt Milly.'

The girl looked up quickly. 'Was it wrong? You could not have counselled me to give a different answer, and even if you had—' hesitating, 'Oh, I could not have said otherwise, there was no conflicting duty there, Aunt Milly.'

'Dearest, from my heart I believe you are right. Your father could ill spare you.'

'I am thankful to hear you say so. Of course,' heaving a little sigh, 'it was very hard seeing him go away like that, but I never doubted which was my duty for a moment. As long as papa and Cardie want me, nothing could induce me to leave them.'

'I suppose you will tell them this, Olive?'

'No, oh no,' she replied, shrinking back, 'that would spoil all. It would be to lose the fruit of the sacrifice; it might grieve them too. No, no one must know this but you and I, Aunt Milly; it must be sacred to us three. I told Mr. Marsden so.'

'Perhaps you are right,' returned her aunt, thoughtfully. 'Richard

thinks so highly of him, he might give you no peace on the subject. When we have once made up our minds to a certain course of action, arguments are as wearying as they are fruitless, and overmuch pity is good for no one. But, dear Olive, I cannot refrain from telling you how much I honour you for this decision.'

'Honour me, Aunt Milly!' and Olive's pale face flushed with strong emotion.

'How can I help it? There are so few who really act up to their principles in this world, who when the moment for self-sacrifice comes are able cheerfully to count the cost and renounce the desire of their heart. Ah!' she continued, 'when I think of your yearning after a Missionary life, and that you are giving up a woman's brightest prospect for the sake of an ailing parent, I feel that you have done a very noble thing indeed.'

'Hush, I do not deserve all this praise. I am only doing my duty.'

'True; and after all we are only unprofitable servants. I wish I had your humility, Olive. I feel as though I should be too happy sometimes if it were not for the sorrows of others. They are shadows on the sunshine. Ethel is always in my thoughts, and now you will be there too.'

'I do not think—I do not mean to be unhappy,' faltered Olive. "'God loveth a cheerful giver,'" I must remember that, Aunt Milly. Perhaps,' she continued more humbly, 'I am not fit for the work. Perhaps he might be disappointed in me, and I should only drag him down. Don't you recollect what papa once said in one of his sermons about obstacles standing like the angel with the drawn sword before Balaam, to turn us from the way?'

Mildred sighed. How often she had envied the childish faith which lay at the bottom of Olive's character, though hidden by the troublesome scrupulousness of a too sensitive conscience. Was the healthy growth she had noticed latterly owing to Mr. Marsden's influence, or had she really, by God's grace, trodden on the necks of her enemies?

'You must not be sorry about all this,' continued the girl earnestly, noticing the sigh. 'You don't know how glad I am that Mr. Marsden cares for me.'

'I cannot help feeling that some day it will all come right,' returned Mildred.

'I must not think about that,' was the hurried answer. 'Aunt Milly, please never to say or hint such a thing again. It would be wrong; it would make me restless and dissatisfied. I shall always think of him as a dear friend—but—but I mean to be Olive Lambert all my life.'

Mildred smiled and kissed her, and then consented very reluctantly to change the subject, but nevertheless she held to her opinion as firmly as Olive to hers.

Mildred might well say that the sorrows of others shadowed her

brightness. During the autumn and winter that followed her marriage her affectionate heart was often oppressed by thoughts of that dreary sick-room. Her husband had predicted from the first that only partial recovery could be expected in Mr. Trelawney's case. A few months or years of helplessness was all that remained to the once lithe and active frame of the master of Kirkleatham.

It was a pitiable wreck that met Richard's eyes one fine June evening in the following year, when he went up to pay his almost daily visit. They had wheeled the invalid on to the sunny terrace that he might enjoy the beautiful view. Below them lay the old grey building and church of Kirkby Stephen. The pigeons were sitting in rows on the tower, preparatory to roosting in one of the unoccupied rooms; through the open door one had glimpses of the dark painted window, with its fern-bordered ledge, and the gleaming javelins on the wall. A book lay on Ethel's lap, but she had long since left off turning the pages. The tale, simple as it was, was wearying to the invalid's oppressed brain. Her wan face brightened at the young curate's approach.

'How is he?' asked Richard in a low voice as he approached her, and dropping his voice.

Ethel shook her head. 'He is very weary and wandering to-night; worse than usual, I fancy. Papa, Richard has come to see us; he is waiting to shake hands with you.'

'Richard—ay, a good lad—a good lad,' returned the sick man, listlessly. His voice was still painfully thick and indistinct, and his eyes had a dull look of vacancy. 'You must excuse my left hand, Richard,' with an attempt at his old courtliness; 'the other is numb or gone to sleep; it is of no use to me at all. Ah, I always told Lambert he ought to be proud of his sons.'

'His thoughts are running on the boys to-night,' observed Ethel in a low voice. 'He keeps calling after Rupert, and just now he fancied I was my poor mother.'

Richard gave her a grave pitying look, and turned to the invalid. 'I am glad to see you out this lovely evening,' he said, trying gently to rouse his attention, for the thin, dark face had a painful, abstracted look.

'Ah, it is beautiful enough,' replied Mr. Trelawney, absently. 'I am waiting for the boys; have you seen them, Richard? Agatha sent them down to the river to bathe; she spoils them dreadfully. Rupert is a fine swimmer; he does everything well; he is his mother's favourite.'

'I think Ethel is looking pale, Mr. Trelawney. Aunt Milly has sent me to fetch her for an hour, if you can spare her?'

'I can always spare Ethel; she is not much use to me. Girls are generally in the way; they are poor things compared with boys. Where is the child, Agatha? Tell her to make haste; we must not keep Richard waiting.'

'Dear Papa,' pleaded the girl, 'you are dreaming to-night. Your poor Ethel is beside you.'

'Ah, to be sure,' passing his hand wearily through his whitening hair. 'I get confused; you are so like your mother. Ask this gentleman to wheel me in, Ethel; I am getting tired.'

'Is he often like this?' asked Richard, when at last she was free to join him in the porch. The curfew bell was ringing as they walked through the dewy crofts among the tall, sleeping daisies; the cool breeze fanned Ethel's hot temples.

'Yes, very often,' she returned in a dejected tone. 'It is this that tries me so. If he would only talk to me a little as he used to do before things went wrong; but he only seems to live in the past—his wife and his boys—but it is chiefly Rupert now.'

'And yet he seems restless without you.'

'That is the strangest part; he seems to know me through it all. There are times when he is a little clearer; when he seems to think there is something between us; and then nothing satisfies him, unless I sit beside him and hold his hand. It is so hard to hear him begging my forgiveness over and over again for some imaginary wrong he fancies he has done me.'

'Poor Ethel! Yet he was never dearer to you than he is now!'

'Never,' she returned, drying her eyes. 'Night and day he engrosses my thoughts. I seem to have no room for anything else. Do you know, Richard, I can understand now the passionate pity mothers feel for a sick child, for whom they sacrifice rest and comfort. There is nothing I would not do for papa.'

'Aunt Milly says your devotion to him is beautiful.'

Ethel's face grew paler. 'You must not tell me that, Richard; you do not consider that I have to retrieve the coldness of a lifetime. After all, poor papa is right. I have not been a good daughter to him; I have been carping and disagreeable; I have presumed to sit in judgment on my own father; I have separated myself and my pursuits from his, and alienation was the result.'

'For which you were not wholly to blame,' he replied gently, unable to hear those self-accusations unmoved. Why was she, the dearest and the truest, to go heavily all her days for sins that were not her own?

'No, you must not blame him,' she continued beseechingly. 'Is he not bearing his own punishment? am I not bearing mine? Oh, it is dreadful!' her voice suddenly choked with strong emotion. 'Bodily sufferings I could have witnessed with far less misery than I feel at the spectacle of this helplessness and mental decay; to talk to dull ears, to arrest wandering thoughts, to listen hour after hour to confused rambling. Richard, this seems harder than anything.'

'If He—the Master I mean—fell under His Cross, do we wonder that we at times sink under ours?' was the low, reverent answer,

'Ethel, I sometimes think how wonderful it will be to turn the page of suffering in another world, and, with eyes purified from earthly rheum, to spell out all the sacred meaning of the long trial that we considered so unbearable—nay, sometimes so unjust.'

Ethel did not trust herself to speak, but a grateful glance answered him. It was not the first time he had comforted her with words which had sunk deep into a subdued and softened heart. She was learning her lesson now, and the task was a hard one to poor passionate human flesh and blood. If what Richard said was true, she would not have a pang too many; the sorrowful moments would be numbered to her by the same Father, without Whom not even a sparrow could fall to the ground. Could she not safely trust her father to him?

'Richard, I am always praying to come down from my cross,' she said at last, looking up at the young clergyman with sweet humid eyes. 'And after all He has fastened us there with His own Hands. I suppose it is faith and patience for which one should ask, and not only relief?'

'He will give that too in His own good time,' returned Richard solemnly, and then, as was often the case, a short silence fell between them.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BERENGARIA.

'I have led her home, my love, my only friend,
There is none like her, none.
And never yet so warmly ran my blood
And sweetly on and on,
Calming itself to the long-wished-for end,
Full to the banks, close on the promised good.

* * * *

None like her, none.'

—Tennyson's *Maud*.

Two years had elapsed since Olive Lambert had made her noble decision, and during that time triple events had happened. Mr. Trelawney's suffering life was over, Rex had married his faithful Polly, and Dr. Heriot and Mildred had rejoiced over their first-born son.

Mr. Trelawney did not long survive the evening when Richard found him on the sunny terrace; towards the end of the autumn there was a brief rally, a strange flicker of restless life; his confused faculties seemed striving to clear themselves; at times there was a strained dilated look in the dark eyes that was almost pitiful; he seemed unwilling to have Ethel out of his sight—even for a moment.

One night he called her to him. She was standing at the window finishing some embroidery by the fading light, but at the first sound

of the weak, querulous tones, she turned her cheerful face towards him, for however weary she felt, there was always a smile for him.

'What is it, dear father?' for in those sad last days the holy name of father had come involuntarily to her lips. True, she had tasted little of his fatherhood, but still he was hers—her father.

'Put down that tiresome work and come to me,' he went on, fretfully; 'you are always at work—always—as though you had your bread to earn; there is plenty to spare for you. Rupert will take care of you; you need not fear, Ethel.'

'No, dear, I am not afraid,' she returned, coming to his side, and parting his hair with her soft fingers.

How often she had kissed those grey streaks, and the poor wrinkled forehead. He was an old man now, bowed and decrepit, sitting there with his lifeless arm folded to his side. But how she loved him—her poor, stricken father!

'No, you were always a good girl. Ethel, are the boys asleep?'

'Yes, both of them, father,' leaning her cheek against his.

'And your mother?'

'Yes, dear.'

'I had a fancy I should like to hear Rupert's voice again. You remember his laugh, Ethel, so clear and ringing? Hal's was not like it; he was quiet and tame compared to Rupert. Ethel,' wistfully, 'it is a long time since I saw my boys.'

'My poor dear, a long, long time!' and then she whispered almost involuntarily, "'I shall go to them, but they shall not return to me.'"

He caught the meaning partially.

'Yes, we will go to them—you and I,' he returned, vacantly, patting her cheek as she hung over him. 'Don't cry, Ethel, they are good boys, and shall have their rights; but I have not forgotten you. You have been a good daughter to me—better than I deserved. I shall tell your mother so when——'

But the sentence was never finished.

He had seemed drowsy after that, and she rang for the servant to wheel him into his own room. He was still heavy when she drew the curtains round him and wished him good-night; he looked placid and beautiful, she thought, as she leant over him for a last kiss; but he only smiled at her, and pressed her hand feebly.

That smile, how she treasured it! It was still on his lips when the servant who slept in his room, surprised at his master's long rest, undrew the curtains and found him lying as they left him last night—dead!

'You have been a good daughter to me—better than I deserved. I shall tell your mother so when——'

'Oh, Ethel, he has told her now! be comforted, darling,' cried Mildred, when Ethel had thrown herself dry-eyed on her friend's

bosom. 'God do so to me and mine, as you have dealt with him in his trouble.'

But for a long time the afflicted girl refused to be comforted.

Richard was smitten with much dismay when he saw her for the first time after her father's death. Her paleness, her assumed calmness, filled him with foreboding trouble. Mildred had told him she had scarcely slept or eaten since the shock of her bereavement had come upon her.

She had come to him at once, and stood before him in her black dress; the touch of her hand was so cold, that he had started at its clamminess; the uncomplaining sadness of her aspect brought the mist to his eyes.

'Dear Ethel, it has been sudden—awfully sudden,' he said, at last, almost fearing to graze the edge of that dreary pause.

'Ah! that it has.'

'That afternoon we had both been sitting with him. Do you remember he had complained of weariness, and yet he would not suffer us to wheel him in? Who would have thought his weariness would have been so soon at an end!'

She made no answer, only her bosom heaved a little. Yes, his weariness was over, but hers had begun; her filial work was taken from her, and her heart was sick with the sudden void in life. For months he had been her first waking and her last sleeping thoughts; his helplessness had brought out the latent devotion of her nature, and now she was alone!

'Will you let me see him?' whispered Richard, not daring to break on this sacred reserve of grief, and yet longing to speak some word of comfort to her stricken heart; and she had turned noiselessly and led him to the chamber of death.

There her fortitude had given way a little, and Richard was relieved to see her quiet tears coursing slowly down her cheeks, as they stood side by side looking on the still face with its changeless smile.

'Ethel, I am glad you have allowed me to see him,' he said, at last; 'he looks so calm and peaceful, all marks of age and suffering gone. Who could have the heart to break that rest?'

Then the pent-up pain found utterance.

'Oh, Richard, think, never to have bidden him good-bye!'

'Did you wish him good-night, dear? I thought you told me you always went to his bedside the last thing before you slept!'

'Yes—but I did not know,' the tears flowing still more freely.

'No—you only wished him good-night, and bade God bless him. Well, has He not blessed him?'

A sob was her only reply.

'Has He not given him the "blessing of peace"? Is not His very seal of peace there stamped on that quiet brow? Dear Ethel, those words, "He is not, for God took him," always seem to me to apply so

wonderfully to sudden death. You know,' dropping his voice, and coming more closely, 'some men, good men, even, have such a horror of death.'

'He had,' in a tone almost inaudible.

'So I always understood.' Think of the mercy shown to his weakness then, literally falling asleep; no slow approach of the enemy he feared; no deadly combat with the struggling flesh; only sleep, untroubled as a child; a waking, not here, but in another world.'

Ethel still wept, but she felt less oppressed; no one could comfort her like Richard, not even Mildred.

As the days went on, Richard felt almost embarrassed by the trust she reposed in him. Ethel, who had always been singularly unconventional in her ideas, and was still in worldly matters as simple as a child, could see no reason why Richard should not manage things wholly for her. Richard in his perplexity was obliged to appeal to Dr. Heriot.

'She is ill, and shrinks from business; she wants me to see the lawyer. Surely you can explain to her how impossible it is for me to interfere with such matters? She treats the man who aspires to be her husband exactly like her brother,' continued the young man, in a vexed, shamefaced way.

Dr. Heriot could hardly forbear a smile.

The master of Kirkleatham had been lying in his grave for weeks, but his faithful daughter still refused to be comforted. She moped piteously; all business fretted her; a quiet talk with Mildred or Richard was all of which her harassed nerves seemed capable.

'What can you expect?' he said, at last; 'her long nursing has broken her down. She has a fine constitution, but the wear and tear of these months have been enough to wear out any woman. Leave her quiet for a little while to cry her heart out for her father.'

'In the meantime, Mr. Grantham is waiting to have those papers signed, and to know if those leases are to be renewed,' returned Richard, impatiently.

With her his gentleness and sympathy had been unfailing, but it was not to be denied that his present position fretted him. To be treated as a brother, and to be no brother; to be the rejected suitor of an heiress, and yet to be told he was her right hand! No wonder Richard's heart was sore; he was even aggrieved with Dr. Heriot for not perceiving more quickly the difficulties of his situation.

'If my father were in better health, she would go to him; she has said so more than once,' he went on, more quietly. 'It is easy to see that she does not understand my hints; and under the present circumstances, it is impossible to speak more plainly. She wanted me to see Mr. Grantham, and when I refused she looked almost hurt.'

'Yes, I see, she must be roused to do things herself. Don't be

vexed about it, Richard, it will all come right, and you cannot expect her to see things as we do. I will have a little talk with her myself ; if it comes to the worst I must constitute myself her man of business for the present,' and Richard withdrew more satisfied.

Things were at a low ebb just now with Richard. Ethel's heiressship lay on him like a positive burden. The riches he despised rose up like a golden wall between him and his love. Oh, that she had been some poor orphaned girl, that in her lowliness he might have taken her to his heart and his father's home ! What did either he or she want with these riches ? He knew her well enough to be sure how she would dread the added responsibility they would bring. How often she had said to him during the last few weeks, 'Oh, Richard, it is too much ! it oppresses me terribly. What am I to do with it all, and with myself ?' and he had not answered her a word.

Dr. Heriot found his task easier than he expected. Ethel was unhappy enough to be slightly unreasonable. She felt herself aggrieved with Richard, and had misunderstood him.

'I suppose he has sent you to tell me that I must rouse myself,' she said, with languid displeasure, when he had unfolded his errand. 'He need not have troubled either himself or you. I have seen Mr. Grantham ; he went away by the 2.50 train.'

'I must say that I think you have done wisely,' returned Dr. Heriot, much pleased. 'No one, not even Richard, has a right to interfere in these matters. The will is left so that your trustees will expect you to exert yourself. It seems a pity that you cannot refer to them !'

'You know Mr. Molloy is dead.'

'Yes, and Sir William still in Canada. Yet, with an honest, straightforward man like Grantham, I think you might settle things without reference to any one. Richard is only sorry his father is so ailing.'

'No, I could not trouble Mr. Lambert.'

'Richard has been so much about the house during your father's illness, that it seems natural to refer to him. Well, he has an older head than many of us ; but all the same you must understand his scruples.'

'They have seemed to me far-fetched.'

But, nevertheless, Ethel blushed a little as she spoke. A dim sense of Dr. Heriot's meaning had been dawning on her slowly, but she was loath to confess it. She changed the subject somewhat hastily, by asking after Mildred and the baby, and loading Dr. Heriot with loving messages. Nothing more was said about Richard until the close of the visit, when Dr. Heriot somewhat incautiously mentioned him again ; but, as he told Mildred afterwards, he spoke advisedly.

'You will not let Richard think he is misunderstood !' he said, as he rose to take leave. 'You know he is the last one to spare himself

trouble, but he feels in your position that he must do nothing to compromise you.'

'He will not have the opportunity,' she returned, with brief haughtiness, and turning suddenly very crimson; but as she met Dr. Heriot's look of mild reproach, she melted.

'No—he is right, you are all of you quite right. I must exert myself, and try and care for the things that belonged to my darling father, only I shall be so lonely—so very lonely,' and she covered her face with her hands.

Ethel met Richard with more than her usual kindness when she saw him next; her sweet, deprecating glance, gave the young man a sorrowful pang.

'You need not have sent him to see me, Richard,' she said, a little sadly. 'I have been thoughtless, and hurt you. I—I—will trouble no one but myself now.'

'It was not the trouble, Ethel, you must know that,' he returned, eagerly. 'I wish I had the right to help you, but—'

His voice broke, and he dropped her hands. Perhaps he felt the time had not come to speak; perhaps an involuntary chill seized him as he thought of the little he had to offer her. His manner was very grave, almost reserved, during the rest of the visit; both of them were glad when a chance caller enabled Richard, without awkwardness, to take his leave.

After this, the young curate's visits grew rarer, and at last almost entirely ceased, and they only met at intervals at the vicarage or the Grey House, as Dr. Heriot's house was commonly called. Ethel made no complaint when she found she had lost her friend, only Mildred noticed that she grew paler, and drooped visibly.

Mildred's tender heart bled for the lonely girl. Both she and her husband pleaded urgently that Ethel should leave her solitary home, and come to them for a little. But Ethel remained firm in her refusal.

'Your life is so perfect—so beautiful, Mildred,' she said, once, when the latter had pressed her almost with tears in her eyes, 'that I could not break in upon it with my sad face and moping ways. I should be more wretched than I am now.'

'But at least you might have some lady with you; such perfect loneliness is good for no one. I cannot bear to think of you living in a corner of that great house all by yourself,' returned Mildred, almost vexed with her obstinacy; and, indeed, the girl was very difficult to understand in those days.

'I have no friends but all of you dear people,' she answered, in the saddest voice possible, 'and I will not trouble you. I could not tolerate a stranger for a moment. Mildred, you must not be hurt with me; you do not know. I must have my way in this.'

And though Mildred shook her wise head, and Dr. Heriot entered

more than one laughing protest against such determined self-will, they were obliged to yield.

It was a strange life for so young a woman, and would have tried the strongest nerves; but the only wisdom that Ethel Trelawney showed was in not allowing herself an idle moment. The old dreaming habits were broken for ever, the fastidious choice of duties altogether forgotten; her days were chiefly devoted to her steward and tenants.

Richard, returning from his parochial visits to some outlying village, often met her, mounted on her beautiful brown mare, Zoë. Sometimes she would stop and give him her slim hand, and let him pet the mare and talk to her leaning on Zoë's glossy neck; but oftener, a wave of the hand and a passing smile were her only greeting. Richard would come in stern and weary from these encounters, but he never spoke of them.

It was in the following spring that Roy and Polly were married.

Roy had been successful and had sold another picture, and as Mr. Lambert was disposed to be liberal to his younger son, there was no fear of opposition from Polly's guardian, even if he could have resisted the pleadings of the young people.

But, after all, there was no actual imprudence. If Roy failed to find a continuous market for his pictures, there was still no risk of positive starvation. Mr. Lambert had been quite willing to listen to Richard's representations, and to settle a moderate sum on Roy; for the present, at least, they would have enough and to spare, and the responsibility of a young wife would add a spur to Roy's genius.

Richard was not behind in his generosity. Already his frugality had amassed a few hundreds, half of which he placed in Roy's hands. Roy spent a whole day in Wardour Street after that. A waggon, laden with old carved furniture and wonderful *bric-à-brac*, drew up before the Hollies. New crimson velvet curtains, and a carpet of splendid dye, found their way to the old studio. Polly hardly recognised it when she first set foot in the gorgeous apartment, and heaved a private sigh over the dear old shabby furniture. A little mother-of-pearl work-table and a Davenport of Indian wood stood in a corner appropriated to her use; a sleep-woing couch and a softly-cushioned easy-chair were beside them. Polly cried a little with joy when the young husband pointed out the various contrivances for her comfort. All the pretty dresses Dr. Heriot had given her, and even Aunt Milly's thoughtful present of house-linen, which now lay in the new press, with a sweet smell of lavender breathing through every fold, were as nothing compared to Roy's gifts. After all, it was an ideal wedding; there was youth, health, and good looks, with plenty of honest love and good humour.

'I have perfect faith in Polly's good sense,' Dr. Heriot had said to his wife, when the young people had driven away; 'she has just the qualities Rex wants. I should not wonder if they turn out the

happiest couple in the world, with the exception of ourselves, Milly, darling.'

The wedding had taken place in June, and the time had now come round for the rushbearing. The garden of Kirkleatham, the vicarage, and the Grey House, had been visited by the young band of depredators. Dr. Heriot's glass house had been rifled of its choicest blossoms; Mildred's bonnie boy, still in his nurse's arms, crowed and clapped his hands at the great white Annunciation lily that his mother had chosen for him to carry.

'You will not be late, John?' pleaded Mildred, as she followed him to the door, according to her invariable custom on the morning of St. Peter's day; his wife's face was the last he saw when he quitted his home for his long day's work. At the well-known click of the gate she would lay down her work, at whatever hour it was, and come smiling to meet him.

'Where are you, Milly, darling!' were always his first words, if she lingered a moment on her way.

'You will not be later than you can help!' she continued, brushing off a spot of dust on his sleeve. 'You must see Arnold carry his lily, and Ethel will be there; and—and—' blushing and laughing, 'you know I never can enjoy anything unless you are with me.'

'Fie, Milly darling, we ought to be more sensible after two years. We are old married folks now, but if it were not for making my wife vain,'—looking at the sweet, serene face, so near his own, 'I might say the same. There, I must not linger if I am under orders. Good-bye, my two treasures,' placing the great blue-eyed fellow in Mildred's arms.

When Mildred arrived at the park, under Richard's guardianship,—he had undertaken to drive her and his nephew—they found Ethel at the old trysting-place amongst a host of other ladies, looking sad and weary.

She moved towards them, tall and shadowy, in her black dress.

'I am glad you are here,' said Richard, in a low voice. 'I thought the Delawares would persuade you, and you will be quiet enough at the vicarage.'

'I thought I ought to do honour to my godson's first appearance in public,' returned Ethel, stretching out her arms to the smiling boy.

Mildred and Dr. Heriot had begged Olive to fill the position of sponsor to the younger Arnold; but Olive had refused almost with tears.

'I am not good enough. Do not ask me,' she had pleaded; and Mildred, knowing the girl's sad humours, had transferred the request to Ethel; her brother and Richard had stood with her.

Richard had no time to say more, for already the band had struck up that heralded the approach of the little rush-bearers; and

he must take his place at the head of the procession with the other clergy.

She saw him again in church ; he came down the chancel to receive the children's gay crowns. Ethel saw a broken lily lying amongst them on the Altar afterwards. It struck her that his face looked somewhat sterner and paler than usual.

She was one of the invited guests at the Vicarage ; the Lamberts were this year up at the Hall ; but later on in the afternoon they met in the Hall gardens : he came up at once and accosted her.

'All this is jarring on you terribly,' he said, with his old thoughtfulness, as he noticed her tired face.

'I should be glad to go home certainly ; but I do not like to appear rude to the Delawares ; the music is so noisy, and all those flitting dancers between the trees confuse one's head.'

'Suppose we walk a little away from them,' he returned, quietly. No one but a keen observer could have read a determined purpose under that quietness of his ; Ethel's worn face, her changed manners were driving him desperate ; the time had come that he would take his fate between his hands, like a man ; so he told himself, as they walked side by side.

They had sauntered into the tree-bordered walk, leading to the old summer-house in the meadows. As they reached it, Ethel turned to him with a new sort of timidity in her face and voice.

'I am not tired, Richard—not very tired, I mean. I would rather go back to the others.'

'We will go back presently. Ethel, I want to speak to you—I must speak to you ; this sort of thing cannot go on any longer.'

'What do you mean ?' she asked, turning very pale, but not looking at him.

'That we cannot go on any longer avoiding each other like this. You have avoided me very often lately—have you not, Ethel ?' speaking very gently.

'I do not know ; you are so changed—you are not like yourself, Richard,' she faltered.

'How can I be like myself,' he answered, with a sudden passion in his voice that made her tremble ; 'how am I to forget that I am a poor curate, and you your father's heiress ; that I have fifties where you have thousands. Oh, Ethel, if you were only poor,' his tone sinking into pathos.

'What have riches or poverty to do with it ?' she asked, still averting her face from him.

'Do you not see ? Can you not understand ?' he returned eagerly. 'If you were poor, would it not make my wooing easier. I have loved you how long, Ethel ? Is it ten or eleven years ? I was a boy of fourteen when I loved you first, and I have never swerved from my allegiance.'

'Never!' in a low voice.

'Never! When you called me *Cœur de Lion*, I swore then, lad as I was, that I would one day win my Berengaria. You have been the dearest thing in life to me, ever since I first saw you; and now that I should lose my courage over these pitiful riches! Oh, Ethel, it is hard—hard, just when a little hope was dawning on me that one day you might be able to return my affection. Was I wrong in that belief?' trying to obtain a glimpse of the face now shielded by her hands.

'Whatever I may feel, I know we are equals,' she returned evasively.

'In one sense we are not,' he answered, sadly; 'a woman ought not to come laden with riches to overwhelm her husband. I am a clergyman—a gentleman, and therefore I fear to ask you to be my wife.'

'Was Berengaria poor?' in a voice nearly inaudible; but he heard it, and his handsome face flushed with sudden emotion.

'Do you mean you are willing to be my Berengaria. Oh, Ethel, my own love, this is too much. Can you really care for me enough?'

'I have cared for you ever since you were so good to me in my trouble,' she said, turning her glowing countenance, that he might read the truth of her words; 'but you have made me very unhappy lately, Richard.'

'What could I do?' he answered, almost incoherent with joy. 'I thought you were treating me like a brother, and I feared to break in upon your grief. Oh, if you knew what I have suffered.'

'I understood, and that only made me love you all the more,' she replied, softly. 'You have been winning my heart slowly ever since that evening—you remember it?—in the kitchen garden.'

'When you almost broke my heart, was I likely to forget it, do you think?'

'You startled me. I had only a little love, but it has been growing ever since. Richard!' with her old archness, 'you will not refuse to see the lawyers now?'

He coloured slightly, and his bright look clouded; but this time Ethel did not misunderstand him.

'Dear Richard, you cannot hate the riches more than I do, but they must never be mentioned again between us; they must be sacred to us as my father's gift. I know you will help me to do what is right and good with them,' she continued in her winning way; 'they are talents we must use, and not abuse.'

'You have rebuked me, my dearest,' returned Richard, tenderly; 'it is I who have been faithless and a coward. I will accept the charge you have given me; and thank God at the same time for your noble heart.'

So the long-desired gift had come into Richard Lambert's keeping, and the woman he had loved from boyhood had consented to be his wife.

The young master of Kirkleatham ruled well and wisely, and Ethel proved a noble help-meet. When some years later his father died, and he became vicar of Kirkby-Stephen, the parish had reason to bless the strong heart and head, and the munificent hands that were never weary of giving. And 'our vicar' rivalled even the good doctor's popularity.

And what of Olive, and Hugh Marsden?

Mildred's words had come true.

There were long lonely years before Hugh Marsden, years of incessant toil and Herculean labour, which should stoop his broad shoulders and streak his dark hair with grey, when men should speak of the noble missionary, Hugh Marsden, and of the incredible work carried forward by him beyond the pale of civilisation.

There was no limit to his endurance, no lack of cheerfulness in his efforts, they said; no labour was too great, no scheme too impracticable, no possibility too remote for the energies of that arduous soul.

Hugh Marsden only smiled at their praise; he was free and unfettered; he had no wife or child; danger would touch him alone. What should hinder him from undertaking any enterprise in his Master's service? But wherever he went in his lonely hours, or in his long sunshiny converse with others, he ever remained faithful to his memory of Olive; she was still to him the purest ideal of womanhood. At times her face, with its cloudy dark hair and fathomless eyes, would haunt him with strange persistence. Whole lines and passages of her poetry would return to his memory, stirring him with subtle sweetness and vague longings for home.

And Olive, how was it with her during those years of home duty, so patiently, so unselfishly performed? While she achieved her modest fame, and carried it so meekly, had she any remembrance of Hugh Marsden?

'I remember all the more that I try to forget,' she said once when Mildred had put this question to her. 'Now I shall try no more, for I know I cannot forget him.' And again there had been that sadness in her voice. But she never spake of him voluntarily even to Mildred, but hid in her quiet soul many a secret yearning. They were separated thousands of miles, yet his honest face and voice were often present with her, and never nearer than when she whispered prayers for the friend who had once loved her.

And neither of them knew that the years would bring them together again; that one day, Hugh Marsden, broken in health, and craving for a sight of his native land, should be sent home on an important mission, to find Olive free and unfettered, and waiting for him in her brother's home.

(Concluded.)

OLD POLLY CRANE.
AN INDIAN STORY, 1790.

BY E. W. LATIMER.

CHAPTER IV.

'I worship thee—sweet Will of God,
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more.

'Ill that God blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.'

—FABER.

SOON after Miaketa's sad story was concluded, some other squaws from the Shawnee part of the encampment, who had Polly and the children in their charge, came in search of them. They were apparently disposed to treat them with great violence, but when they found them under Miaketa's guard they said nothing. They however drove the children and their young nurse before them back to their sleeping place.

Next morning, April 1, 1790, the allied party broke up and separated. Some lingered still on the banks of the Ohio River, but the greater part set off for their villages in the interior.

Polly carried little Mélanie, and Louis trudged beside her. Late in the evening they reached an Indian encampment in a warm and pleasant valley, where they found several Indians in charge of horses they had stolen from border settlements in Kentucky.

After breakfast the next day, the Cherokees who had Lady Harriet in their hands prepared to set off for their own villages. When she found she was to be parted altogether from her children, she made frantic efforts to have them go with her. 'She offered them,' said Polly, 'her dew drop thing, but they did not understand her. Miaketa and her husband remained behind upon the river, and the man was gone who knew its value. Nobody paid any attention to her cries, or her entreaties.'

'Oh! Polly—Oh! dear Polly!' she screamed as they placed her on a horse; for that party took all the horses. All that Polly could do was to run forward till an old squaw came after her, when she flung herself upon her knees upon the grass, and waved her arms,—hoping that Lady Harriet understood what she was trying to express, that as long as God might spare her, she would be faithful to the children.

'Oh! why, if God is good, should He have let her be taken away from us?' was Polly's cry in the bitterness of her soul, and no answer came back to her. Poor Polly was not familiar with the Scriptures, nor was her faith as yet strengthened by experience. She knew nothing of those feelings which find expression in the reminder and rejoinder of the Litany. 'Our fathers have declared unto us the noble works that Thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them.'

'O Lord, arise, help *us* and deliver *us* for Thine honour!'

Neither that, nor the most comforting of all answers to such doubts, could comfort her for lack of knowledge: 'What I do thou knowest not now—but thou shalt know hereafter.' 'Be not afraid—only believe.' And yet unconsciously she was putting herself into the channel down which all knowledge flows. She was *doing* her best—and those who *do*, shall *know*. She was giving loving assiduous attention to the children; she was waiting upon God. She was pleasant and helpful also to the Indians, for she had sense enough to perceive that to be on good terms with her captors might better enable her to be useful to others.

Occasionally too she could do services for the male prisoners whose personal sufferings were far greater than her own. Some had been carried away by the party of Cherokees, but there remained two of them, one of whom was Skyles, who had been wounded badly in the back, the other was Mr. Johnston. They had to carry heavy loads by day, and were closely tied to a red stake by night. Each had a keeper. That of the wounded Skyles was a deformed and brutal wretch, who took pleasure in adding aggravations to the sufferings of his prisoner; the other was a tall handsome Indian called Messhawa, who, while never relaxing his vigilance for the safe-keeping of Mr. Johnston, uniformly evinced a regard for his feelings, and a desire to mitigate the severity of his sufferings. At meal times he would divide his last morsel with his prisoner, while the cruel keeper of Skyles would scarcely allow him enough food to keep him from starvation.

'Indians, like white people,' remarked Polly 'have every variety of disposition. Even in matters of cruelty there was great difference between them. Some were compassionate and kind by nature, others were hateful, treacherous, and devilish in their savage ways. These last however had the general sentiments of their companions in their favour; while the others were ashamed of their feelings of humanity.'

The poor fellow whose keeper was so cruel and severe had a New Testament in his possession, which he used to read beside the firelight, and treasured as his consolation. When his keeper found that he appeared to value it, he snatched the book one evening from his hand, and dropped it into the flames. Polly however was able to extract it half burnt the moment that he turned away; and as its

owner dared not take it back again, the portion left unharmed became her property.

Every night Polly prayed for her dear mistress—every day she exerted herself in the service of the children. She kept them clean and mended. She nursed the little one; she cheered and helped Louis. At night he never failed to pray beside her knee, and during the day she always contrived to make out a few verses in the charred and blackened volume, which she tried to learn by heart and repeated when occasion offered to poor Skyles.

The Indians appeared in no hurry to push on. They delayed whenever they could kill a bear, and remained upon the ground till they had eaten it: pressing out the oil into skins, two of which, had they had horses in their party, would have been a horse's load. This oil was to be eaten with their winter supply of dry jerked venison, and was to that unsavory meat as butter is to bread.

The food of the party was almost invariably boiled, except once when they killed two bear cubs; when they took out the entrails, singed off the fur, and roasted them whole. On reaching an encampment a large fire was always lighted and kettles hung over the blaze. Into these were put whatever game had been collected—bear, raccoon, venison, wild turkey, possum, or any other animal—also parched corn, *i.e.*, maize prepared by the squaws in September. After the meal was cooked, four or five hungry men took possession of each kettle, and without bread, or salt, or vegetables, ate as much as they thought proper of what it contained. Each man carried his own spoon. Sometimes a sort of small homony, or a coarse meal made also of ground maize, was boiled with the entrails of the animals.

Louis at first fretted greatly after his mother. Polly did her best to comfort and amuse him. She took the precaution to learn to spell his father's name, and to pronounce it plainly, and she got Skyles to read her the contents of the little paper hung by his mother round his neck, and which she learned by heart in case it should be taken from him.

The Indian warriors took much notice of Louis, teaching him to shoot with a little bow and arrows that Tom Lewis made him, and seeming to be pleased with his bold front and great activity. He was much better protected than Polly or his little sister from the cold, for one of the squaws made him some leggings, moccasins, and a little deer-skin robe, so that, but for his white skin and his curls, he looked like a little Indian. At first Polly was afraid her lady's child might be ill-treated amongst them, but no one of them all ever raised a hand against him. 'It is not their way,' she remarked to us, 'to cow and cuff their boys—like our rough white men.'

At night, little Polly would look up into the skies above the tree-tops of the forest, and as she saw the moon and stars 'that govern the night,' she would think of what Lady Harriet had said to Louis:

'Whenever you see there is a sky above you, so surely you may know you have there a Father in heaven.' Polly was learning much about her Father in heaven;—not from man, for she had no one left to teach her,—not from the means of grace, for in this wilderness she had lost count even of God's day;—not from books, for though she read daily in the precious little burnt volume, and was pleased, and soothed, and interested by its narratives, she was like that servant of the Queen of Ethiopia who, when asked, 'Understandest thou what thou readest?' replied, 'How can I, except some man should guide me?'

Poor Polly's teacher was the Lord Himself—the Holy Spirit. She acted on the very little that she knew, and that knowledge was little more than that God was her Father, and that she must try to please Him. She asked Him daily in her prayers to let her 'do His will,' and she read in her little burnt book, with a thrill of surprise and sympathy, that that too had been the Son of God's own prayer. She knew enough to know that all things good, and right, and kind, and true, must be God's will, and she thought (though of this she was not quite sure) that His will must surely be to deliver them safe out of the hands of the Indians.

Polly had borne the yoke in her youth. She had never had any way or will of her own. It came easier to her to accept God's will than it does to those to whom the discipline of life had not served as preparation.

Polly was happier than she had ever been in her life as this spirit grew upon her. To accept God's will is to throw off the burthen of our trials. It brought her quietness and contentedness of spirit. She heard some of the other prisoners fretting over their hard lot—struggling, and murmuring. Alas! all their repining could not lighten their loads. It only made every burthen harder to bear. Their chafing and fretting did but pain themselves.

Poor little Polly prayed morning and night that she might do right, and be rightly guided. To do right, whatever that might be, must be to do God's will. She did not ask God for more faith, for she had too little knowledge to know what might be meant by faith,—the simple trust we place in a superior Being; but the one thing she did believe she acted upon—that God was her Father, and as such, she tried to please Him.

The chief amusement of the Indians upon the journey came from the possession of two packs of cards, found in one of the cabins. With these, two braves would play for hours; 'a game,' said Polly, 'like what you know, Master Charles, as Beggar my Neighbour.' They called it Kou-me-ka, which, interpreted into English, was 'Nosey.' The winner was entitled to give the loser as many fillips on the nose as he (the winner) held cards in his hand. When the penalty began, the loser would place himself firmly on his seat with

a look of extreme gravity. At every fillip the bystanders would burst into loud peals of laughter, but the victim was not permitted to relax one muscle of his face. If he did, the forfeit was doubled. They would play at this game hour after hour, never seeming to grow weary of the sameness of the fun.

When the leading warriors had satisfied themselves with "Nosey," the party (sometimes delayed for hours by the excitement of the game) would resume its march. If they reached a fordable stream, however wide, they waded across it, and, but for the occasional assistance of Tom Lewis, or some squaw with whom she had won favour, Polly would have found it almost impossible to keep her footing on the smooth, wet, round stones of those mountain torrents, and carry little Mélanie.

Sometimes they came to broader streams, and crossed them (as they did the Scioto after a march of about twelve days) on a rude raft of logs fastened together by grape vines.

After a time the squaws taught Polly, who was a strong child, and though thin was very wiry, how to secure Mélanie upon her back by what they called a *hoppas*. This was a strap made of a sort of hemp plaited by hand, fourteen or fifteen feet long, about two and a half inches wide in the middle, and tapering towards the ends. About two feet of it in the centre was interwoven and ornamented with beads and coloured quills of the porcupine. This ornamented portion passed over the wearer's breast and arms. The rest secured the burthen. The load tasked her strength terribly, but she dared not falter or complain. Had she flagged, the child might have been taken from her, and thrown away as a worthless impediment. She supplied herself with a stout stick, and so trudged onward, dreading lest her own strength should give way, in which case she was sure that no one else would carry her precious burthen, for the Indian mothers laughed at her tenderness for so large a child. Their own system of infant management was to harden their little ones at any cost, and they seemed wholly indifferent to childish suffering. One of them had an infant six or seven months old, which she carried on her back tied to a board. About one o'clock of a cold sleety day, the party halted for purposes of rest and refreshment. The mother placed the board against a tree on the side exposed to the sleet, which a high wind was driving from the eastward. She set about her task of cookery, while the hard sleety snow pelted the baby's face. It cried and screamed, till so exhausted it could only utter sobs and sighs. Polly went to relieve it, but the mother pushed her away, and this was the only notice that she took, during the halt, of her suffering infant. Another day they were passing a small stream on a rude bridge, when the mother threw her child with its board into the water. The little creature floated for a short distance on the surface, struggling and screaming. One of the men then leaped into the creek, and brought

the child to its mother, choked, dripping, and exhausted with fright and cold. She watched its convulsive efforts to regain its breath, and then replaced it on her back with calm composure. And yet Polly did not attribute such cruelty to any want of tenderness in the mother's breast, but to her desire to make a great warrior of her infant, for her own glory, and the good of his tribe.

The girls were kept in subjection by their mothers, though not harshly treated on the whole, and were very rarely interfered with by the warrior parent. The boys, from the time they could walk, were subject to no control. The idea that every man is born free and independent in its very widest sense seemed indigenous to the American soil, and was carried out by the aborigines. The boys were never punished even during their infancy. As they grew older they were permitted to be judges of their own conduct, and the more insubordinate and turbulent they proved, the greater appeared their promise in the eyes of their parents, who believed that to become a great warrior a man should never have been subject to control.

Besides being devoted to cards, the men were fond of smoking, and there were several pipes in the party. Each man carried a pouch containing tobacco, or what the French call *bois roulé*. This was the inner bark of a kind of red willow, dried and rubbed fine in the hands. It was sometimes smoked by itself, and sometimes mixed with their tobacco. The pipes were of red clay, and the stems of ash, about three or four feet long, handsomely decorated with feathers, beads, and birch-bark, worked with coloured quills known by the name of *wampum*.

One day, when nearing the Indian town upon the Upper Sandusky, they came upon a sort of wigwam in the woods. It was inhabited by a negro who had run away from his master in Kentucky, and had fallen into the hands of a Wyandotte Indian. It was Indian law, as Polly Crane knew full well, that the first Indian who laid hands on such a runaway should hold him as his property.

This man was in charge of some goods belonging to his master the Wyandotte, who was absent when they reached his hut, but who had lately visited the towns on the Mus-Kingum, and among his articles was a quantity of whisky. The party purchased it freely at great prices; a pair of new boots being given for a pint, and other things at the same value. Another night of drunkenness ensued, succeeded by a grand war-dance the next morning.

The scalps they had taken were suspended on a pole, painted black and red. Their faces were all daubed with the same colours; their scalp-locks were stuck through with feathers. Each man had a breech-cloth round the waist, to which were fastened straps to keep up his leggings. They formed themselves into a circle round the pole and shouted their dreadful war-whoop, and began dancing.

As they went on, to the music of a drum and a bladder full of

pebbles, they chaunted the injuries inflicted on them by the whites ; told of the lands taken from them,—the villages destroyed,—the corn-fields laid waste,—their fathers and brothers killed,—their women and children carried away captives. The recollection of their wrongs soon worked them into a state of fury.

A chief named Chickatommoo, the head man of the party, rushed up to where Polly was sitting on a log, watching the dance, with Louis and little Mélanie. As he approached them he snatched up a tomahawk and aimed a blow at Louis, who darted to one side and fled. Polly snatched up Mélanie and ran also. Being encumbered with the child, Chickatommoo caught up with her in a few moments, and the tomahawk was raised to strike her dead, when Tom Lewis, coming up behind Chickatommoo, seized him round his arms and flung him backwards. The drunken chief did not resent this interference. He suffered Lewis to pursue the boy, who, not understanding the nature of his interposition, redoubled his efforts to escape, and ran most bravely. When Tom Lewis came up with him he turned to bay with flashing eyes and panting cheeks, while the little one and Polly gave piercing screams. But the half-civilised Indian, Tom Lewis, calmed them by his manner. Louis in another moment put his little hand into his friend's, and with flushed cheeks and head erect came back to the party who were dancing, walking by his namesake's side, who soothed him as they advanced by approbation and caresses.

The Indians all seemed proud of Louis' bearing and bravery. Polly felt sure from that moment that more than one of them wanted to adopt him. But what a fate for Lady Harriet's child !

MARIE AND JEANIE ; OR, THE CROSS OF LOVE.

BY E. KEARY.

CHAPTER. XV.

THE STORM.

WHEN Madame David had left the valley not a living soul stirred in it ; Marie was absolutely alone, not asleep, as her aunt had tried to think, but terribly, intensely conscious.

The whole of her happy protected life made itself felt again within her, during that deserted hour,—the dull school-time with her kind companions, Catherine, merry little Jeanie, prim Alice, so many and so many, and amongst them the child Sébastien, with timid, affectionate eyes and gentle touch, and courteous, helpful ways,—the first tender throbbing of her motherly girl's heart towards the sweet orphan, whose life at home had been so hard and sad and dark ; later on the

glad, unutterable surprise Love brought when he revealed two hearts to one another, and seemed to weld two lives in one : all the fear and doubt and waiting and faint-heartedness on Sébastien's side were forgotten—these failed to make themselves felt again, for they had never formed a part of Marie's inner life ; but she realised the peace, the trustful content of the last year when hope had seemed so near fulfilment, the impatient expectancy of—oh ! could it be only a few hours back—and now, of all that life of hers, what had she left ? Nothing. Alas ! alas ! she was alone, and for ever. A past that had no meaning, a future that had no hope.

The thunder-storm had broken now, rain drenched the valley and solemn peals rolled heavily amongst the hills. If that had been the day of doom itself, and the poor, crushed creature lying there a soul accursed for ever from the presence of God, its sense of desolation could hardly have been more complete than hers was. Shut out from love, cut adrift, deceived, betrayed, forsaken. These were the thoughts of anguish which surged across her darkened spirit that hour. Suddenly some kind angel brought to Marie's recollection the afternoon four years ago, when she had knelt before the Virgin's altar in the votive chapel of Vaucluse, and the prayer she had then used. She dimly tried to recall the words—' Only let my heart be kept faithful and pure, Mother,' she had said, ' and I care not what becomes of my life.'

She shuddered as she repeated them. Alas ! how little had she understood the words she used, how imperfectly measured and sounded the fulness of their intent, and yet a ray of light came in with the simple recollection that she had prayed ; a wandering light it was, which just touched the edges of the storm-waves and began to shape by itself out of them some transitory symbol.

Faithful, yes ; but it was to love she had prayed to be kept faithful,—pure ; but it was for her lover she would have kept herself pure—pure from all other happiness, closed against all different desire—and that wish taken away, how could she pray for any grace again ! Pure with a virgin's purity, faithful with a Christian's love. Some such aspiration shaped itself in storm and brightness upon her spirit, and a calm fell.

Marie never knew how long she lay upon her bed that afternoon in helpless grief, being thus formed and shaped by keen spirit influence : it was as if she had become an infant again, or were born into some new world, and everything had to begin fresh, and she was being taken up and turned and altered and made use of in some way that she knew not of, her own will all the while lying helpless within her, a victim bound for the altar.

When she opened her eyes it was at the sound of that same long-drawn note of the nightingale's song (not a lonely one this time, part of a mingled ecstatic chorus of song) to which she had once kissed her hand so joyfully, sunshine was streaming through the valley again and

into her room, the storm outside was over and past. Marie listened to the songs of the nightingales, but before long another sound mingled with the chorus.

Marie heard a wail and sobbing beneath, in the open space between the houses, and immediately, with her natural instinct of protection, she sprang to her feet and ran out of the house to see who it might be that was in trouble. Old Madame Barbe Jean Jacques was there, drenched with rain, sobbing and wailing as if her heart would break, and as if she wanted to draw all the world into her grief.

She had just reached her own house door and was entering when Marie came up with her, and laying her hand upon her arm begged to be told what had happened.

'Bless you, Miette,' exclaimed the old woman, 'bless the holy saints that have sent you back to us, *ma chère*. Who would have guessed that I should find you here, my child? And we thought you dead, or married and gone quite away! The good Lord has sent you to me in my misfortune—ah! such misfortune, my Miette: listen. Jules is with his father, the poor man has been struck down by lightning this moment in the chestnut-grove, where we were all gone to shelter from the storm. Alas! the misfortune that *he* should have been the one chosen when there are so many others who might have been taken. Struck blind, Miette, he is, the poor man, and helpless, and Jules out there alone with his father, and I'm come back here for succour. Maybe I thought your aunt mightn't have gone to the dance yet, or I might find somebody here who would help me to fetch him home. It was no use me trying, Jules said. Oh, my husband! my husband!'

The poor creature screamed hysterically as she threw herself upon the floor of her room in a paroxysm of excited grief. Marie tried to soothe her.

'My aunt is gone to the village,' she said, 'to Jeanie's wedding-feast, you know, madame.'

'Yes, yes, don't I know? And we ought to have been there now, and no misfortune need have arrived; but Jules, poor fellow, he couldn't go, Miette, and that's how we all came to be working out on the land instead of feasting, as we had better have been. Ah, the misfortune, the misfortune!'

'Poor Madame Jean Jacques,' said Marie soothingly, she felt so near her; these people were unhappy then as well as she upon Sébastien's wedding-day.

Marie speeded as well as she could, but it took some time to attend to the old woman and select the few things that she thought would be useful to Jules for his father, so that when she set off the sun was near to setting, and damp dews after the rain were beginning to chill the air. Marie carried with her a large canvas covering; she thought it possible that by laying Jean Jacques inside it she and Jules together might thus carry him home. Had Madame David but

been at hand with her strength, equal to that of any man, there would have been no difficulty; but Marie, unfortunately, was small, and the task would have been almost impossible to Jules alone, as the old man was heavy and absolutely helpless.

Jules was horrified when he saw what slender help Providence had sent him, and he feared to let Marie tax her strength by taking any share of the burden. But there was nothing else to be done; poor old Jean Jacques could not be left all night beneath the dripping chest-nut-trees, and so the journey had to be made, and night had closed by the time it was accomplished.

The party reached the valley just as the wedding-guests were returning; then there were plenty of friends to help and talk and wonder, and go here and there and suggest remedies, and condole and occupy their entire energies concerning the Jean Jacques' trouble. But it was, alas, too late! and the old man expired before the doctor came, whom Catherine had run over the hills four miles to seek, nay, even before Monsieur le Curé could hurry up from La Croix. Madame David was fully occupied that night, for it was her business, her privilege, she considered, to lay out the bodies of the deceased,—to be the first to receive the newly-born, and the last to serve the dead, had been her calling ever since the young people in that little community could remember deaths and births. Marie was very thankful for the pre-occupation of her valley friends just then, for it enabled her to slink away and hide her grief in silence and solitude, a forgotten victim of fate's cruel sport.

Amélie, wearied out with a long day's journey, and the, to her, tedious evening's festivity to which Catherine had hurried her along with the bride and bridegroom, immediately after the sisters' return home, slept movelessly at her side; no one else occupied the house, and a solemn quiet, succeeding the past excitement, reigned over all the homes. There were watchers and a dim light in one, and the rest showed no change in their habitual appearance. No change; it was all just, just the same, Marie felt. The same lights and shades passed by her window, the same sounds broke the night at intervals that she could remember having heard through early summer nights all her life. Now and then a little croak from the river, a nestling cadence from the trees; regularly the sounding of the hours from the church clock down below at La Croix, answered by the hours from that other church clock amongst the hills. What a night it was! Marie heard every sound: surely the striking of the hours compressed ages between them!

CHAPTER XVI.

MARIE rose in the twilight and began aimlessly to prepare for the day. Once, as she was moving about, it occurred to her to wonder what Sébastien felt ; but shuddering, she put the thought away from her as she would have done one which contained damnation to her soul. To her dutiful and modest nature, it had come to seem by that time almost a mortal sin to breathe his name, to think it even, to let the light of it gleam but for an instant across her darkened life. A terrible fear of sin bound her, paralysed her thoughts and feelings, and drove her, as a refuge from herself, to make increasing and excessive bodily effort. There was plenty to be done, Madame Jean Jacques to attend to, visitors to the corpse to receive and provide hospitality for, for Madame David must go and see Jeanie every day, because Sébastien had hurried off to Bordeaux the very morning after his wedding, and there was much to be done, getting the new home ready at Ville Blanche against his return. Then, when the funeral was over, there were the usual out-door and in-door occupations of the little house.

Marie fell at once into the old ways ; Amélie, so much better now than she had ever been, went down daily to the village school ; Marie and Catherine and Jules took to their hard life again, but it was impossible that Marie could sustain it long, and three weeks after the marriage, one evening when Aunt David finally came home, having settled Jeanie and Sébastien at Ville Blanche, she found Marie struck down with fever. For several days the poor girl had worked under the burning sun, refusing to take the mid-day rest, for Marie dared not rest ; she had the name of Sébastien to fight against, and, alas, it would steal into her memory whenever the power of thought was allowed to reassert itself.

So Marie worked until she received her death-blow, outwardly from the sun, inwardly, it had been dealt long before. How kind everybody was to her then, for every one really loved her. Perhaps each one held her first, next to himself, so good, so dutiful, so tender-hearted, our Miette. How willingly the good friends would have saved her ; but what could they do ? How impossible it was for any one of them to reach to her the healing water, which alone could have saved, and whose fountain was sealed up from her for ever.

Marie lay upon her bed, helpless ; from the very first moment of her illness, doomed to die. Monsieur le Curé came, and it was for his visits alone that she cared. He only could comfort her, because he was the channel through which God reached her, and she opened her whole heart in confession to the good old priest. Strange and trivial, one thinks, that simple love story must have sounded in his ears, and

it must have been hard indeed for him to understand, how one could really suffer mortally from the wounds of earthly affection. But Marie was a lamb much beloved by this kind shepherd, and he actually encouraged her to linger over all the incidents of her sorrowful little tale, listened to it even several times over, and, with wonderful spiritual magnetism, succeeded at last in calming the pulses of love and grief. Like a true burden-bearer, he seemed able to transfer the half at least to his own soul of what had lain so heavily upon the little ones. Oh, what a weight gradually rolled away; Marie's heart felt a little and a little lighter each time he visited her; the bonds of anguish loosened their grasp upon her inner life, until her spirit could lift a clear gaze to the eternal, purified from personality, delivered from desire, made free of the law. The love of her life had been no sin, the Curé told her, only she must lay it down now at the foot of the Cross, and enter single-hearted into the presence of God. She might leave the life of her once dearly-beloved, he said, without fear, in the keeping of Divine tenderness; and so with her hands clasped in those of the good old man, Marie would join her voice to his in saying the customary prayers, offering them up with an intention for Sébastien and Jeanie.

Upon one of those days, very near the end, when Marie was reposing alone in her room, waiting for her confessor's visit, Catherine came in weeping and bursting forth some tidings she was anxious to communicate. She leaned over her cousin's bed, and pressing close to her ear, began—

'Marie, Marie, look up, *ma chère*; you won't refuse, will you, to see him? He is broken-hearted, Miette, truly he is, and every day since you were taken, hasn't he been here, begging me to let him in once to see you? and I dared not, when our aunt was by; but now, Marie, who could blame us, when the good God has called you unto Himself? And nobody upon this earth shall ever know that Sébastien saw you on your dying bed, none but he and myself, I promised him. Poor fellow, he is out there waiting now, Marie, close—close under the window by the orange-tree; he can hear all that I am saying to you this instant. Look up, *ma bien-aimée*, and tell me that he may come in.'

The dying girl was fully roused, and brought back to life, by Catherine's hurried communication; no expression, of pain, however, crossed her face, no feverish longings stirred her slackening pulses.

'Thanks, dear Catherine, thanks,' she whispered. 'I thank you for being so good to my dear Sébastien. Give my love to him, and say that I offer prayers daily with an intention for him and Jeanie. No, no, Catherine, he must not come in. Don't you know, dear, he belongs to Jeanie now. Tell him to love Jeanie, and be good and faithful to her, and that I—all is with me as the good God has ordained. See, my cousin, He did not design me for Sébastien. All is according to the

will of the blessed Saviour, Who is dearer than love, and more beautiful than life, Monsieur le Curé says, and without doubt, Catherine, he speaks truly.'

Monsieur le Curé came in as Marie finished speaking, and Sébastien, like a soul shut out of Paradise, moved away from beneath the little window. He never asked again if he might come, for he had heard Marie's words, and felt perhaps more deserted and alone than even she had ever felt.

When the girl took up her Crucifix that evening, and said her prayers after the priest, her mind was dim and wandering, the last effort of her will had been made to fulfil a duty. All through her life it was for duty that Marie had striven, but when this last act had been made, power and consciousness never asserted themselves again in her. With a half-realisation only, she received the sacred bread, listened to without understanding the last offices, was anointed with the holy oil, and no spark of intelligence came back to the outward form. All unrevealed to mortal eyes, the spirit passed, a whole living sacrifice, into the flame of Love's consuming fire.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN ART SUBJECTS.

BY ELIZABETH GLAISTER.

V.—THE MINISTRY (*continued*).

The Parables.—For many reasons, too many to be entered on here, the Parables of our Lord have not been favourite subjects of mediæval art. Yet they are eminently pictorial, and suitable either for very simple or very elaborate treatment. They too, like the events of Gospel history, have their first or practical meaning or lesson, and their hidden core of symbolic and doctrinal significance; which last, an interpretation addressed to the eye is, in many cases, peculiarly calculated to bring out. The theological meaning is preferred in early art, under Greek or Byzantine influences. The clerically-governed Italian mediæval schools neglected the parables almost entirely, and their practical and more apparent aspects were largely illustrated by the Protestant and German art of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Some of the parables, being longer and fuller than others, require a series of illustrations to bring out their meaning; such as the Good Samaritan, the Ten Virgins, the Prodigal Son, &c. Others require but a single illustration, such as the Good Shepherd, the Pharisee and the Publican, the Lost Piece of Silver, &c., while others are not suited for illustration at all, such as the Seed growing Secretly, the Leaven, the Grain of Mustard-seed, &c.

In forming an opinion on the illustrations of the parables we may

meet with, we must remember that, being the words of Christ Himself, there is no limit to the height, and depth, and breadth of their meaning, nor to the extent to which they will bear application. 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.' In the parable of the Sower, to which our Lord has vouchsafed an interpretation, no word falls to the ground, the fowls of the air, the sun, the stones, the thorns have each their appointed meaning; why then should we, when the parable is left to our own explanation, suppose that the figures are less full of significance, and reject, for instance, such an interpretation as that which sees in the two pence left by the Good Samaritan to supply the needs of the rescued traveller at the inn, the two Christ-given Sacraments by which our spiritual needs are supplied?

It is not within the limits of art to explain such teaching as this, but there are other points which should not be neglected. The chief of these is a very easy one to convey—that it is Christ Himself Who is the chief actor in all the parables. He sows the good seed, hides the leaven, seeks the sheep, casts the net. Again, it is He Who rules the vineyard, takes account of the servants, and requires the talents. He welcomes the prodigal, and rescues the man fallen among thieves. He is the Bridegroom, the Treasure, the Pearl; He spreads the marriage feast, and requires the wedding garment. What a truth is missed, even all the Truth, when only a grave and dignified person without any distinctive character is presented in these most touching, compassionate, and loving relations to the sick, the lost, the oppressed—when we are not shown Who is the Father, the Lord, the Bridegroom, Whom we are to return to, to serve, to wait for.

The first parable, that of the Sower, is not very well calculated for illustration to the eye, because of the longer or shorter time that must elapse between the sowing and the bringing forth fruit, or the perishing of the seed. Like many of the parables, it is found in German woodcuts, executed under the influence of the Reformers of the early part of the sixteenth century. These rough and forcible drawings, though often instructive and curious from the insight they give into the religious feelings of the time and the history of the Renaissance, are not very attractive, those by Albrecht Dürer excepted. A modern series of four engravings gives something of the story of the Sower in studies of stony ground, thorns and thistles, the fowls of the air, and the seed bearing fruit. There is a quaint illustration (of which I have not the date) of the Enemy sowing tares, in which he is seen going over the fields by night, with his seed basket slung round his neck.

Mrs. Jameson tells us of a Greek rendering of the parable of the Pearl, where Christ stands in the midst of crowns, treasures, idols, royal robes, &c., all broken and destroyed, while sages and philosophers point from this wreck of earthly treasure to Him, the Pearl of Great Price. This ingeniously presents the interpretation when the parable itself would have been difficult to express pictorially.

The parable of the Good Shepherd is a favourite for illustration, not only because it is easily represented, but because it is, like the Vine, one of the symbols that our Lord has expressly chosen for Himself to teach His relations to His people, and is not so much a parable as an instance of symbolic teaching. The meaning of the representations is so plain that it calls for no remark, except that some modern prints of our Lord in this character show Him with His head covered, wearing the shepherd's hat. Even the most realistic painters in all ages have represented Him bareheaded, though, as Dr. Farrar remarks, under the burning sun of Palestine it was impossible to go uncovered. An instinctive feeling of propriety, and the necessity of showing all the features, have probably guided art in this, rather than any tradition or symbolic meaning. Exceptions are the appearances of our Lord to Mary Magdalene, and to the disciples at Emmaus, where the hat sometimes given seems to suggest that He was disguised—they did not know Him. The effect of the hat in these instances, and in prints lately issued from a Wesleyan source, where our Lord is shown in the common Syrian headgear, is not happy.

It is not for us to say that one of these Divine parables is more full of meaning than another, yet there are some that appear specially interesting on account of the great diversity of interpretation that may be put on them, or the completeness of the allegory in every particular. One of these is the Good Samaritan, which we often find the subject of a series of illustrations. If only one pictorial moment be chosen, it is that where the Samaritan ministers to the wounded man, as in Sir C. Eastlake's picture.

The story alone is often taken, with its forcible lesson of compassion to the suffering, and its contrast between the conduct of the honoured priest and Levite, and that of the despised Samaritan. This is not only a good and Divine lesson, but one that may occupy us whole lives in the learning; yet this parable is at least as complete in its allegory and as deep in its significance as any other, and illustrations of it are incomplete and partial that do not make some attempt to show this. Wandering from Jerusalem, the city of the blessed, his true native land, down (*facile descensus*) to Jericho, the city of the accursed, the traveller, who represents the human race, fell among thieves—the enemy—the powers of evil. He was stripped—of the garment of innocence, and left half-dead; half, for the victory was not complete. Priest and Levite pass by—the sacrifices of the law, the righteousness of man, human aid, are of no avail. Then there cometh One, despised and rejected of men, Who rescues, comforts, heals him; sets him on His own beast, imputing to him His own righteousness, walking the rough way in his stead. The wounded man is left by his Rescuer at the inn, the house of rest and refreshment representing the Church. The Samaritan, having tarried for a day, confides the care of the sick man to the host, who is to represent Him in His absence, and that

there may be no lack, leaves with him the two pence that are to suffice the guest until His coming again, and with the promise of this second coming, He departs out of their sight.

Taking this for an example, it will be seen how much is required for a perfect illustration and how insufficient the simple dramatic circumstances are to bring out the full meaning of the parables. Yet these circumstances are often chosen as being easy to express pictorially, while the doctrinal meaning is much more difficult to convey. For the parable of the Ten Virgins, compare Mr. Millais' illustration, charming and graceful in itself, with the mediæval rendering, where Christ stands at the gates of Paradise and there welcomes the wise virgins as they ascend to Him on the right, their lights blazing towards the true Light; while on the left the foolish virgins depart, down into darkness and the pit. Some of the readers of the *Monthly Packet* will know Sir F. Leighton's altar-piece in Lyndhurst Church, where a good deal of this interpretation is expressed.

Perhaps the greatest favourite for art of all the parables is that of the Prodigal Son. The great parable of repentance, returning and forgiveness. It is so distinct and vivid in its details, so universal in its application, that there can be no one who has not, independently of all illustration, a clear mental picture of every scene in it. This picture is conceived perhaps in earliest childhood, when some dear father, always ready to forgive, yet whom, for love's sake, we feared to offend, represented to us Him Who saw His son a long way off; when childish conscience was so ready to identify ourselves with the prodigal, when the 'good child' of the family made the conduct of the elder brother so perfectly comprehensible, and when we saw in imagination the familiar doorway of home, and thrilled with compassion for the poor calf that must be killed. This is the picture that remains always with us, and who shall say it is untrue or irreverent?

With such an illustration fixed firmly in our minds, the representation that will please us best is, not some other person's similar homely conception, such as Murillo's series, quaintly realistic pictures, belonging to Lord Dudley, but one that will enlarge, purify, and exalt our first idea, by suggesting that the prodigal stands for the whole human race as well as for each individual child of Adam, by making our earthly home into a foreshadowing of our heavenly home, by showing us the Fatherhood of God in Christ, and by pointing out the necessity of the Sacrifice, and of the garment of righteousness washed in the Blood of the Lamb. This garment, provided for the guest, appears again in the parable of the marriage of the King's Son. The first part of this, the calling to the Feast, is not easy of representation, while the second part, the episode of him that lacked the wedding garment, is especially dramatic. It is sometimes used as a lesson of preparation for the Lord's Supper, in a series of Eucharistic subjects.

The parable of the Pharisee and the Publican illustrates well, with its two contrasting figures. The Lost Piece of Money has been chosen for a candle-light effect, without a hint of its meaning, which is difficult to convey; the Barren Fig-tree is also one that it is not easy to explain to the eye.

The parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus has been treated almost as an actual fact, in the first or earthly part of it, and is a favourite subject for hospitals, in spite of its not being very appropriate, for the lesson of the parable is not mainly compassion to the sick poor. For this the real incidents of Christ's healing the sick are far better, His example teaching more and better than the warning of Dives' neglect. Many strange and grotesque illustrations of the second part of this parable may be seen in paintings and in early woodcuts, but it is manifestly unsuited to modern art.

The Miracles.—These being actual transactions addressed to the eyes of the bystanders, not to their ears only, like the parables, their significance may be better conveyed to the heart and understanding through the medium of art, which appeals to the eyes, not to the ears; there is a less danger of mistaken or overstrained application, and the motive is both simpler and more direct. At the same time we must remember that the miracles have the same two aspects as other art subjects from the Gospel, and represent either the event as the witnesses may be supposed to have seen it, or seek to convey the mystic and theological meaning.

In this latter sense the miracles of healing show our Lord as the Physician of our souls, healing the great disease of sin, and redeeming, not only the bodies of certain sick persons, but the whole body of humanity. They were also both a figure and the earnest of the power of His blessed Body, Which was to be given for us. Indeed, the miracles are all figures and types of the Sacrament of His Body and Blood; those miracles of healing where He laid His hand on the afflicted persons, of its strengthening and refreshing power; those where faith was specially required, such as the healing of the withered hand, the ten lepers and others, of the necessity of faith in the worthy receiver; and the casting out of devils of the necessity of forsaking sin. The miracles performed on the water made wine and on the loaves and fishes for the refreshing of His people, were an earnest of the Divine Power causing His Body and Blood to be our spiritual food and sustenance in this holy Sacrament.*

Of course this meaning is not easy to explain in art, nor does the artist always intend it, but he cannot reject it as he can in some other subjects. It is curious to see how the ancient and authoritative symbols held sway even over painters who would fain have cast them off, either as foreign to their own conception of their subject, or uncongenial to the thought and requirements of their age. For

* See Keble, *On Eucharistical Adoration*, chap. ii.

example the Fish (ΙΧΘΥΣ) was the emblem and sign of our Lord adopted by the primitive Church,* the fishes in the miracles of feeding are thought to be symbolic of the presence of Christ in the Eucharist, the miraculous draught of fishes of the gathering in of mankind to be one with Christ, and so on. Wherever the Fish appears it is always in the same sense, just as the sheep have always one symbolic meaning in every parable and figurative saying. When Rubens painted his altarpiece for the chapel of the Fishmonger's Guild at Mechlin, and chose for his subjects the Draught of Fishes, the Finding of the Tribute Money, and Tobias with the Fish, it was hardly the thought of that day to see much deeper meaning or greater appropriateness than that of the fish to the fishmongers; but there the sign is, telling all who have eyes to see of union with Christ, of His being Lord even over those to whom tribute is paid, of the healing power of His Body, and of the ingathering of the elect.

The symbol of the Virgin's hand under the foot of her Son is another that seems to have survived to tell its tale, when from a significant act of homage it had passed into a mere graceful arrangement. See Ch. II., and Raphael's Madonna and Child, known as *La Perla*.

The Marriage at Cana, though a subject of the Primitive Church, was not a favourite one in those times of monastic influence, when marriage was discredited and celibacy preferred above that 'holy estate which Christ adorned and beautified with His Presence, and the first miracle that He wrought, in Cana of Galilee.' In the same way one could imagine it falling out of favour with those who confound temperance with total abstinence; yet our Lord sanctified the use of wine as distinctly as that of holy matrimony, and 'the primal marriage blessing' was renewed, not taken away.

The tendencies of the Renaissance, being exactly opposed to the ascetic and monastic teaching which ruled the early Italian painters, caused the Marriage at Cana to be taken into favour as a subject by the painters of the sixteenth century. It also gave great opportunities for a display of the genius of the great colourists, and for gratifying the taste for portraiture which had then its best development. Paul Veronese in his great pictures of this subject is magnificently successful in every point of view but the religious one, the only one we have to do with here. He gives a splendid marriage feast, with a number of

* The Fish is the anagram of our Lord's Name and Title, adopted by the Primitive Church and used for His personal sign and symbol, just as the Cross was later. (See *Primitive Church Art*.) It is not one of the figures under which our Lord spoke of Himself—such as the Good Shepherd, the Vine, the Bread—or the Lamb, as used by the two St. Johns; but it was more used in the Early Church even than these. The fishes which Christ chose for an emblem of His people seem to bear the same relation to the Fish, of oneness with Christ, that the members do to the Head, the sheep to the Lamb, the branches to the Vine, the partaker to the Bread.

unrivalled portraits, but the miraculous character of the supply of wine is not even suggested, and the figures of our Lord and the blessed Virgin look strange and out of place in a scene where they have nothing to do with the action, and are not even noticed by those who sit at meat with them.

Entirely different is the early representation from a sarcophagus, A.D. 359, which only gives the figures of our Lord touching the vessels of water and one disciple as witness. Treated thus, only the Eucharistic aspect of the miracle is given, of which Keble says that it is 'a symbolical preaching of the new heaven and the new earth, to be brought into being by that participation of Christ whereof wine was to be a principal instrument.'

According to St. Augustine the transformation of the water into wine is an emblem of our transformation into the image of Christ. This miracle being not so much contrary to, as a hastening of, the processes of nature, water being turned every year into wine by gradual unseen natural process, the subject may remind us to pray that God will hasten His Kingdom, and complete in His people the miracle of grace.

When the subject shows the whole marriage feast, like every Christian marriage, it 'signifies unto us the mystical union that is between Christ and His Church.'

The two miracles of feeding four and five thousand with Loaves and Fishes are not to be distinguished from one another in art, and so far as art is concerned their meaning is the same. Early representations all have reference to the sacramental aspect of the miracle, which corresponds to that of the Water made Wine, carrying out and completing the figure. The elements are offered to our Lord, He blesses the bread, type of the living Bread which came down from Heaven, and gives it to the disciples who represent His priesthood; they give it to the people, who sit down by companies on the green grass. This sitting down in ranks conveys the sense of the pastor among his flock, but of course the multitude and the arrangement can only be expressed in art by a sort of short-hand.

This subject was a favourite refectory piece, expressing then that Jesus is the true Bread, and that from God all good things do come and must be blessed in His Name. The Last Supper was sometimes used for this purpose, but less reverently and appropriately; the lesser miracle, which was a sanctifying of our daily bread, being more fitted for a scene of daily life than the greater miracle, reality, and holy mystery of which it was the foreshadowing.

The miracle of Christ walking on the Sea and so entering the ship which contained His disciples, like the others, cannot be represented without suggesting to the faithful its inner meaning. Not only did our Lord show His power over the fiercest powers of nature, treading, in sign of His Godhead, the waves of the sea, but He showed the

perilous state of His Ship, the Church, if deprived of His Presence, and also the mysterious, inscrutable, and supernatural manner in which that Presence was to come to it. Coming to them, Jeremy Taylor says 'He appeased their fears with His Presence and manifestation who He was.' Peter going to meet Jesus is often added to this subject, or it forms part of a series of the life of St. Peter. It shows the faithful disciple seeking Christ even among fears and darkness.

As the miracle of the Loaves and Fishes is used in art as a suggestion of the institution of the Lord's Supper, so the Raising of Lazarus was used as a figure of the Resurrection of our Lord, an awful mystery which the reverent spirit of early art hesitated to portray, remembering that 'no man saw him rise.' These typical selections also show that as the Old Testament prepares for and points to the New, so Christ's Life on earth was a preparation for and foreshadowing of His Passion and Resurrection, as well as a likeness of things heavenly. Somewhat later, when the aims of art were less exclusively doctrinal, this miracle was still a great favourite; more so than the other miracles by which our Lord called back the dead to life, all of which are pledges and shadows of the resurrection from the dead.

One reason for this preference is probably that the miracle seemed more striking and complete; not only from the death-bed or the bier, but from the very grave and corruption was Lazarus called forth. Also in the conversations our Lord held with Martha and Mary, and the distinct promises of the Resurrection and the Life in Him, as well as in the touching circumstances attending the whole transaction, we find abundant cause for the popularity of this miracle as an art subject. It is also very dramatic, and gives great scope for the representations of various and contrasting shades of feeling. We have the scornful wonder of the Jews, the wonder, no less deep but of totally opposite character, of the disciples, to whom new miracles of love and power were manifested. We have the conventional lamentations of the hired mourners, the natural grief of the sisters, lightened by their faith; and the gracious revelation of the sorrow of Christ and the cost at which our redemption was won. Something of all these a skilful painter will show us, or a reverent one will leave us room to imagine for ourselves; it is only the exhibition of false sentiment, or gross and unworthy feeling that obscures and hinders the true meaning of such a subject.

The Miraculous Draught of Fishes has already been spoken of. Raphael's cartoon shows by his choice of the subject for his apostolic series that the signification of it was the charge to the apostles to be fishers of men, and the ingathering of the elect by their means to the ship—the Church, sanctified by the Presence of Christ; without Him they had taken nothing.

The various miracles of healing have all the same general, with each their particular, significance. The last determines the choice of subject for a votive or memorial picture or for a window subject. For instance, the healing of the centurion's servant and of the daughter of the woman of Canaan, point to the use of intercessory prayer for sick persons and young children. Leprosy being a type of sin, the healing of the lepers suggests the forgiveness of a sinner. Bodily sight, typifying moral illumination and spiritual vision, the miracles of giving sight to the blind, specially indicate release from error and point to the Light of souls.

A HOUSE OF REST.

WE all know the old saying that 'Prevention is better than Cure;' we all own the truth of it, and probably we also know how much more easy it is to interest people in curing than in prevention. But there is something which appeals to us all in the effort of which this paper gives a sketch, for there are few people who have not experienced what it is to stand on the border land between health and sickness, and feel that a brief rest, a little change, time to attend to ailments as yet comparatively light, would save us from breaking down. Sometimes even in well-to-do homes rest and change are not to be had. Home ties, pressing duties forbid it, and then comes a day when all exertion is impossible, and work, however imperative, must be laid aside. If in all cases this is hard to bear, what must it be where illness means loss of employment and daily bread with it, just when sickness brings inevitable expenses? Illness then becomes a dread spectre, whose approach may well make the heart sink, and the sad words, 'If only I could have a little rest it might save knocking up,' have a depth of meaning only realised by those who depend on their own exertions for daily bread. No class feel this more than women in business, and it is to meet such cases that a Home was opened in August, 1878, at Babacombe, South Devon, the first of the kind ever established for women in business, milliners, shop-women, &c., and its distinguishing characteristic is that it is not an hospital or a convalescent home, but a *House of Rest*.

A house was taken capable of containing six inmates, with a matron, and great pains were taken to furnish it prettily, though simply, pains fully appreciated by the successive inmates. 'All the colours blend!' said one, with the pleasure of those whose eye and taste are habitually cultivated. This same cultivation caused not a few to feel the keenest delight in the beauty of the scenery. 'One must have spent eleven months in a workroom to know what this is to us!' was the heartfelt

remark of another, while the pale, weary face lighted up as she looked at the lovely bay and curving shore, which indeed, even to travelled eyes, have something of Italian charm. 'We have wondered sometimes that no one ever thought about *our* holiday,' said a third, wistfully, betraying the feeling which cannot but rise in the hearts of many of those who see their employers yearly escape from London to the fresh country as soon as the heat becomes oppressive. It is not sufficiently understood how exhausting are the lives of women engaged in manual labour, how great the need for change and rest, how certainly without both they must fall in the battle of life, perhaps no more to rise. Their labour is monotonous, often very fatiguing. For instance, to trim a light ball dress a milliner must *stand* hour after hour before the frame on which it is placed; it must not be crumpled by being laid on the lap.

Women in business are hard to help. They have a horror of an institution, and would not accept charity. One reason why the inmates at Babbacombe have all expressed an earnest wish to come again is that 'it is like a family.' For the first time many have realised that ladies did not merely look on them as 'hands.' The ladies interested in the work have earnestly tried to make the holiday pleasant, and the delight taken in the library belonging to the Home, in an occasional pic nic, or an invitation to afternoon tea in the house of some one interested in the work, is pleasant to remember. Bible-women and tired school teachers have come as well as shop-women, and gone away rested and cheered. So far the work has prospered; these women have come from many, and often very distant places, to spend the three weeks which are usually the utmost limit of their annual holiday. Subscriptions are however much needed to keep the Home up. A guinea subscription, with payment of five shillings a week, admits an inmate for three weeks. Full information can be had from Miss Skinner, Bayfield, Babbacombe, to whom also subscriptions may be sent.

HINTS ON READING.

WE must thus entitle, though not quite correctly, the mention of a packet of delightful patterns for crewel-work which we have received from Messrs. Griffith and Farran, chiefly in mediæval style. The same house is reproducing numerous old books beloved by the last generation, in shilling volumes. Among them are *Alice's Happy*, which was inquired for in these pages, *Keeper's Travels*, *Bob the Spotted Terrier*, and Lady Stoddart's *Esdale Herd-Boy* and *Scottish Orphans*.

Spider Subjects.

THE Pane of Glass has been cleverly written by Ierne, but she is rather too long ; Cape Jasmine is also very good ; so is Bubbles, who takes the pane of glass on which Raleigh wrote ; Ignoramus and Anemone are fair ; but, on the whole, the Muffin Man's is the most suitable for insertion.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PANE OF GLASS.

I AM going to give a history of my life ; though there is but little of me left to tell it. I am now on a Paris dust-heap, but once I was a pane of glass in the Rue Montmartre, and witnessed all the scenes of December 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, in 1852, when Napoleon III. was declared Emperor.

I have been asked to tell how I became a pane of glass, so I will endeavour to recollect about myself.

I have journeyed about a good deal one way and another, and first grew on the rocks in the Orkneys. I and my companions were picked in due course, carefully dried, and then thrown into a pit to be burnt till we were fused all through, and then we were thrown out in masses to dry. This process has to be very carefully done ; for should sand or stones get mixed up with the kelp, it is of very little use for glass. Then we were broken in pieces, ground in a mill, and passed through a wire sieve.

During this time I could see other workmen preparing what looked like fine white sand, and so it proved to be. This was dashed into cold water, then put in a furnace and exposed to great heat for about twenty-four hours, then taken out and again put into cold water ; this enables the particles of sand to separate properly, so that it may the better mix with the kelp.

We were now taken up, and together with the sand conveyed to the mixing-room, where we were mixed in proportions of eleven of us to seven of sand, and put next into a furnace where we were continually stirred, so as to properly disperse us (the kelp and the sand), in our now semi-fluid state. Then we were thrown out and allowed to cool, and afterwards we were broken into cakes preparatory to our being transformed into glass ; a most wearying and tedious operation I thought it.

Now the cake to which I belonged was taken up and thrown into a clay pot, which was put with a number of others in a furnace, heated to the greatest extent, and kept up at the same temperature for about thirty hours, every now and then more frit being put into my pot as we melted more and more ; this process is called founding. The heat being diminished, a workman called a skimner, came up, and proceeded to remove all particles of extraneous matter from the surface of the metal in the pots ; and then dipping in an iron rod previously heated, lifted out a small quantity from the pot on the end of it. This he allowed to cool, and then repeated the operation again, and yet a third time, until he had a sufficient quantity of glass on the end of it, about

ten pounds' weight. The man held the rod downwards, and the hot metal ran down below the rod in a sort of oval form; and then he blew strongly through the hollow rod, which caused the glass to swell out all round.

This man then handed me to another called the blower; he heated me several times, pressing one end against a bar between each heating, and then finally blew me into a spherical shape. I was then allowed to cool a little; and, after being placed on a box, they proceeded to detach the iron rod from my centre, placing another one, called a punty rod, against the point that had been previously flattened. I was then turned round and round in 'the furnace (this is a most beautiful operation, and must be executed with great care), till the aperture, where the old rod had been, which was about two inches large, began to swell, and then suddenly burst asunder, and I went round and round in a perfect circle. The velocity was now reduced, and as I cooled a little I was removed from the furnace on to a bed of sand, and the punty rod taken from me. After a little time I, with a number more, was put into a kiln, the opening bricked up, and we were again subjected to heat to be tempered. The fire was gradually diminished, and we were presently removed to the glaziers, where we were cut into shapes for use.

I, with a number of others, now real panes of glass, was packed up and taken across the water to France, where I was put into a window in the Rue Montmartre. I had a peaceful uneventful life till the night of the first of December, and between that and the fourth of the month, I witnessed sadder scenes than I care to relate.

A young English officer and his wife were in my house, and it so happened that on the day when all my companions perished, they were out on the balcony watching the soldiers. Suddenly they began to fire. We all thought of course it must have been blank cartridges in fun, but first one person dropped dead, and then another, here a young mother with her baby in her arms, quietly standing at a window, there an old lame man, here a young girl, till, all on a sudden, a shot was fired at our room, the English officer had just time to push his wife into safety, when a perfect torrent of fire reached us, and passed into the room. I was the only pane of glass left in the whole window to tell the tale; but the officer and his wife were not hurt, so our house was more fortunate than most in the row. Now, as I say, I have long since been smashed, in fact, I was taken out when the new panes were put in, and now only a small piece of me remains to tell the tale of what I once have been.

People little think when they look out of their windows of the trouble it has taken to make one pane; and I am sure if the little street-boys would read my history, they would not care so much to destroy with stones what has taken so much time and labour to produce.

THE MUFFIN-MAN.

LA ROCHELLE has been well dealt with by Grizel, but she has begun too far back for our limits; Froggie and Cape Jasmine are very good; Thyra rather flowery; President moralises much; The Turk is mistaken in imputing zeal to Catherine de' Medici; Bruce's Spider lengthy; Ignoramus good; Heather middling; Bretwalda middling.

SIEGE OF LA ROCHELLE.

THE town of La Rochelle had gradually, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, become the bulwark of the Calvinists in France. Twice it had been besieged by the Duke of Anjou, in 1572 and 1573, and had only obtained honourable terms of capitulation by the bravery and perseverance of Lanoue. When, in 1624, Richelieu attained almost sovereign power in France, the resolution to destroy the political influence of Protestantism in France was coupled with his plans for the abasement of the house of Austria and for curbing the power of the French nobility. La Rochelle was at that time virtually a republic, the centre of Calvinism, and possessed a fleet superior to that of the crown. While the Duke of Rohan was occupied in rallying the Protestants of Languedoc and Cevennes, his brother, De Soubise, had exhorted the inhabitants of La Rochelle to take up arms. Richelieu, taken by surprise by this revolt, which he was not prepared to combat, solicited the help of England and Holland, which was granted to him, and soon succeeded in establishing a temporary peace, only, however, that the blow might fall more heavily upon the rebels when his preparations were completed. Meanwhile he improved the financial state of the kingdom, reorganised the army, prepared a fleet, and signed a treaty with Spain, in order to be able to turn all his forces against the Protestant city. When all was ready, in August, 1627, he induced the king and the French nobles to take vengeance upon La Rochelle, as Malesherbes sang—

‘Donner le dernier coup à la dernière tête
De la rébellion.’

The enterprise found but little favour among the French nobility, and it was rendered more difficult by the fact that Charles I. had despatched a fleet of ninety sail, commanded by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, to the assistance of the besieged town. Buckingham sailed from Portsmouth on the 27th of June, and, after wasting some time in chase of some Dunkirk vessels, anchored off the island of Ré, instead of adhering to his original plan of making an attack upon Oléron, which, having but a small garrison, he would probably have succeeded in taking. He had despatched the Duke de Soubise to acquaint the citizens of his approach, but they ‘received the message but coldly, being jealous of the success of our affairs.’ On July 12th the English troops landed on the island, but not without bloodshed, for they were attacked by a body of the French under Mons. Thoiras, the governor of the island. The English wasted some time in the occupation of the island before the inhabitants of La Rochelle would accept their assistance as allies, the Duke de Rohan at the same time issuing a commission to raise forces for the preservation of the Edict of Peace lately given but violated by Louis. This audacious step so incensed the French king that he declared Rohan and De Soubise traitors, and set a price upon their heads.

Buckingham was wholly incapable to cope with the genius and resources of Richelieu, who on this occasion displayed especial energy and activity, and took upon himself the duties alike of general, engineer, and admiral. The English, moreover, had committed an error fatal to the expedition in omitting to occupy the fortress De la Prée when they took possession of the island of Ré. Gradually also

provisions ran short among the English, and they had to have recourse for supplies to the inhabitants of the beleaguered town, who had not more than enough for their own subsistence.

In September great preparations were made for an assault upon De la Prée, and in spite of the superior numbers of the enemy, who had received numerous reinforcements, the duke would have made the attempt had not bad weather rendered it impossible. On the 21st, the English, leaving their trenches to attack a reinforcement of the enemy, which was reported to be disembarking in the neighbourhood, their position was occupied by the garrison of De la Prée in their absence, and only regained after a severe struggle. About the middle of October Buckingham held a council of war, at which almost all his officers advocated their return to England; but this plan was for the time overruled by the remonstrances of De Soubise, who urged that such a retreat would insure the fall of La Rochelle and reflect dishonour on the English arms. At length, after the French had been strengthened by several reinforcements, it was resolved to embark the English troops, and then it was that the error of leaving the Fort De la Prée in the hands of the French became so fatally apparent. The French troops in the island had become so numerous that the only place Buckingham dared to disembark his troops was at the Isle De l'Oye, separated from the rest of the island by salt-pits and by a narrow channel, the passage to which lay over a long and narrow causeway. No sooner had the English troops reached this causeway than they were attacked in the rear by the garrison of the fort, and besides great bloodshed many of the English fell into the salt-pits, while others perished in the channel. When they had reached the other side of the causeway they made a stand and repulsed the enemy, and embarking the following day they made the best of their way to England. True to the promise Buckingham had made before his retreat, that the English should return to the assistance of La Rochelle, a fleet of fifty sail was equipped under Lord Denbigh, which anchored outside the harbour of the town on the 1st of May. But this expedition also proved fruitless by the bad management of the commander, and they returned to Plymouth on the 20th without having struck a blow. Richelieu, again relieved from all fear of the English fleet, closely blocked up La Rochelle, and in order to prevent the inhabitants from obtaining any assistance by sea, caused the entrance of the harbour to be rendered impassable by a boom of gigantic dimensions. By this time the inmates of the town were reduced to great extremities of famine, and were only prevented from capitulating by the intrepid courage of the Duchess de Rohan and of John Guiton, the 'maire,' who swore himself to stab any one who spoke of surrender. In this extremity a third English fleet was fitted out for the relief of the town, and Buckingham himself was on his way to Portsmouth to embark when he was assassinated by Felton. Upon this the command of the fleet, which sailed on the 8th of September, was given to Lord Lindsay. On the arrival of this expedition the English found no French fleet prepared to oppose them, but as they approached nearer the harbour they saw the barricade which had been erected effectually to bar their progress. Many brave attempts were made to force this, but in vain, and again the inhabitants of La Rochelle were left to their fate. This time further resistance was hopeless; the citizens

were decimated by famine and disease, and those who were still alive were so weak as to be unable to bury their dead comrades, so that every street was strewn with corpses. The degree of famine to which they were reduced is shown by the fact that in Richelieu's *Memoirs* it is mentioned that there was no shoe-leather, no sword-belts or pouches left to be made into a kind of jelly mixed with sugar, which they had greedily devoured. In this extremity they resolved to sue for mercy, promising entire submission to the king for the future, and reminding him of the services they had rendered to his father, Henry IV. This capitulation was signed October 29th, 1628, after the siege had been protracted over fifteen months. La Rochelle was then treated as a conquered city, its municipal franchises forfeited, its fortifications destroyed. The inhabitants were allowed to continue the free exercise of their religion, but from that time 'the Calvinists ceased to be a political power and to form a state within a state.'

BUBBLES.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Collect six passages of poetry, each not more than fourteen lines long at the outside, in praise of Truth.

Give the definition of hall, buttery, kitchen, pantry, dairy, laundry, study, library, larder, saloon, room, chamber, drawing-room, garret, attic, and loft, and show the stages of civilisation to which these terms testify.

Heather should send 1s. in stamps.

HANDWRITING SOCIETY.

It is much to be feared that Melodious Memnon is lost; sad delay has been caused by the omission to forward specimens. For the future four packets of specimens will be sent out, in different directions, so that no one will have to wait so long, but it is entreated that the specimens may not be delayed.

The present state of the Spanish, as sent by Scotchwoman, is—
'Acquiro zo ans al Carlos los dispargas. La parte principale volnero al cielo. Con ella fui el valor quida quelo miello.

'En el coragon Elanto con copajos. This August 28th, 1879.'

Next Exercise.—Copy and punctuate:—The ripeness or unripeness of the occasion as we said must ever be well weighed and generally it is good to commit the beginning of all great actions to Argus with his hundred eyes and the ends to Briareus with his hundred hands first to watch and then to speed for the helmet of Pluto which maketh the politic man go invisible is secrecy in the council and celerity in the execution for when things are once come to the execution there is no secrecy comparable to celerity like the motion of a bullet in the air which flieth so swift as it outruns the eye.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Vertumnus is unable to give very high praise to any of the collections sent last month. The best dried specimens—and they are certainly exquisitely done—are mounted on cardboard, which is clearly

inadmissible. *Campanula* seems not to have been a happy choice, judging from the few species found by members. *Vertumnus* fears he must discourage the substitution of drawings for dried specimens, though a sketch is often useful, if well done, in illustration of a description. If ill done it is misleading. *Vertumnus* hopes that the hints circulated with the June portfolio will be understood and attended to. If each member will take the trouble to arrange and describe her specimens according to the directions given, infinite labour and perplexity will be saved. *Vertumnus* would add that no garden flowers must be sent, and nothing either sent or described with which the member has not personal acquaintance. It has been asked whether the descriptions may be taken from books. They must be, of course, in most cases, but they need not be mere transcription; almost always compression may be used. The rule is, omit nothing essential, but use no more words than are absolutely necessary, and always carefully and minutely compare the parts of the plants before you with the description. *Vertumnus* proposes to give, as an exercise, every month, a few botanical terms, to be explained, and if possible illustrated on a blank page of each member's fasciculus. It is very undesirable, because unprofitable, to make use of scientific terms of which the meaning is but imperfectly apprehended. The following are proposed for the October Packet, due November 15:—*Sepal, Petal, Claw, Ovary, Perianth, Carpel, Stigma, Pedicel*. The genus for October is *Linaria*.

Notices to Correspondents.

ANSWERS.

B. N. G.—For information about a MS. magazine write to *Miss Lisette Chandler, Denham Lodge, Putney Hill, London, S.W.*

L. G. D.—Send your address, and you shall be answered.

Mary.—*Maccamé Lace Book*, published at the Bazaar Office, 32, Wellington Street, Strand. Price 1s.

QUESTIONS.

Alison, in *History of Europe*, vol. xv. chap. lxxii. p. 361, states:—‘The most graphic description of the interior of Moscow is from the pen of the Marchioness of Londonderry, the brilliancy of which induces a feeling of regret that the noble authoress should not have recorded her observations in a more durable form than the pages of an ephemeral periodical.’ Wanted, the name and date of the periodical referred to, and, if possible, where it can be obtained.

CHARITIES.

Can any of your readers inform me if there is any school or institute where a child who has lost his father (a respectable working-man) can be received on the payment of a very small sum, or by election of the subscribers?—*Norton*.

Can any one give information about an institution, conducted on charitable principles, where insane persons are received for a *very small*

sum, and where they would obtain that personal care and attention so essential to their mental state?—*Miss W.*

Royal Asylum of S. Anne's Society, December Election.—The *Rev. P. N. Lawrence*, 7, *Fulham Place, Paddington*, solicits votes on behalf of *Thomas Owen Amwyl Richards*, aged eight, son of the late *Rev. J. Richards*, Exhibitioner of *S. Olave's Grammar School*, curate of *Beaumaris*, at which place he died in February last, leaving a widow and three children, for whom he was unable to make any provision. Second application.

We should be very glad of any disused *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, old edition, with appendix. Please send to *Rev. Harry Jones, Rectory, S. George's-in-the-East, Cannon Street Road, Commercial Road.*

Clergy Schools.—Will any one kindly furnish particulars about schools for sons and daughters of poor clergy? The information is asked on behalf of a curate's family which numbers already nine children under thirteen years of age.—*W.*

QUOTATION WANTED.

Clara.—In what poem of Keble's do the words occur—

'Whom oil and balsams kill, what salve can cure?'

It is quoted in *Charles Auchester*, and *Clara* thinks it may be in *Lyra Apostolica* or *Lyra Innocentium*; she cannot find it in the *Christian Year*. [We suspect that it is a misquotation of—

'For what shall heal when holy water banes?'

in Hymn for Rogation Sunday in the *Christian Year*.—*ED.*]

Miss M. M. Robertson-Macdonald would be glad if any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* could tell her where the following quotations come from. The first, as far as she can recollect it, runs—

- (1.) 'There is a place where spirits . . .
Where friend holds intercourse with friend;
Tho' parted far by space they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.'
- (2.) 'Oh keep thy conscience sensitive,
Let nothing thee dismay.'
- (3.) 'Time and obedience are enough : and thou a saint shalt be.'

—41, *Lansdowne Road, W.*

The author of the following poems, beginning—

'When thou wert born,
With tender touch upon thy lucid brow
Was signed that cross which now
Into thy heart its bleeding trace has worn.

'It was to be
A warning shadow for thy sunny years,
A refuge for thy tears,
A banner for thine hour of victory.'

'One more place is void
By the bright hearth and in the house of prayer.
One more link destroyed
Of the soft chain which binds us everywhere;
A sigh is blended with the morning's breath,
For in the midst of life we are in death.'

I saw both the poems in *A Story of a Family*, by *S. M.*, where they

are spoken of as being sung by priests and children at a continental funeral, but no author was named. Also who wrote—

‘In weariness,
In disappointment, and distress,
When strength decays and hope grows dim,
We ever may recur to Him
Who has the golden oil divine
Wherewith to feed our failing urns;
Who watches every lamp that burns
Before His sacred shrine.’

Is there any more? If so, can any one kindly give me the rest of it!
—A. G. W.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Daisy Chain Cot.—S. T., 1*l.* 1*s.*

The Secretary of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a parcel of picture cards from R. S. V. P.

Declined with thanks—*Motalström, R. D. L.*

Bishop Wilberforce Confirmation Memorial Window now erected in S. Mary's, Southampton.—Miss L. Phillimore, *The Coppice, Henley-on-Thames*, acknowledges, with her best thanks, for the above:—Miss Sackville, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Rev. C. H. Keable, 10*s.*; Mrs. Wilde, 1*l.*; Miss Reeve, 2*s.* 6*d.*; In Memoriam, 10*s.*; S. Stopford Sackville, Esq., M.P., 2*l.*; E. M. S., 2*s.* 6*d.*; W. Denison, Esq., M.P., 1*l.*; Mrs. G. Pidgeon, 1*s.*; Misses Austen Leigh, 1*l.* 5*s.*; M. H., 2*s.* 6*d.*; Mr. Bagge, 2*l.* 2*s.*; Mr. Sackville, 10*s.*; Elizabeth (second donation), 3*s.*; per Miss Almack, 8*s.* 6*d.*; per Mrs. Munday, 10*s.*; per Mrs. Argent (second collection), 7*s.* 7*d.*; Miss Venables and Misses Tiddeman, 2*l.* 6*s.*; Mr. Phillimore, D.C.L., 1*l.*; Mr. H. C. Dent, 10*s.*; Rev. C. F. C. Pigott, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Mr. H. F. J. Webber, 10*s.* 6*d.*; Rev. G. R. Hadow, 10*s.*; A. E. C. U., Princetown, Natal, 2*s.*; Agnes Taylor, 1*l.* 8*l.* still required. Further offerings gladly received as above.

Algoma Fund (Special for Lake Neepigou).—Mrs. Bromfield, *Fladbury House, Pershore*, thankfully acknowledges the following sums:—P. Stretton, 10*s.*; Mrs. Rippingall, 1*l.*; Miss Lowe, 10*s.*; H. D. G., 13*s.*; N. Y. H., 4*l.*; Mrs. Starky, 2*l.*; Mrs. Holbeck, 1*l.* 5*s.*; Miss C. M. Proctor, 5*s.*; E. Makins, 5*s.*; Miss A. Kay, 1*l.*; Wales, 3*s.*; Miss E. M. Arrowsmith, 4*l.*; H., 1*l.*; F. B. 3*l.* Amount received, 201*l.* 1*s.* 7*d.*

The *Muffin Man* thinks the following may be interesting:—In several parishes in Scotland, North Berwick among the number, the custom of ringing the bell of the parish church at eight and again at ten in the morning is still kept up; but few people now know the reason for which it was originally done. About two centuries ago the game of golf was played, to the neglect of archery. One of the Kings of Scotland, distressed at this, passed a law ordering archery to be practised every Sunday morning at eight (when the parish bell was to be rung), till ten, when they were to stop and hear Mass, the bell again ringing to call them to church. If they *had* practised archery, and *had* heard Mass, they might play golf in the afternoon. The law has never been repealed, and the bells still ring; so it is positively illegal not to attend to them, though the good people of the Free Church would doubtless be terribly scandalised if any one attempted to attend to the law now. The game of golf is still very much played at North Berwick.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OR
EVENING READINGS
For Members of the English Church.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

We have hailed the Infant Saviour,
And beside the shepherds mild
We have drawn near to the manger,
And adored the Holy Child ;
We have followed Him to Manhood,
We have wept on Calvary's steep,
Off'ring there a humbler homage,
Less exulting but more deep :—

We have raised our glad thanksgivings
On the Resurrection day,
We have gazed with upturned faces
As the Master passed away ;
We have greeted with glad chorus
The sweet Comforter's descent,
We have joined in the thrice 'Holy'
Ringing through the firmament.

And the feasts of Christ's dear Mother,
We have kept them too with praise,
And His princes, the Apostles,
We have giv'n them each their days ;
We have blessed God for the Angels,
For their ministries of love :—
But we are not tired of praising,
And our eyes yet turn above.

For the Saints ! they shine by thousands,
They are brighter than the sun,
And their widely-sundered courses
Blend together as they run.

For each follows after Jesus,
And their light would be but dim
Were it not for His enlight'ning,
And the radiance caught from Him.

They are babes, and they are hoary,
They are men in middle life,
They are virgins from the cloister,
They are soldiers fresh from strife.
That one came from lowly cottage,
This from off a royal throne ;
Yet amid the dazzling cluster
We can single out our own.

For *all* Saints we offer praises,
And we love to count their ranks,
But for one among the number
Our hearts swell with special thanks ;
For we each one know our *own* Saint,
That sweet soul whom God has blest,
That dear face which shines before us
As we go through toil to rest.

And *He* saved them, Jesus saved them,
Jesus made them what they are;
Can we fail to love and praise Him
For the shining of our star ?
Fail to love the Church our mother,
Who has giv'n this Day of Saints
To revive our drooping courage,
To lift up the heart that faints !

Oh, we thank Thee, Holy Jesu !
Mother-Church, we love thee well,
The sweet soothing of thine accents
Falls upon us like a spell ;
In thee widowed hearts learn gladness,
Broken spirits find a stay ;
Thou hast tuned our hearts and voices
To the hymns of All Saints' Day.

FLORENCE WILFORD.

AN UNTRAINED GOVERNESS.

BY MARY JOHNSON.

CHAPTER II.

SUCCESS.

THERE are three points of view from which a governess may estimate her success, or the want of it. The first simply regards herself. Is she obtaining a comfortable maintenance and putting by something for a rainy day? The other two regard her pupils. Are they being well trained? and are they being well taught? The least selfish and most devoted member of this generally unselfish profession must admit that the first is a very important question. Few ladies become governesses who could live without a salary; in many cases the subsistence of some beloved relation depends on the pecuniary 'success' of a governess; for this, if for no other reason, it is a question of painful interest whether the years before us are likely to be as productive as those already past.

The only way to judge fairly on a point of this sort is to look at the facts of the day, and correct our impressions by the course of events in recent years. I fear that private governesses without a diploma are increasingly ill-paid, and experience increasing difficulty in meeting with comfortable situations. On two occasions within the last seven years I have had to advertise for a governess, and though I made no very flattering conditions, I received 120 offers the first and 130 the second time. Many of the applicants wrote or spoke quite like gentlewomen, but few of them had sufficient 'connection' to give them more than a precarious hope of meeting with a situation. Not a few seemed almost hopeless, finding even then that many parents preferred paying moderate fees at a good day-school to bringing up their girls at home. But the great drawback to most of these ladies was the want of any kind of certificate or diploma. I cannot doubt that parents will become more and more determined every year to entrust the teaching of their children only to such ladies as have in some way proved their capacity; and this seems to me no cause of regret. But it is very sad to think that the hundreds of ladies now more than thirty years of age must expect each change in their position to be for the worse, each new engagement to be procured with greater difficulty and fulfilled with less emolument. Yet this is the too probable, if not actually certain, prospect before 'untrained governesses,' and the lesson which is to be learned appears to me threefold. First, that all those untrained governesses who are in tolerably comfortable situations should spare no effort to keep them, at the same time laying by all the money they can spare from present duties, as the 'rainy day' will most surely come to most, and probably

to all of them. Secondly, that such governesses as can by any possibility procure certificates from either of the Universities, the College of Preceptors, or the School of Art, should obtain them at once, grudging neither labour nor the necessary fees to qualify themselves to hold their position as educators of gentlewomen, which will otherwise, not perhaps, but certainly, pass from them to women of lower social and sometimes narrower intellectual culture who have brought individual subjects up to the moderate standard of a 'pass ;' to the great loss of the next generation of young gentlewomen. I can speak from experience here, having met with several young women in my researches above mentioned who were excellent teachers in their own lines, so that none of the ladies who applied to me could compare with them, and yet were conspicuously deficient in the easy polish, and self-restraint as to gestures and tones, which are necessary in one with whom children are to pass many hours. Thirdly, all the ladies, to whom neither of these courses is open, will do wisely to watch for an opportunity of quitting this arduous, and no longer remunerative, line of life, either going to one of the colonies, where technical instruction is plenty, as well as the means of life, but gentle companionship scarce ; or adopting in England some other calling, such as boarding the pupils of the high schools, or being nursery governesses, or (after qualifying) National Schoolmistresses. I will not stop here to discuss the question whether a woman best maintains her 'caste' by being a prosperous village schoolmistress or an ill-paid and neglected governess. The ladies of whom I speak *must* face the question whether it is better to lose caste or to want bread.

It seems to me a great pity that so many parents abstain from mentioning the rules of what some people call 'business' to their daughters. In the course of fifty or sixty years, most men know very well not only the Scripture maxim, that if a man will not work he shall not eat ; they know besides, that if a man will work where he is not wanted, or in the manner that is not wanted, he shall not eat ; and they know, too, that in our days 'man' means 'mankind,' 'male and female.' Surely, then, both boys and girls ought to be encouraged to discuss with those who love them best the symptoms by which they may discern between work which will be acknowledged and paid for and that which will not ! We teach them not to place a tray over the edge of the table, and explain to them that without sufficient support the china will be destroyed by that gravitation which God has impressed on the earth for the comfort and preservation of mankind. Why then are we to leave them ignorant of that social gravitation, as much His work as the earth's attraction ? Men will have what they want, even if they have to pay for it ; men will willingly pay for what they urgently require ; men will seek out what they like best, and pay liberally for it ; and consider as their benefactors, moreover, those that supply their most important wants most completely ; men

will not pay for what they do not want—for what they think they do not want—for an article which they consider inferior even in outward fashion. These universal and all-pervading rules of action are of the same kind as the rules by which eclipses and tides, seasons and currents, are governed. As well might we try to ascend a river without steam, wind, or oar, as to live useful and comfortable lives in opposition to the current of human affairs in which our lot has been cast. Our duty is to be useful; our privilege, on certain conditions to be comfortable. Well, then, it is a paramount duty to investigate the means of usefulness and the conditions of comfort. Now a certain indication that men are not eagerly competing for an article is its cheapness. As soon as the average price of anything goes down considerably, sensible people cease to stake their livelihood upon it. Women must see that the salaries of untrained governesses are excessively low. People are not ashamed to offer 25*l.*, 20*l.*, even 16*l.* a year in the public papers. This shows that they expect to meet with gentlewomen to choose from at that price. Can it be wise to enter into this arena? Why do whole groups of women throw themselves into it year after year? Alas! because they think they can become governesses without the expense and trouble of preparing, as they must do for any business. They do not look at the long piteous columns of advertisements in the newspapers, nor read the reports of the benevolent societies which are vainly endeavouring to grapple with the mass of wretchedness caused by this very fault of trying to live on other people's money without having anything equivalent to offer in exchange. Naturally they who fail, lose respect; for all who live on that which others produce are bound to give something valuable in exchange; and if they try to evade this obligation they are considered dishonest. A governess is no exception to this rule. If it is known that she has that to communicate which others need, her maintenance is secure; it rests with herself to provide for old age. But if the commodity which she offers is inferior, superfluous, or unintelligible, she will certainly not meet with willing purchasers. To succeed, then, a governess must inform herself what kind of instruction is in demand; she must never stand still, but keep some kind of self-improvement always on hand; for the world never stands still—the demands of society are perpetually varying in matter or manner, or both. *Every* governess ought to read some journal on educational subjects, to examine new books and apparatus, to communicate occasionally with others engaged publicly or privately in teaching. It would be a happy thing if a 'Teachers' Association' were within reach of all for mutual instruction, encouragement, and assistance. Mere subscription should not, I think, guarantee an entrance into so honourable a body, but the conditions of election should be easy, and the tenure of membership not wealth, talent, nor accomplishment, but character; the *proved* habit of fulfilling the contract of which the salary is pledge on one side. There are a few

governesses prone to gossip, not perhaps about the affairs, but about the characters of the members of their pupils' families, the behaviour of the children, &c. It is an odious breach of confidence, which would be checked by the tone of an association such as I am describing. Central educational libraries, containing books of reference, and educational papers and magazines, such as the *Educational Times*, *Journal of Education*, *Musical Times*, &c., would be a great convenience, and the library might serve as a focus for daily and occasional teachers, where they could hear of vacant appointments, or obtain an hour's rest and shelter between lessons, &c. &c. Union is strength, as most folks know, and it would be a great support to a beginner and a great encouragement to persevere in her duties and to continue improving herself, if she could see and feel herself a member of a useful, honoured, and necessary body of workers.

Let me earnestly advise my readers to consider these suggestions, and try to carry some of them into practice forthwith. The local registry, if already proved worthy of confidence, ought to serve as a nucleus round which governesses may rally and subscribe for periodicals and joint-stock dictionaries, &c. &c. Or some lady of position and leisure may be found willing to foster such an institution until it is self-supporting.

Then, as to self-improvement, Macmillan's Primers are cheap, contain the latest information on various subjects, and are very well written. The subjects usually taught in the schoolroom are Scripture, the Prayer-book, Grammar, Geography, History, French, German, Music, Drawing, and Arithmetic. These are far too many for one lady to teach to children of various ages. But a governess must expect to be asked for each of them in turn. Now, though a child may very well be taught by the help of an abridgment, it is impossible to teach honestly a subject that has been learnt from abridgments. Abridgments of Scripture history and little books of notes to save people the trouble of reading their Bibles are beyond condemnation. You must read your Bible, every word of it, and *make your own* notes and lists of places, persons, &c. &c. But you ought to grudge no time or labour in making yourself intelligently acquainted with the real situations and geographical positions of the places, the meaning of allusions to historical events, neighbouring nations, local customs, climates, &c. Read Blunt's *Undesigned Coincidences*, Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*, Alford's *How to Read the New Testament*, Westcott's *Elements of Gospel Harmony and History of the Canon*. If you cannot get any of these, get Angus's *Handbook of the Bible*. Tristram's *Natural History, Scripture Topography*, published by the Christian Knowledge Society, Palmer's *History of the Jewish People and Travels in Sinai*, are all very interesting and valuable, the two first really necessary. The little series of *Ancient Histories from the Monuments* is very cheap and useful for the light they throw on the Bible allusions to the great Gentile

nations. Mrs. Ranyard's *The Book and its Story*, and Dr. Thomson's *The Land and the Book*, Mrs. Finn's *Home in the Holy Land*, and Miss Rogers's *Domestic Life in Syria*, give great help in realizing places and scenes. Of course you cannot buy all these books at once; if you start with *Angus and Tristram* and really study them, you can add the others one by one, and thus always have a store of Sunday reading to look forward to.

I think you must buy Humphry *On the Common Prayer-Book*, although you will want Maclear and Proctor's little *Manual* besides when you try to explain the old-fashioned expressions and the arrangement of the *Prayer-book*.

For teaching arithmetic you will want a little book, but you cannot hope to teach well unless you have at least read through *The Scholar's Arithmetic*, by Hensley; or *Arithmetic in Principle and Practice*, by Brook-Smith.

Mason's *English Grammar* is so complete in the latest editions, that you may manage with it alone; but if you have access to Morris's *Historical Outlines of English Accidence*, and Skeat's *Specimens of Early English*, and the *Typical Selections*, you will be much more sure of your ground. You will hardly be satisfied that your pupils should be more ignorant about our literature than the Board School children. Stopford Brooke's *Primer* will make a capital introduction to the subject, for *you*, not for *them*; and then Morley's or Craik's larger book will enable you to fill up your sketch. If neither of these be within reach, you must be content with Dodson's *Civil Service Handbook*, or Chambers's *English Reader* and *English Literature*. But remember that reading *about* literature is not reading literature; other people's remarks and opinions about books, their causes and effects, will do you more harm than good unless you read the books, or at any rate large portions of them.

For geography, I know no book better than Hughes's, with Chambers's *Primer of Physical Geography*, and Huxley's *Physiography*. You *must* have a good *Atlas*, and I believe that good authorities prefer Keith Johnston's to Phillips's; both are very nice, and you must have one large enough to be an authority. A cheap *Atlas* is useless for a teacher, though all-sufficient for a learner.

Smith's *English History* is so complete, convenient, and comprehensive, that you may be able to forego another; but Stubbs, Green, and Bright have given us such interesting and different views of the critical periods of our history and of the gradual process by which England has become what she is, that a teacher ought not to rest satisfied without knowing their books. Charles Knight's *Pictorial and Popular Histories* are thoroughly good, and well worth buying, number by number; but it is in view of the expense of procuring the books which every governess ought to read, while one copy would suffice for twelve or twenty ladies, that I so earnestly recommend teachers to

unite, and agree either to form a joint library, or to lend each other one valuable book all round. Smith's *Universal History*, and *General History of Greece*, and Merivale's and Berkeley's *Histories of Rome* ought to have a place in such a collection; but I hope that you will in due time soar higher, and pass from 'student's' histories, however good, to the standard book on whatever subject you take up.

In French, you will need Brachet's *Historical Grammar*, and his *School Grammar*, for your own study. Delille's *Prosateurs* and *Poètes*, are very nice selections to illustrate Masson's *History of Literature*. Demogeot's and Geruzet's *Histories of Literature* are not as satisfying as the corresponding English books; but you should read one or the other, and compare each critique with that in Masson's *Primer*, for it is no more. Smith's *Principia* has not been surpassed as an elementary work on grammar and composition, and Reader.

Becker's *German Grammar* is very valuable to any one who understands the language thoroughly. If the technicalities of this book are too difficult for you, you had better, after going through *Principia*, get Eve's *Syntax*, and Tiark's *German Grammar*, and read them carefully. *Wilhelm Tell* and the *Belagerung von Antwerpen*, in the Clarendon Series, are well edited as literature. You must read Kluge's *History of Literature* in German, or Gostwick and Harrison, a rather larger work in English; and then in German, as in French and English, get the books mentioned one by one, and read them carefully. A teacher must not be satisfied with snippings and little extracts and criticisms, however clever; these are excellent to begin with, but that is all. You must endeavour to make a real and solid, if small, advance, each year, in every subject which you are handling. If you do not improve, you must deteriorate; always remember that.

I have said nothing about Algebra and Euclid, but if you have leisure, Todhunter's *Manuals* are cheap, and admirably adapted for beginners; Mason's *Euclid Explained* is a help; and Mault's *Natural Geometry* makes many little difficulties disappear. It is very desirable that a governess should be able to give children their first lessons on these subjects, for men seldom understand where to find the difficulties of beginners, and are very often impatient of the repetition and slow advance which alone make first principles clear to a child. For

same reason, read, if you possibly can, Balfour Stewart's *Primer of Physics*, Huxley's *School Manual of Physiology*, Oliver and Henslow on *Botany*, Norman Lockyer on *Astronomy*. They are so beautifully written, that they demand of the reader nothing but attention, common sense, and a notebook wherein to construct a skeleton of the subject to commit to memory. Children will ask you questions on every subject under the sun at least; and on many you may give a correct, if not a sufficient, answer, calculated to commend the subject for further investigation, instead of saying 'Don't be tiresome,' and thus losing the influence which arises from sympathy.

There is another class of books not mentioned, but which appears to me so very important, that I should be inclined to press it upon your notice, only after the Bible. I mean, *Lessons on Reasoning*, and on *Christian Evidences*, by Archbishop Whately; and the *Primers of Logic*, and of *Political Economy*, by Professor Jevons. By carefully studying these, you learn to think. Their use is to all other studies just what shelves, pegs, boxes, and canisters are to the stores in the storeroom. No matter how much you have learnt, your facts will be of little use to you unless you can so analyse and classify them as to perceive their relation to each other, and to any fresh facts presented to you. Unless you can distinguish between essentials and accidents, between regular examples and special cases, your only way to retain facts will be to adopt some artificial, or, at best, arbitrary effort of memory. If, on the contrary, you accustom yourself to seize at once on the true characteristic features of the matter in hand, and to group facts by analogy, and not by any arbitrary or accidental association, you will not merely retain, but recall, with ease; your stores will not only remain within the walls of the storeroom, you will expect to find each in or on its appropriate support, and you will not be disappointed.

I suppose you will tell me that this course of reading and thinking will take a long time. All I can say is, that the difference between a mind thus trained and enriched, and one *stuck over*, so to speak, with names, and dates, and rules by rote, is well worth *thirty years* perseverance to attain to. But you will not have to wait ten for your reward. Besides, 'young minds must be fed from a stream, not from a pond.'

I hope you are not to teach music and drawing, besides four or five other subjects. You will not have time, I do not say strength, to do justice to all. But some of you will take one, and some another; and some, I daresay, will begin these subjects, and then leave them for others to carry on. If you are to teach music, carefully read Franklin Taylor's admirable Primer about *Pianoforte Playing*, Sir Frederick Ouseley's *Treatise on Harmony*, and Lobe's *Catechism of Music*. This last, I am sorry to say, is so ill-translated as to be tiresome reading; but I do not recommend it for amusement, but for improvement in your work. You ought to have, or at the least to see, Lebert's *Klavier Schule*; if you do not understand German, there is an English edition. At the risk of appearing egotistic, I would invite you to look through my little chapters on *Singing at Sight*, and *Drawing for Untrained Teachers*, both published in the 'Bazaar.' They contain some inaccuracies which I hope to set right some day, but the reason for publishing them was that I could not find the same lessons collected anywhere, nor the same arrangement of difficulties one by one. At any rate you must read Burchett's *Linear Perspective*, Redgrave's *Manual of Colour*, and Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, if you can meet with it, for although

it contains a mass of irrelevant beauties, it also contains remarks and suggestions that compensate for the time consumed in reading the rest. There are also some very good shilling books, published by George Rowney; that on *Sketching Trees from Nature* is really worth much more than a shilling.

I hope that these remarks will have convinced you that there are solid advantages in a nursery governess's situation, where your time is your own from seven o'clock until bedtime, and usually for an hour or two, while little folks get their midday sleep, besides. If you can get the Examination Regulations of the College of Preceptors, or of the University Women's Examinations, you will there find a course of reading marked out for each year. I do most earnestly advise *all* teachers to strain a point and secure certificates or diplomas. Arrangements are even now on foot for closing the avenues to professional occupation without professional training; self-interest therefore points to the necessity for immediate action. But to all who can afford to wait a year or two before beginning to earn money, I recommend immediate application at the already well-known Home and Colonial Training College, the Middle Class Training College in London, or, failing these, Bishop Otter's College at Chichester, or even any well-established Training College for Schoolmistresses. The disagreeables of these institutions have been immensely overrated; but even if it were not so, they would soon be over, and the gain would last a lifetime. We live in new days, and old arrangements will not suffice us. To obtain a maintenance we must work in the manner of our own time: to do this with self-respect, we must adopt the best plan open to us. Self-improvement must be constantly in our thoughts, both as a means, and as an end highly valuable in itself. Light reading, fancy work, even plain work, must give way for a time. These subjects may be studied without over-fatigue, if they are unlike each other, besides Holy Scripture. When you are reading the Lessons, mark in a note-book the chapter read, and beneath this, in as few words as possible, the incidents narrated, the persons and places named, the words or natural objects concerning which you require information. Devote half an hour every evening to learning these matters, and on the succeeding evening *make* yourself repeat over the information gained the day before. Study Angus, Tristram, and Humphry in the same manner on Sundays. Next take arithmetic, make notes after you have shut the book, and review these strictly the next day. History or geography will be a relief after arithmetic, and a book on music or drawing or science may have half an hour afterwards. Concerning your notes on geography, I shall have more to say. In every subject, remember that your gain is *what you know*, not *what you have read*, therefore make your own notes and learn them, and keep them up.

MAGNUM BONUM; OR, MOTHER CAREY'S BROOD.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE TRUST FULFILLED.

ANOTHER year had come and gone, with its various changes, and the mother of the Collingwood Street household felt each day that the short life of Marmaduke Viscount Fordham had not been an unimportant one to her children.

It had of course told the most on Barbara. Her first great grief seemed to have smoothed out the harsher lines of her character, and made her gentle and tolerant as she had never been; or more truly, she had learnt charity at a deeper source. That last summer had lifted her into a different atmosphere. What she had shared with Fordham she loved. She had felt the reality of the invisible world to him, and knew he trusted to her meeting his spirit there even in this life, and the strong faith of his mother had strengthened the impression.

‘Heavenly things had seemed more true,
And came down closer to her view,

now that his presence was among them. She had by no means lost her vivacity. There would always be a certain crispness, drollery, and keenness about her, and she had too much of her mother's elasticity to be long depressed; but instead of looking on with impatient criticism at good works, she had learnt to be ardent in the cause, and she was a most effective helper. To Armine, it was as if Fordham had given him back the sister of his childhood to be as thoroughly one in aims and sympathies as ever, but with a certain clearness of eye, brisk alacrity of execution, and quickness of judgment that made her a valuable assistant, the complement as it were of his more contemplative nature.

He had just finished his course at King's College, and taken a fair degree, and he was examining advertisements, with a view of obtaining some employment in teaching that would put a sufficient sum in his hands to enable him to spend a year at one of the theological colleges, in preparation for Ordination. His mother was not happy about it, she never would be quite easy as to Armine's roughing it at any chance school, and she had much rather he had spent the intervening year in working as a lay assistant to Mr. Ogilvie, who had promised to give him a title for Orders, and would direct his reading.

Armine, however, said he could neither make himself Mr. Ogilvie's guest for a year, nor let his mother pay his expenses; also that he

wished to do something for himself, and that he felt the need of definite training. All he would do, was to promise that if he should find himself likely to break down in his intended employment of tuition, he would give up in time and submit to her plan of boarding him at St. Cradocke's.

'But,' as he said to Babie, 'I don't think it is self-will to feel bound to try to exert myself for the one great purpose of my life. I am too old to live upon mother any longer.'

'How I do wish I could do anything to help you to the year at C—. Mother has always said that she will let me try to publish 'Hart's-tongue Well' when I am twenty-one!'

'Living on you instead of mother!'

'Oh no, Army, you know we are one. Though perhaps a mere story like that is not worthy to do such work. Yet I think there must be something in it, as Duke cared for it.'

'That would be proof positive but for the author,' said Armine, smiling; 'but poor Allen's attempts have rather daunted my literary hopes.'

'I really believe Allen would write better sense now, if he tried,' said Babie. 'I believe Lady Grose is making something of him!'

'Without intending it,' said Armine, laughing.

'No; but you see snubbing is wholesome diet, if it is taken with a few grains of resolution, and he has come to that now!'

For Allen had continued not only to profess to be, but to be willing to do anything to relieve his mother, and Dr. Medlicott had, with much hesitation and doubt, recommended him for what was called a secretaryship to a paralytic old gentleman, who had been, in his own estimation, eminent both in the scientific and charitable worlds, and still carried on his old habits, though quite incapable. It really was, as the Doctor honestly told Allen, very little better than being a male humble companion, for though old Sir Samuel Grose was fussy and exacting from infirmity, he was a gentleman; but he had married late in life a vulgar, overbearing woman, who was sure to show insolent want of consideration to any one she considered her inferior. To his surprise, Allen accepted the situation, and, to his still greater surprise, endured it, walking to Kensington every day by eleven o'clock, and coming home whenever he was released, at an hour varying from three to eleven, according to my Lady's will. He became attached to the old man, pitied him, and did his best to satisfy his many caprices and to deal with his infirmities of brain and memory; but my Lady certainly was his *bête noire*, though she behaved a good deal better to him after she had seen him picked up in the park by Lady Fordham's carriage. However, he made light of all he underwent from her, and did not break down even when it was known that though poor George Gould had died at New York, his widow showed no intention of coming home, and wrote confidently to her step-daughters of Elvira

marrying her brother Gilbert. The girl was of age now, there was to prevent her, and they seemed to be only waiting for a decent interval after her uncle's death. Allen a couple of years ago would have made his mother and all the family as wretched as he could, and would have dropped all semblance of occupation but smoking. Now Lady Grose would not let him smoke, and Sir Samuel required him to be entertaining; but the continual worry he was bearing was making him look so ill that his mother was very anxious about him. She had other troubles. It was eighteen months since Janet Hermann had drawn her allowance. Her husband once had written in her name, saying that she was ill, but Mr. Wakefield had sent an order payable only on her signature, and it had never been acknowledged or presented! Could Janet be living? Or could she be in some such fitful state of prosperity as to be able to disregard 25%?

Her mother spent many anxious thoughts and prayers on her, though the younger ones seemed to have almost forgotten her, so long it was since she had been a part of their family life. Nor did Bobus answer his mother's letters, though he continued to write fully and warmly to Jock. As to the MS., he said he had improved upon it, and had sent a fresh one to a friend who would have none of the scruples of which physical science ought to have cured Jock. It came out in a review, but without his name, and though it was painful enough to all who cared for him, it had been shorn of several of the worst and most virulent passages; so that Jock's remonstrance had done some good.

Jock himself had come into possession of 200%, and the like sum had been left to his mother by their good old friends the Lucases, who had died, as it is given to some happy old couples to leave this world, within three days of one another.

The other John, in the last autumn, had taken both his degrees at Oxford and in London with high credit, and had immediately after obtained one of those annual appointments in his hospital which are bestowed upon the most distinguished of the students, to enable them to gain more experience; but as it did not involve residence, he continued to be one of the family in Collingwood Street. However, in the early spring, a slight hurt to his hand festered so as to make the doctors uneasy, and his sister set her heart on taking him to Fordham for Easter, for a more thorough rest than could be had at Kencroft, while the younger ones were having measles.

John, however, had by this time learnt enough of his own feelings to delay consent till he had written to ask Mrs. Evelyn whether she absolutely objected to his entertaining any future hopes of Sydney, when he should have worked his way upward, as his recent success gave him hopes of doing in time.

Sydney's fortune was not overpowering. 10,000% was settled on each of the younger children, and it had only been Fordham's

liberality in treating Cecil like an eldest son, that had brought about his early marriage. Thus she was no such heiress that her husband would be obliged to feel as if he were living on her means, or that exertion could be dispensed with, and thus, though he must make his way before he could marry, there was no utter inequality for one who brought a high amount of trained ability and industry.

Mrs. Evelyn could only answer as she would once have answered Jock, and on these terms he went. In the meantime Sydney had rejected the Honourable young rector of the next parish, and was in the course of administering rebuffs to the county member, who was so persuaded that he and Miss Evelyn were the only fit match for one another, that no implied negative was accepted by him. Her brother, whom he was coaching in his county duties, was far too much inclined to bring him home to luncheon; and in the clash and crisis, without any one's quite knowing how it happened, it turned out that Mrs. Evelyn had been so imprudent as to sanction an attachment between her daughter and that great lout of a young doctor, Lady Fordham's brother! Not only the M.P., but all the family shook the head and bemoaned the connection, for though it was to be a long engagement and a great secret, everybody found it out. Lucas had long made up his mind that so it would end, and told his mother that it was a relief the crisis had come. He put a good face on it, wrung his cousin's hand with the grasp of a Hercules, observed, 'Well done, old Monk,' and then made the work for his final examination a plea for being so incessantly occupied as to avoid all private outpourings. And if he had very little flesh on his bones, that was owing to hard work and anxiety about his examination.

That final ordeal was gone through at last; John Lucas Brownlow was, like his cousin, possessor of a certificate of honour and a medal, and had won both his degrees most brilliantly. He had worked the hardest and had the most talent, and his achievement was perhaps the more esteemed because of his lack of the previous training that John Friar had brought from Oxford. Professors and physicians wrote his mother notes to express their satisfaction at the career of their old friend's son, and Dr. Medicott came to bring to her a whole bouquet of gratifying praise and admiration from all concerned with him, ranging from the ability of his prize essay to the firm delicacy of his hand; and backed up by the doctor's own opinion of the blameless conduct and excellent influence of both the cousins. And now Dr. Medicott declared that Jock must have a good rest and holiday, after the long strain of hard toil and study.

It came like a dream to Caroline that the conditions imposed by her husband fifteen years before, when Lucas was a mischievous imp of a Skipjack, had been thus completely worked out; not only the intellectual, but the moral and religious terms being thus fulfilled.

The two cousins had come home to dinner in high spirits at the

various kind things that had been said to, and of, Jock, and discussing the various suggestions for the future that had been made to them. They thought Mother Carey strangely silent, but when they rose she called her son into the consulting room, as she still termed it.

'My dear,' she said, 'this slate will tell you why this is the moment I have looked forward to from the time your dear father was taken from us with his work half done. He had been working out a discovery. He was sure of it himself, but none of the faculty would believe in it or take it up. Even Dr. Lucas thought it was a craze, and I believe it can only be tested by risky experiments. All that he had made out is in this book. You know he could not speak for that dreadful throat. This is what he wrote. I copied it again, lest it should fade, putting in my answers, but these are his very words, and that is my pledge. Magnum Bonum was our playful pet name for it between ourselves.

"I promise to keep the Magnum Bonum a secret till the boys are grown up, and then only to confide it to the one that seems fittest, when he has taken his degree, and is a good, religious, wise, able man, with brains and balance fit to be trusted to work out and apply such an invention, and not make it serve his own advancement, but be a real good and blessing to all." And oh, Jock,' she added, 'am I not thankful that after all it should have come about that you should fulfil those conditions.'

'Did you not once mean it for John?' said Jock, hastily looking up.

'Yes, when I thought that hateful money had turned you all aside.'

'Then I think he ought to share this knowledge.'

'I thought you would say so, but it is your first right.'

'Perhaps,' said Jock. 'But he is superior in his own line to me. He gave himself up to this line of his own free will, not like me, as a resource. And moreover, if it should bring any personal benefit, as an accident, it would be more important to him than to me. And these other conditions he fulfils to the letter. Mother, let me fetch him.'

She kissed his brow by way of answer, and a call brought John into the room. The explanation was made, and John said, 'If you think it right, Aunt Caroline. No one can quite fulfil the conditions, but two may be better than one.'

'Then I will leave you to read it together,' she said, after pointing them to the solemn words in the first page. 'Oh, you cannot think how glad I am to give up my trust.'

She went up stairs to the drawing-room, and about half-an-hour had passed in this way, when Jock came to the door and said, 'Mother, would you please to come down.'

It was a strange, grave voice in which he spoke, and when she reached the room, they set Allen's most luxurious chair for her, but she stood trembling, reading in their faces that there was something

they hesitated to tell her. They looked at one another as if to ask which should do it, and a certain indignation and alarm seized on her.

'You believe in it?' she cried, as if she suspected them of disloyalty.

'Most entirely!' they both exclaimed.

'It is a great discovery,' added Jock, 'but——'

'But,' said John, as he hesitated, 'it has been worked out within the last two years.'

'Not Dr. Hermann!' she cried.

'No, indeed!' said Jock. 'Why?'

'Because poor Janet overheard our conversation, and obtained a sight of the book. It was her ambition. I believe it was fatal to her. She may have caught up enough of the outline to betray it. Jock, you remember that scene at Belforest?'

'I do,' said Jock; 'but this is not that scoundrel. It is Ruthven, who has worked it out in a full and regular way. It is making a considerable sensation, though it has scarcely yet come into use as a mode of treatment. Mother, do not be disappointed. It will be the blessing that my father intended, all the sooner for not being in the hands of two lads like us, which all the bigwigs would scout.'

'And what I never thought of before,' said John. 'You know we are so often asked whether we belong to Joseph Brownlow, that one forgets to mention it every time; but on that day, when Dr. Medicott took me to the Westminster hospital, we fell in with Dr. Ruthven, and after the usual disappointment on finding I was only the nephew and not the son, he said, "Joseph Brownlow would have been a great man if he had lived. I owe a great deal to a hint he once gave me."'

'He ought to see these notes,' said Jock. "It strikes me that there is a clue here to that difficulty he mentions in that published paper of his.'

'You ought to show it to him,' said John.

'You ought,' said Jock.

'Do you know much about him?' asked Mother Carey. 'I don't think I ever saw him, though I know his name. A fashionable physician, is he not?'

'A very good man,' said John. 'A great West-end swell just come to be the acknowledged head in his own line. I suppose it is just what my uncle would have been ten years ago, if he had been spared.'

'May we show it to him, mother?' said Jock. 'I should think he was quite to be trusted with it. I see! I was reading an account of this method of his to Dr. Lucas one day, and he was much interested and tried to tell me something about my father; but it was after his speech had grown imperfect, and he was so much excited and distressed that I had to lead him away from the subject.'

'Yes, Dr. Lucas's incredulity made all the difference. How old is Dr. Ruthven, John?'

'A little over forty, I should say. He may have been a pupil of my uncle's.'

After a little more consultation it was decided that John should write to Dr. Ruthven that his cousin had some papers of his father's which he thought the Doctor might like to see, and that they would bring them if he would make an appointment.

And so the *Magnum Bonum* was no longer a secret, a burden, and a charge !

It was not easy to tell whether she who had so long been its depository felt the more lightened or disappointed. She had reckoned more than she knew upon the honour of the discovery being connected with the name of Brownlow, and she could not quite surmount the feeling that Dr. Ruthven had somehow robbed her husband, though her better sense accepted and admired the young men's argument that such discoveries were common property, and that the benefit to the world was the same.

Allen was a good deal struck when he understood the matter. He said it explained a good deal to him which the others had been too young to observe or remember both in the old home and afterwards.

'One wonderful part of it is how you kept the secret, and Janet too !' he said. 'And you must often have been sorely tempted. I remember being amused at your disappointment and her indignation when I said I didn't see why a man was bound to be a doctor because his father was before him ; and I suppose if Bobus or I had taken to it, this Ruthven need not have been beforehand with us !'

'It would have been transgressing the conditions to hold it out to you.'

'I don't imagine I could have done it any way,' said Allen, sighing. 'I never can enter into the taste the others have for that style of thing ; but Bobus might have succeeded. You must have expected it of him, at the time when he and I used to laugh at what we thought was a monomania on your part for our taking up medical science as a tribute to our father, when we did not need it as a provision.'

'You see, if any of you had taken up the study from pure philanthropy, as some people do—well, at any rate in George Macdonald's novels—it would have been the very qualification. But I had little hope from the time that the fortune came. I dreamt the first night that Midas had turned the whole of you to gold statues, and that I was wandering about like the Princess Paribanou to find the *Magnum Bonum* to disenchant you.'

'It has come pretty true,' said Allen thoughtfully. 'That inheritance did us all a great deal of mischief.'

'And it took a greater *magnum bonum*, a *maximum bonum* to disenchant us,' said Armine.

'Which I fear did not come from me,' said his mother ; 'and I am

most grateful to the dear people who applied it to you. I wish I saw my way to the disenchantment of the other two !'

'I suppose you quite despaired till John took his turn in that direction,' said Allen. 'Bobus could really have done better than any of us, I fancy, but he would not have fulfilled the religious condition, as a *sine quid non*.'

'Bobus is not really cleverer than Jock,' said Armine.

'Yet the Skipjack seemed the most improbable one of all,' said his mother. 'I wish he were not deprived of it, after all !'

'Perhaps he is not,' said Armine. 'He told me he had been comparing the MS. notes with Dr. Ruthven's published paper, and he thought my father saw farther into the capabilities.'

'Well, he will do right with it. I am thankful to leave it in such hands as his and the Monk's.'

'Then it was this,' continued Allen, 'that was the key to poor Janet's history. I suppose she hoped to qualify herself when she was madly set on going to Zurich.'

'Though I told her I could never commit it to her ; but she knew just enough to make that wretched man fancy it a sort of quack secret, and he managed to persuade her that he had real ability to pursue the discovery for her. Poor Janet ! it has been no *magnum bonum* to her, I fear. If I could only know where she is.'

A civil, but not a very eager note came in reply to John from Dr. Ruthven, making the appointment, but so dispassionately that he might fairly be supposed to expect little from the interview.

However, they came home more than satisfied. Perhaps in the interim Dr. Ruthven had learnt what manner of young men they were, and the honours they had won, for he had received them very kindly, and had told them how a conversation with Joseph Brownlow had put him on the scent of what he had since gradually and experimentally worked out, and so fully proved to himself, that he had begun treatment on that basis, and with success, though he had only as yet brought a portion of his fellow physicians to accept his system.

Lucas had then explained as much as was needful, and shown him the notes. He read with increasing eagerness, and presently they saw his face light up, and with his finger on the passage they had expected, he said—

'This is just what I wanted. Why did I not think of it before !' and asked permission to copy the passage.

Then he urged the publication of the notes in some medical journal, showing true and generous anxiety that honour should be given where honour was due, and that his system should have the support of a name not yet forgotten. Further, he told his visitors that they would hear from him soon, and altogether they came home so much gratified that the mother began to lose her sense of being forestalled. She was hard at work in her own way on a set of models for dinner-table

ornaments which had been ordered. 'Pot-boilers' had, unfortunately, much more success than the imaginary groups she enjoyed.

Therefore she stayed at home and only sent her young people on a commission to bring her as many varieties of foliage and seed-vessels as they could, when Jock and Armine spent this first holiday of waiting in setting forth with Babie to get a regular good country walk, grumbling horribly that she would not accompany them.

She was deep in the moulding of a branch of chestnut, which carried her back to the first time she had seen such prickly clusters, on that day of opening Paradise at Richmond, with Joe by her side, then still Mr. Brownlow to her, Joe, who had seemed so much closer to her side in these last few days. The Colonel might call Armine the most like Joe, and say that Jock almost absurdly recalled her own soldier-father, Captain Allen, but to her, Jock always the most brought back her husband's words and ways, in a hundred little gestures and predilections, and she had still to struggle with her sense of injury that he should not be the foremost.

The maid came up with two cards : Dr. and Mrs. Ruthven. This was speedy, and Caroline had to take off her brown holland apron and wash her hands, while Emma composed her cap, in haste and not very good will, for she could not but think them her natural enemies, though she was ready to beat herself for being so small and nasty 'when they could not help it, poor things.'

However, Mrs. Ruthven turned out to be a pleasant lively *table-d'hôte* acquaintance of six or seven years ago in her maiden days, and her doctor an agreeable Scotsman, who told Mrs. Brownlow that he had been here on several evenings in former days, and did not seem at all hurt that she did not remember him. He seemed disappointed that neither of the young men was at home, and inquired whether they had anything in view. 'Not definitely,' she said, and she spoke of some of the various counsels Dr. Medlicott and others had given them.

In the midst she heard that peculiar dash with which the Fordham carriage always announced itself. Little Esther might be ever so much a Viscountess but would she ever cease to be shy ? In spite of her increasing beauty and grace, she was not a success in society, for the ladies said she was slow ; she had no conversation, and no dash or rattle to make up for it, and nothing would ever teach her to like strangers. They were only so many disturbances in the way of her enjoyment of her husband and her baby ; and when she could not have the former to go out driving with her, she always came and besought for the company of Aunt Caroline and Babie ; above all, when she had any shopping to do. She knew it was very foolish, but she could never be happy in encountering shop people, and she wanted strong support and protection to prevent herself from being made a lay figure by urgent dressmakers. Her home only gave her help and company on great occasions, for Eleanor persisted in objecting

to fine people, was determined against attracting another guardsman, and privately desired her sister to abstain from inviting her. Essie was aware that this was all for the sake of a certain curate at St. Kenelm's, and left Essie to carry out her plan of passive resistance, becoming thus the more dependent on her aunt's family.

In she came, too graceful and courteous for strangers to detect the shock their presence gave her, but much relieved to see them depart. Her husband was on guard, and she had a whole list of commissions for mamma, which would be much better executed without him. Moreover, baby must have a new pelisse and hat for the country, and might not she have little stockings and shoes, in case she should want to walk before the return to London?

As little Alice was but four months old, and her father's leave was only for three months, this did not seem a very probable contingency, but Mother Carey was always ready for shopping. She had never quite outgrown the delight of the change from being a penniless school girl, casting wistful fleeting glances at the windows where happier maidens might enter and purchase.

Then there was to be a great review in two' days time, Cecil would be with his regiment, and Esther wanted the whole family to go with her, lunch with the officers, and have a thorough holiday. Cecil had sent a message that Jock must come to have the cobwebs swept out of his brain, and see his old friends before he got into harness again. It was a well-earned holiday, as Mother Carey felt, accepting it with eager pleasure, for all who could come, though John's power of so doing must be doubtful, and there was little chance of a day being granted to Allen.

In going out with her niece, Caroline's eye had fallen on an envelope among the cards on the hall table, ambiguously addressed to 'J. Brownlow, Esq., M.B.,' and on her return home she was met at the door by Jock with a letter in his hand.

'So Dr. Ruthven has been here,' he said, drawing her into the consulting-room.

'Yes. I like him rather. He seems to wish to make any amends in his power.'

'Amends! you dear old ridiculous mother! Do you call this amends?' holding up the letter. 'He says now this discovery is getting known and he has a name for the sort of case, his practice is outgrowing him, and he wants some one to work with him who may be up to this particular matter, and all he has heard of us convinces him that he cannot do better than propose it to whichever of us has no other designs.'

'Very right and proper of him. It is the only thing he can do. I suppose it would be the making of one of you. Ah!' as she glanced over the letter. 'He gives the preference to you.'

'He was bound to do that, but I think he would prefer the Monk. I wonder whether you care very much about my accepting the offer.'

'Would this house be too far off?'

'I don't know his plans enough to tell. That was not what I was thinking of, but of what it would save *her*. Essie said she was not looking well; and no doubt waiting is telling on her, just as her mother always feared it would.'

'John has not had the forbearance you have shown!'

'That is all circumstance. There was the saving her life, and afterwards the being on the spot when she was tormented about the other affair. He has no notion of having cut me out, and I trust he never will.'

'No, I do him that justice.'

'Then he has the advantage of me every way, out and out in looks and University training; and it was to him that Ruthven first took a fancy.'

'You surpassed him in your essay, and in——'

'Oh, yes, yes,' interrupted Jock hastily, 'but you see work was my refuge. I had nothing to call me off. Besides, I have my share of your brains, instead of her Serenity's; but that's all the more reason, if you would listen to me. Depend upon it, Ruthven, if he knew all, would much prefer the connection John would have, and *she* would bring means to set up directly.'

'I suppose you will have it so,' replied she, looking up to him affectionately.

'I should like it,' he said. 'It is the one thing for them, and waiting might do her infinite harm; the dear old Monk deserves it every way. Remember how it all turned on his desperate race. If your comfort depended on my taking it, that would come first.'

'Oh, no.'

'But there is sure to turn up plenty of other work without leaving you,' he continued. 'I don't fancy getting involved in West-end practice among swells, and not being independent. I had rather see whether I can't work out this principle further, devoting myself to reading up for it, and getting more hospital experience to go upon.'

'I daresay that is quite right. I know it is like your father, and indeed I shall be quite content however you decide. Only might it not be well to see how it strikes John, before you absolutely make it over to him?'

'You are trying to be prudent against the grain, Mother Carey.'

'Trying to see it like your uncle. Yes, exactly as if I were trying to forestall his calling me his good little sister.'

'I don't know what he would call me,' said Jock, 'for at the bottom is a feeling that after reading my father's words, I had rather not, if I can help it, begin immediately to make all that material advantage out of "Magnum Bonum" as you call it.'

'Well, my dear, do as you think right; I trust it all to you. It is sure to turn out the right sort of "Magnum Bonum" to you—'

The Monk's characteristic ring at the bell was heard, and the letter was, without loss of time, committed to him, while both mother and son watched him as he gathered up the sense.

'Well, this is jolly!' was his first observation. 'Downright handsome of Ruthven!' and then, as the colour rose a little in his face, 'Just the thing for you, Jock, home work, which is exactly what you want.'

'I'm not sure about that,' said Jock; 'I don't want to get into that kind of practice just yet. It is fitter for a family man.'

'And who is a family man if you are not?' said John. 'Wasn't it the very cause of your taking this line?'

'There's a popular prejudice in favour of wives, rather than mothers,' said Jock. 'I should have said you were more likely to fulfil the conditions.'

'Oh!' and there was a sound in that exclamation that belied the sequel, 'that's just nonsense! The offer is to you primarily, and it is your duty to take it.'

'I had much rather you did, and so had Dr. Ruthven. I want more time for study and experience, and have set my heart on some scientific appointment—'

'Come now, my good fellow—why, what are you laughing at?'

'Because you are such a good imitation of your father, my dear Johnny,' said his aunt.

'It is just what my father would say,' returned John, taking this as a high compliment; 'it would be very foolish of Lucas to give up a certainty for this just because of his Skipjack element, which doesn't want to get into routine harness. Now, don't you think so, Mother Carey?'

'If I thought it *was* the Skipjack element,' she said, smiling.

'If it is not,' he said, the colour now spreading all over his face, 'I am all the more bound not to let him give up all his prospects in life.'

'All my prospects! My dear Monk, do you think they don't go beyond a brougham, and unlimited staircases?'

'I only know,' cried John, nettled into being a little off his guard, 'that what you despise would be all the world to me!'

The admission was hailed triumphantly, but the Kencroft nature was too resolute, and the individual conscience too generous, to be brought round to accept the sacrifice, which John estimated at the value of the importance it was to himself, viewing what was real in Lucas's distaste as mere erratic folly which ought to be argued down. Finally, when the argument had gone round into at least its fiftieth circle, Mother Carey declared that she would have no more of it. Lucas should write a note to Dr. Ruthven, accepting his proposal for one or

other of them, and promising that he should know which, in the course of a few days; so that John, if he chose, could write to his father or *any one* else. Meantime there was to be no allusion to 'the raid of Ruthven' till the day of the review was over. It was to be put entirely off the tongue, if not out of the head!

And the two young doctors were weary enough of the subject to rejoice in obedience to her.

The day was perfect except that poor Allen was pinned fast by his tyrant. All the others gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the moment. They understood the sham fight, and recognised all the corps, with Jock as their cicerone, they had a good place at the marching past, and Esther had the crowning delight of an excellent view of Captain Viscount Fordham with his company, and at the luncheon, Jock received an absolutely affectionate welcome from his old friends, who made as much of his mother and sister for his sake, as they did of the lovely Lady Fordham for her husband's, finding them, moreover, much more easy to get on with.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE TRUANT.

'THERE is a young lady in the drawing-room, ma'am,' said the maid, looking rather puzzled and uncertain, on the return of the party from the review.

'A stranger? How could you let her in?' said John.

At that moment a face appeared at the top of the stairs, a face set in the rich golden auburn that all knew so well, and half way up, Mrs. Brownlow was clasped by a pair of arms, and there was a cry, 'Mother Carey, Mother Carey, I'm come home!'

'Elvira! my dear child! When—how did you come?'

'From the station, in a cab. I made her let me in, but I thought you were never coming back. Where's Allen?'

'Allen will come in by and by,' said the astonished Mother Carey, who had been dragged into the drawing-room, where Elvira embraced Babie, and grasped the hands of the others.

'Oh, it is so nice,' she cried, then nestling back to Mother Carey.

'But where did you come from, are you alone?'

'Yes, quite alone. Janet would not come with me after all.'

'Janet, my dear! Where is she?'

'Oh, not here—at Saratoga, or at New York. I thought she was coming with me, but when the steamer sailed she was not there, only there was a note pinned to my berth. I meant to have brought it, but it got lost somehow.'

'Where did you see her?'

'At the photographer's at Saratoga. I should never have come if she had not helped me, but she said she knew you would take me home,

and she wrote and took my passage and all. She said if I did not find you, Mr. Wakefield would know where you were, but I did so want to get home to you! Please, may I take off my things; I don't want to be such a fright when Allen comes in.'

It was all very mysterious, but Elvira must be much altered indeed if her narrative did not come out in an utterly complicated and detached manner. She was altered certainly, for she clung most affectionately to Mother Carey and Barbara, when they took her up stairs. She had a little travelling bag with her; the rest of her luggage would be sent from the station, she supposed, for she had taken no heed to it. She did so want to get home.

'I did feel so hungry for you, Mother Carey. Mother, Janet said you would forgive me, and I thought if you were ever so angry, it would be *true*, and that would be nicer than Lisette, and, indeed, it was not so much my doing as Lisette's.'

Whatever 'it' was, Mother Carey had no hesitation in replying that she had no doubt it was Lisette's fault.

'You see,' continued Elvira, 'I never meant anything but to plague Allen a little at first. You know he had always been so tiresome and jealous, and always teased me when I wanted any fun—at least I thought so, and I did want to have my swing before he called me engaged to him again. I told Jock so, but then Lisette and Lady Flora, and old Lady Clanmacnalty went on telling me that you knew the money was mine all the time, and that it was only an accident that it came out before I was married.'

'Oh, Elvira! you could not have thought anything so wicked,' cried Babie.

'They all went on so, and made so sure,' said Elvira, hanging her head, 'and I never did know the real way the will was found till Janet told me. Babie, if you had heard Lady Clanmacnalty clear her throat when people talked about the will being found you would have believed she knew better than any one.'

So it was. The girl, weak in character, and far from sensible, full of self-importance and puffed up with her inheritance, had been easily blinded and involved in the web that the artful Lisette had managed to draw round her. She had been totally alienated from her old friends, and by force of reiteration had been brought to think them guilty of defrauding her. In truth, she was kept in a whirl of gaiety and amusement with little power of realising her situation till the breach had grown too wide for the feeble will of a helpless being like her to cross it. Though she had flirted extensively she had never felt capable of accepting any one of her suitors, and in these refusals she had been assisted by Lisette, who wanted to secure her for her brother, but thanks to warnings from Mr. Wakefield and her husband's sense of duty, durst not do so before she was of age.

Elvira's one wish had been to visit San Ildefonso again. She had a

strong yearning towards the lovely island home which she gilded in recollection with all the trails of glory that shine around the objects of our childish affections. Lisette always promised to take her, but found excuses for delay in the refitting of the yacht, while she kept the party wandering over Europe in the resorts of second-rate English residents. No doubt she wished to make the most of the enjoyments she could obtain, as Elvira's chaperon and guardian, before resigning her even to her brother. At last the gambling habits into which her husband fell, for lack, poor man, of any other employment, had alarmed her, and she permitted her party to embark in the yacht where Gilbert Gould acted as captain.

They reached the island. It had become a coaling station. The bay where she remembered exquisite groves coming down to the white beach was a wharf, ringing with the discordant shouts of negroes and cries of sailors. The old nurse was dead, and fictitious foster brothers and sisters were constantly turning up with extravagant claims.

'Oh, I longed never to have come,' said Elvira; 'and then I began to get homesick, but they would not let me come!'

No doubt Lisette had feared the revival of the Brownlow influence if her charge were once in England, for she had raised every obstacle to a return. Poor Gould and his niece had both looked forward to Elvira's coming of age as necessarily bringing them to England, but her uncle's health had suffered from the dissipation he had found his only resource. Liquor had become his consolation in the life to which he was condemned, and in the hotels of America it was only too easily attainable.

His death deprived Elvira of the last barrier to the attempts of an unscrupulous woman, who was determined not to let her escape. Elvira's longing to return home made her spread her toils closer. She kept her moving from one fashionable resort to another, still attended by Gilbert, who was beginning to grow impatient to secure his prize.

'How I hated it,' said Elvira. 'I knew she was false and cruel by that time, but it was just like being in a trap between them. I loathed them more and more, but I couldn't get away.'

Nurtured as she had been, she was helpless and ignorant about the commonest affairs of life, and the sight of American independence never inspired her with the idea of breaking the bondage in which she was spellbound. Still, she shrank back with instinctive horror from every advance of Gilbert's, and at last, to pique her, Lisette brought forward the intelligence that Allen Brownlow was married.

The effect must have surprised them, for Elvira turned on her aunt in one of those fits of passion which sometimes siezed her, accused her vehemently of having poisoned the happiness of her life, and taken her from the only man she could ever love. She said and threatened all sorts of desperate things; and then the poor child, exhausted by her

own violence, collapsed, and let herself be cowed and terrified in her turn by her aunt's vulgar sneers and cold determination. Yet still she held out against the marriage.

'I told him it would be wicked,' she said. 'And when I went to Church, all the Psalms and everything said it would be wicked. Then Lisette said it was wicked to love a married man, and I said I didn't know, I couldn't help it, but it would be more wicked to vow I would love a man whom I hated, and should hate more every day of my life. Then they said I might have a civil marriage, and not vow anything at all, and I told them that would seem to me no better than not being married at all. Oh! I was very very miserable!'

'Had you no one to consult or help you, my poor child?'

'They watched me so, and whenever I was making friends with any nice American girl they always rattled me off somewhere else. I never did understand before what people meant when they talked about God being their only Friend, but I knew it then, for I had none at all, none else. And I did not think He would help me, for now I knew I had been hard, and horrid and nasty and cruel to you and Allen, the only people who ever cared for me for myself, and not for my horrid, horrid money, though I was the nastiest little wretch. Oh! Mother Carey, I did know it then, and I got quite sick with longing for one honest kiss—or even one honest scolding of yours. I used to cry all Church-time, and they used to try not to let me go—and I felt just like the children of Israel in Egypt, as if I had got into heavy bondage and the land of captivity. O do speak and let me hear your voice once more! Your arm is so comfortable.'

Still it seemed that Elvira had resisted till another attempt was made. While she was at a boarding-house on the Hudson, a large pic-nic party was arranged, in which, after American fashion, gentlemen took ladies 'to ride' in their traps to and from the place of rendezvous. In returning, of course it had been as easy as possible for her chaperon to contrive that she should be left alone with no cavalier but Gilbert Gould, and he of course pretended to lose his way, drove on till night-fall, and then judgmatically met with an accident, which hurt nobody, but which, he declared, made the carriage incapable of proceeding.

After walking what Elvira fancied half the night, shelter was found in a hospitable farmhouse, where the people were wakened with difficulty. They took care of the benighted wanderers, and the farmer drove them back to the hotel the next morning in his own waggon. They were received by Mrs. Gould with great demonstrations both of affection, pity, and dismay, and she declared that the affair had been so shocking and compromising that it was impossible to stay where they were. She made Elvira take her meals in her room rather than face the boarding-house company, paid the bills (all of course with Elvira's money), and carried her off to the Saratoga Springs, having taken good

care not to allow her a minute's conversation with any one who would have told her that the freedom of American manners would make an adventure like hers be thought of no consequence at all.

The poor girl herself was assured by Mrs. Gould that this 'unhappy escapade' left her no alternative but a marriage with Gilbert. She would otherwise never be able to show her face again, for even if the affair were hushed up, reports would fly, and Mrs. Lisette took care they should fly, by ominous shakes of the head, and whispered confidences such as made the steadier portion of the Saratoga community avoid her, and brought her insolent attention from fast young men. It was this, and a cold 'What can you expect?' from Lisette, that finally broke down her defences, and made her permit the Goulds to make known that she was engaged to Gilbert.

Had they seized their prey at that moment of shame and despair, they would have secured it, but their vanity or their self-esteem made them wish to wash off the mire they had cast, or to conceal it by such magnificence at the wedding as should outdo Fifth Avenue. The English heiress must have a wedding-dress that would figure in the papers, and, even in the States, be fabulously splendid. It must come from Paris, and it must be waited for. All the bridesmaids were to have splendid pearl lockets containing coloured miniature photograph portraits of the beautiful bride, who for her part was utterly broken-hearted. 'I thought God had forgotten me, because I deserved it; and I only hoped I might die, for I knew what the sailors said of Gilbert.'

Listless and indifferent, she let her tyrants do what they would with her, and it was in Gilbert's company that she first saw Janet at the photographer's. Fortunately he had never seen Miss Brownlow, and Elvira had grown much too cautious to betray recognition; but the vigilance had been relaxed since the avowal of the engagement, and the colouring of the photographs from the life, was a process so wearisome, that no one cared to attend the sitter, and Elvira could go and come, alone and unquestioned.

So it was that she threw herself upon Janet. Whatever had been their relations in their girlhood, each was to the other the remnant of the old home and of better days, and in their stolen interviews they met like sisters. Janet knew as little as Elvira did of her own family, rather less indeed, but she declared Mrs. Gould's horror about the expedition with Gilbert to have been pure dissimulation, and soon enabled Elvira to prove to herself that it had been a concerted trick. In America it would go for nothing. Even in England, so mere an accident (even if it had really been an accident) would not tell against her. But then, Elvira hopelessly said Allen was married!

Again Janet was incredulous, and when she found that Elvira had never seen the letter in which Kate Gould was supposed to have sent the information, and knew it only upon Lisette's assertion, she declared

it to be probably a fabrication. Why not telegraph? So in Elvira's name and at her expense, but with the address given to Janet's abode, the telegram was sent to Mr. Wakefield's office, and in a few hours the reply had come back: 'Allen Brownlow not married, nor likely to be.'

There was no doubt now of the web of falsehood that had entangled the poor girl; but she would probably have been too inert and helpless to break through it, save for her energetic cousin, who nerved her to escape from the life of utter misery that lay before her. What was to hinder her from setting off by the train, and going at once home to England by the steamer? There was no doubt that Mrs. Brownlow would forgive and welcome her; or even if that hope failed her, Mr. Wakefield was bound to take care of her. She had a house of her own standing empty for her, and the owner of 40,000*l.* a year need never be at a loss.

Had she enough money accessible to pay for a first-class passage? Yes, amply even for two. She had always been so passive and incapable of all matters of arrangement, that Mrs. Gould had never thought it worth while to keep watch over her possession of 'the nerves and sinews of war,' being indeed unwilling to rouse her attention to the fact that she was paying the by no means moderate expenses of both her tyrants.

Janet found out all about the hours, secured—as Elvira thought—two first-class berths, met her when she crept like a guilty thing out of the hotel at New York, took her to the station, went with her to an outfitter to be supplied with necessaries for the voyage, for she had been obliged to abandon everything but a few valuables in her hand-bag, and saw her safely on board, introduced her to some kind friendly English people, then on some excuse of seeing the steward, left her, as Elvira found, to make the voyage alone!

It turned out that Janet had spoken to the gentleman of this party, and explained that her young cousin was going home alone, asking him to protect her on landing; and that she had come to London with them and been there put into a cab, giving the old address to Collingwood Street, where with much difficulty she had prevailed on the maid to let her in to await the return of the family.

Nothing so connected as this history came to the ears of Mrs. Brownlow or her children. That evening they only heard fragments, much more that was utterly irrelevant, and much that was inexplicable, all interspersed with inquiries and caresses and intent listening for Allen. Elvira might not have acquired brains, but she had gained in sweetness and affection. The face had lost its soulless, painted-doll expression, and she was evidently happy beyond all measure to be among those she could love and trust, sitting on a footstool by Mrs. Brownlow's knee, leaning against her, and now and then murmuring: 'O Mother Carey, how I have longed for you!'

She was not free from the fear that Lisette and Gilbert could still 'do something to her,' but the Johns made large assurances of defence, and Mr. Wakefield was to be called in the next day. It must be confessed that everybody rather enjoyed the notion of the pair left at Saratoga with all their hotel bills to pay, and the wedding dress on their hands, but Elvira knew they had enough to clear them for the week, and only hoped it was not enough to enable them to follow her.

Fragments of all this came out in the course of the evening. Allen did not come home to dinner, and the other young men left the coast clear for confidences, which were uttered in the intervals of listening, till after all her excitement, her landing, and her journey, Elvira was so tired out that she had actually dropped asleep, with her head on Mother Carey's knee, when his soft weary step came up the stairs, and perceiving, as he entered, that there was a hush over the room, he did not speak. Babie looked up from her work with an amused smile of infinite congratulation. There was a glance from his mother. Then, as Babie put it, the Prince saw the Sleeping Beauty, and, with a strange, long, half-strangled gasp and clasped hands, went down on one knee. At that very moment Elvira stirred, opened her eyes, put her hand over them, bewildered, as if thinking herself dreaming, then with a sort of shriek of joy, flung herself towards him, as he held out his arms with 'My darling!'

'O Allen, can you forgive me? And oh! do marry me before they can come after me!'

So much Mother Carey and Babie heard before they could remove themselves from the scene, which they felt ought to be a *tête-à-tête*. They shut the lovers in. Babie said, 'Undine has found a heart, at least,' and then they began to piece out the story by conjecture, and they then discovered how little they had really learnt about Janet. They supposed that the Hermanns must be living and practising at Saratoga, and in that case it was no wonder she could not come home, the only strange thing was Elvira's expecting it. Besides, why had not Mrs. Gould taken alarm at the name, and why was her husband never mentioned? Was there no message from her? Most likely there was, in the note that was lost, and moreover, Elvira might be improved, but she was Elvira still, and had room for very little besides herself in her mind's eye.

They must wait to examine her till these first raptures had subsided, and in the meantime, Caroline wrote a telegram to go as early as possible to Mr. Wakefield. It showed a guilty conscience that Mrs. Gould should not have telegraphed to him Elvira's flight.

When at last Mrs. Brownlow held that the interview must come to an end, and with preliminary warning, opened the door, there they were, with clasped hands, such as Elvira had never endured since she was a mere child! Allen looking almost too blissful for this world, and Elvira with eyes glistening with tears as she cried, 'O Mother

Carey, you never told me how altered he was, I never knew how horrible I had been till I saw how ill he looks ! What can we do for him ?'

'You are doing everything, my darling,' said Allen.

'He of course thinks her as irresponsible as if she had been hanging up by the hair all this time in a giant's larder,' whispered Babie to Armine.

But Elvira was really unhappy about the worn, faded air that made Allen look much older than his twenty-nine years warranted. The poor girl's nerves proved to have been much disturbed ; she besought Barbara to sleep with her, and was haunted by fears of pursuit and capture, and Gilbert claiming her after all. She kept on starting, clutching at Babie, and requiring to be soothed till far on into the night, and then she slept so soundly that no one had the heart to wake her. Indeed it was her first real peaceful repose since her flight had been planned, nor did she come down till half-past ten, just when Mr. Wakefield drove up to the door, and Jock had taken pity on Allen, and set forth to undertake Sir Samuel for the day.

Mr. Wakefield was the less surprised at the sight of the young lady, having been somewhat prepared by her telegraphic inquiry about Allen, which he had kept to himself, thinking it wise not to raise unsettling hopes.

There was a great consultation. Elvira was not in the least shy, and only wanted to be safely Mrs. Allen Brownlow before the Goulds should arrive, as she expected, in the next steamer to pursue her *vi et armis*. If it had depended on her, she would have sent Allen for a special licence, and been married in her travelling dress that very day. Mr. Wakefield, solicitor as he was, was quite ready for speed. He had always viewed the marriage with Allen Brownlow as a simple act of restitution, and the trust made settlements needless. Still he did not apprehend any danger from the Goulds, when he found that Elvira had never written a note to Gilbert in her life. Nay, he thought that if they even threatened any annoyance, they had given cause enough to have a prosecution for conspiracy held over them in wholesome terror.

And considering all the circumstances, Mrs. Brownlow and Allen were alike determined against undignified haste. Miss Menella ought to be married from among her own kindred, and from her own house ; but this was not easy to manage ; for poor Mary Whiteside and her husband, though very worthy, were not exactly the people to enact parents in such a house as Belforest ; and Mrs. Brownlow could see why she herself should not, though Elvira could not think why she objected. At last the idea was started that the fittest persons were Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield. The latter was a thorough lady, pleasant and sensible. The only doubt was whether so very quiet a woman could be asked to undertake such an affair, and her husband took leave,

that he might consult her and see whether she could bring herself to be mother for the nonce to the wild heiress, of whom his family were wont to talk with horrified compassion.

When he was gone, it was possible to come to the examination upon Janet for which Mother Carey had been so anxious. How was she looking?

'Oh! so old, and worn and thin. I never should have guessed it was Janet, if I had not caught her eye, and then I knew her eyebrows and nose, because they are just like Allen's,—and her voice sounded so like home that I was ready to cry, only I did not dare, as Gilbert was there.'

'I wonder they did not take alarm at her name.'

'I don't imagine they ever heard it?'

'Not when she was living there? Was not her husband practising?'

'Her husband! Oh no, I never heard anything about him. I thought you knew I found her at the photographer's?'

'Met her as a sitter?'

'Oh dear, no! I thought you understood. It was she that was doing my picture. She finishes up all his miniature photographs.'

'My dear Elvira, do you really mean that my poor Janet is supporting herself in that way?'

'Yes, indeed I do; that was why I made sure she would have come home with me. I was so dreadfully disappointed when I found only her note.'

'And are you sure you have quite lost it?'

'Yes, I turned out every corner of my bag this morning to look for it. I am so sorry, but I was so ill and so wretched, that I could not take care of anything. I just wonder how I lived through the voyage, all alone.'

'Was there no message? Nothing for me?'

'Yes, I have recollected it now, or some of it. She said she durst not go home, or ask anything of you, after the way she had offended. Oh! I wonder how she could send me, for I know I was worse.'

'But what did she say?' said Caroline, too anxious to listen to Elvira's own confessions. 'Was there nothing for me?'

'Yes; she said, "Tell her that I have learnt by the bitterest of all experience the pain I have given her, and the wrong I have done!" Then there was something about being so utterly past forgiveness that she could not come to ask it. Oh, don't cry so, Mother Carey, we can write and get her back, and I will send her the passage money.'

'Ah! yes, write!' cried out the mother, starting up. '"When he was yet a great way off." Ah! why could she not remember that? But as she sat down to her table, "You know her address?"'

'Yes, certainly, I went to her lodgings once or twice; such a little bit of a room up so many stairs.'

'And you did not hear how that man, her husband died?'

'I don't know whether he is dead,' said this most unsatisfactory informant. 'She does not wear black, nor a cap, and I am almost sure that he has run away from her, and that is the reason she cannot use her own name.'

'Elfie!'

'Oh, I thought you knew! She calls herself Mrs. Harte. She took my passage in that name, and that must be why my things have never come. Yes, I asked her why she did not set up for a lady doctor, and she said it was impossible that she could venture on showing her certificates or using her name—either his or hers.'

That was in the main all that could be extracted from Elvira, though it was brought out again and again in all sorts of forms. It was plain that Janet had been very reticent in all that regarded herself, and Elvira had only had stolen interviews, very full of her own affairs, and besides, had supposed Janet to intend to return with her. Both wrote, Elfie, to announce her safety, and Caroline, an incoherent, imploring, forgiving letter, such as only a mother could write, before they went out to supply Elvira's lack of garments, and to procure the order for the sum needed for Janet's passage. Caroline was glad they had gone independently, for on their return, Babie reported to her that her little Ladyship was so wroth with Elfie as to wonder at them for receiving her so affectionately. It was very forgiving of them, but she should never forget the way in which poor Allen had been treated.

'I told Essie,' said Babie, 'that was the way she once talked about Cecil, and you should have seen her face! She wonders that Allen has not more spirit, and indeed, mother, I do rather wish Elfie could have come back with nothing but her little bag, so that he could have shown it would have been all the same.'

'A comfortable life they would have had, poor things, in that case,' laughed her mother, 'though I agree that it would have been prettier. But I don't trouble myself about that, my dear. You know, in all equity, Allen ought to have a share in that property. It was only the old man's caprice that made it all or none; and Elvira is only doing what is right and just.'

'And Allen's love was a real thing, when he was the rich one. So I told Essie; and besides, Allen would never make any hand of poverty, poor fellow.'

'I think and hope he will make a much better hand of riches than he would have done without all he has gone through,' said her mother.

Allen showed the same feeling when he could talk his prospects over quietly with his mother. These four years had altered him at least as much for the better as Elfie. He would not now begin in thoughtless self-indulgence, refined indeed and never vicious, but selfish, extravagant, and heedless of all but ease, pleasure, and culture. Some of the enervation of his youth had really worn off, though it had so long made him morbid, and he had learnt humility by his failures.

Above all, however, his intercourse with Fordham had opened his eyes to a sense of the duties of wealth and position, such as he had never before acquired, and the religious habits that had insensibly grown upon him were tincturing his views of life and responsibility.

It was painful to him to realise that he was returning to wealth and luxury, indeed, monopolising it—he the helpless, undeserving, indolent son, while all the others, and especially his mother, were left to poverty.

Elfie wanted Mother Carey and all to make their home at Belforest, and still be one family as of old. Indeed, she hung on Mother Carey even more than upon Allen, after her long famine from the motherly tenderness that she had once so little appreciated.

Of such an amalgamation, however, Mrs. Brownlow would not hear, nor would she listen to a proposal of settling on her a yearly income, such as would dispense with economy, and with the manufacture of 'potboilers.'

No, she said, she was a perverse woman, and she had never been so happy as when living on her husband's earnings. The period of education being over, she had a full sufficiency, and should only meddle with clay again for her own pleasure. She was beginning already a set of dining-table ornaments for a wedding present, representing the early part of the story of Undine. Babie knew why, if nobody else did. Perhaps she should one of these days mould a similar set for Sydney, of the crusaders of Jotapata ! Then Allen bethought him of putting into Elvira's head to beg at least to undertake Armine's expenses at the theological college for a year, and to this she consented thankfully. Armine had been thinking of offering himself as Allen's successor for a year with Sir Samuel ; but two days' experience as substitute convinced him that Allen was right in declaring that my Lady would be the death of him. Lucas could manage her, and kept her well-behaved and even polite, but Armine was so young and so deferential that she treated him even worse than she did her first victim ! She had begun by insisting on a quarter's notice or the forfeiture of the salary, as long as she thought 25*l.* was of vital importance to Allen, but as soon as she discovered that the young lady was a great heiress, she became most unedifyingly civil, called in great state in Collingwood Street, and went about boasting of having patronised a sort of prince in disguise.

Meantime, Dr. Ruthven's offer seemed left in abeyance. Colonel Brownlow had all his son's scruples, and more than his indignation at Lucas's folly in hesitating ; and John was so sure that he ought not to accept the proposal, that he would not stir in the matter, nor mention it to Sydney. At last Lucas acted on his own responsibility, and had an interview with Dr. Ruthven, in which he declined the offer for himself, but made it known that his cousin was not only brother to the beautiful Lady Fordham who had been met in Collingwood Street,

but was engaged to Lord Fordham's sister. At which connection the fashionable physician rubbed his hands with so much glee, that Jock was the more glad not to have to hunt in couples with him.

The magnificent wedding-dress had been stopped by telegram, just as it was packed for New York, and was despatched to Belforest. Mrs. Wakefield undertook the task imposed upon her, and the wedding was to be grand enough to challenge attention, and not be liable to the accusation of being done in a corner. It might be called hasty, for only a month would have passed since Elvira's arrival, before her wedding-day; but this was by her own earnest wish. She made it no secret that she should never cease to be nervous till she was Allen Brownlow's wife, even though a letter to her cousins at River Hollow had removed all fear of pursuit by Mrs. Gould. She seemed bent on remaining at New York, and complained loudly of 'the ungrateful girl,' whose personal belongings she retained by way of compensation.

It would have been too much to expect that Elvira should be a wise and clever woman, but she had really learnt to be an affectionate one, and in the 'school of adversity had parted with much of her selfish petulance and arrogance. Allen, whose love had always been blindly tender, more like a woman's or a parent's love than that of an ordinary lover, was rapturous at the response he at last received. At the same time, he knew her too well to expect from her intellectual companionship, and would be quite content with what she could give.

They were both of them chastened and elevated in tone by their five years' discipline.

The night before the party went down to Belforest, where they were to meet the Evelyns, Allen lingered with his mother after all the rest had gone up stairs.

'Mother,' he said, 'I have thought a great deal of that dream of yours. I hope that the touch of Midas may not be baneful this time.'

'I trust not, my dear; you have had a taste of the stern, rugged nurse.'

'And, mother, I know I failed egregiously where the others rose.'

'But you were rising.'

'Then you will let me do nothing for you, and I feel myself sneak into your inheritance, to the exclusion of all the rest, in a back door sort of way.'

'My dear Allen, it can't be helped, you have honestly loved your Elf from her infancy, when she had nothing, and she really loved you at the very worst. Love is so much more than gold, that it really signifies very little which of you has the money. You and she have both gone through a good deal, and it depends upon you now whether the possession becomes a blessing to yourselves and others. Don't vex about our not having a share, you know yourself how much happier we all are without the load, and there will never be any anxiety now. I shall always fall back on you, if I want anything.'

'That is right,' said Allen, clearing up a good deal as she looked up brightly in his face. 'You promise me?'

'Of course I do,' she said smiling. 'I am not proud.'

'And you did make Armine consent to our paying those expenses of his. That was good of you, but the boy only does it out of obedience.'

'Yes, he would like a little bit of self-willed penance, but it is much better for him to submit, bodily and mentally.'

'Elvira has asked me whether we can't after all build the Church and all the rest which he wanted so much, and give it to him.'

Caroline smiled; she would not vex Allen by saying how merely this was in the spirit of the story-book, endowing everybody with what they wanted, but she said, 'Build by all means, and endow, when you have had time to see what is needed, and what is good for the people, but not for Armine's sake, you know. He had much better serve his apprenticeship and learn his work somewhere else. He would tell you so himself.'

'I daresay. He would talk of the touch of Midas again. Elvira will be sadly disappointed. She had some fancy of presenting him to it as soon as he was ordained!'

'Getting the fairies meantime to build the whole concern in secret? Dear Elsie, her plans are generous and kind. Tell her with my love that her Church must not be a shrine for Armine, but that perhaps he and it will be fit for each other in some five years' time. Meantime, if she wants to make somebody happy, there's that excellent hardworking curate of Eleanor's, who has done more good in Kenminster than I ever saw done there before.'

'I don't see why Kencroft should get *all* the advantages!'

'Ah! You ungrateful boy! Now if Rob had carried off Elsie, you might complain!'

At which Allen could not but laugh.

'And now, good-night, Mr. Bridegroom; you want your beauty sleep, though I must say you look considerably younger than you did two months ago.'

The wedding was a bright one, involving no partings, only joy and gladness, and the sole drawback to the general rejoicings seemed to be that it was not Mrs. Brownlow herself who was returning to take possession.

But on that very afternoon came a chill on her heart. Her own letter and Janet's were returned from America! It was quite probable that the right address might have been in Elvira's lost note, and that Janet might be easily found through the photographer. 'But,' said her mother, 'I do not believe she will ever come home unless I go to fetch her.'

'The very thing I was thinking of doing,' said Jock. 'Letters will hardly find her now, and I have not settled to anything. The dear old Doctor's legacy will find the means.'

‘And I am sure you want the rest of the voyage. I don’t like the looks of you, my Jockey.’

‘I shall be all right when *this* is over,’ said Jock, with an endeavour at laughing; ‘but I find I am a greater fool than I thought I was, and I had much better be out of the way of it all till it is a *fait accompli*.’

‘It’ was of course John’s marriage. This was the first time Jock had seen the lovers together. In spite of vehement talking and laughing, warm greetings to every one, and playing at every interval with the little cousins, Jock could not hide from either of the mothers that the sight cost him a good deal, all the more because the showing the Belforest haunts to Sydney had always been a favourite scheme, hitherto unfulfilled; nor was there any avoiding family consultations, which resulted in the fixing of the wedding for the middle of September, so that there might be time for a short tour before they settled down to John’s work in London.

Mrs. Evelyn begged that Barbara would come to her whilst her mother and brother were away; Armine would be at his theological college, and there was nothing to detain Mrs. Brownlow and her son from the journey, to which both looked forward with absolute pleasure, not only in the hope of the meeting, but in the being together, and throwing off for a time the cares of home and gratifying the spirit of enterprise.

Jock had one secret. He had reason to think that Bobus would have a kind of vacation at the time, and he telegraphed to Japan what their intended voyage was to be, with a hope he durst not tell, that his favourite brother would not throw away the opportunity of meeting them in America.

OLD POLLY CRANE.

AN INDIAN STORY, 1790.

BY E. W. LATIMER.

CHAPTER V.

‘In palaces are hearts that ask,
With discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied?
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.’

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

THE revelry of the Indians continued all that night, and indeed lasted two more days. Dancing, and whooping, and gambling went on without interruption from the heavy April rains, which came down steadily,

especially after nightfall. The prisoners were removed to a sheltered spot, on the edge of the dark woods, more for securing them against injury from the mad fury of some drunken reveller than for any consideration of comfort for themselves. There Polly tried, in vain, to keep her children dry under their scanty blankets and her own clothing. She and the children slept unconfined, but the men had ropes fastened to their legs and arms, sometimes with little bells attached to them. These ropes were spread out when the prisoner lay down, and an Indian slept on either side of him, lying on the ropes in such a manner that they could both feel and hear if their prisoner stirred, when instantly they were on the alert, ready to alarm the whole camp in case of an attempt at evasion. The negro had a comfortable tent, and on the second night, when it was raining heavily, he made his way about midnight to the captives, and invited them to sleep under his canvas. The Indians on guard, hearing a conversation they could not understand, took the alarm, sprang to their feet, seized the negro, and shouted to the drunken party, who came running up with their tomahawks in their hands. The negro was then dragged into the woods, and made to declare the subject of his conversation with the captives. The white men and Polly were similarly taken apart and questioned. Had any of them told a lie the consequences might have been fatal to them all. The Indians argued that three lies could not possibly be alike, but the truth three times repeated would be *one*. The negro and the prisoners agreed in their report of the conversation, and the Indians showed their appreciation of their good faith, by allowing the latter to accept the invitation. Nearly all the Indian party accompanied them to the trader's tent, where one of the white men stretched himself across the entrance, to be near a fire kindled on the outside, expecting to enjoy the only comfortable sleep he had had since his captivity. But his slumbers were broken by what seemed to him a nightmare. Raising himself, he found his suffocating sensations were produced by a stout Indian sitting on his breast, smoking his pipe before the fire. The prisoner, knowing by this time the off-hand manners tolerated in their captives by the savages, quietly turned over, and dropped him on the ground, where he continued to sit as if nothing had happened, going on with his smoke while the other resumed his slumber.

They found in the negro's tent a sick man, lying on a bed of leaves, made as comfortable as he could be with the small means of comfort in his host's power. As they entered he raised up a dark face, and looked at them. Then he held out his hand to Louis, who, looking at him steadily, seemed to recognise a certain nobility about him, for he put his hand into his at once, and frankly made friends with him.

'Lie still, Mas' Selim. Don't be putting out yer hands dat way,' said the negro. And by that they knew he was a white man; but his face was swarthy as that of a mulatto, and his hair and beard were tangled, long, and gray.

'Down with the chills,' explained the negro, 'ain't jus' like quite right here,' tapping his forehead. 'Don' know whar' comes from,' he replied to Johnston. 'Some mighty queer place far over sea. But knows all de fust fam'lies in Lower Varginny. Indian say was prisoner in their villages years ago, but got away. When came back again his min' 'peared like done gone lef' him. A white man brought him here las' fall to talk Shawnee, and went off without telling him. Don't care for nothing now, but hymns, and prayers, and such doins'.'

They slept in peace under the tent that night; the next day the children very early made the acquaintance of the sick, half-witted stranger, who had winning ways that easily attracted them. He took small notice of Johnston and the other male prisoner; but his negro companion said he was always most himself with children, and very soon Polly and her charge seemed to interest him exceedingly. Suddenly he broke out into singing, with a clear, sweet voice:—

"Father of all, and God of love,
By earth and heaven adored;
In worlds below, and realms above,
The universal Lord.

"What conscience tells us should be done,
Or warns us not to do,
This teach us more than death to shun,
That more than life pursue.

"This day be peace and bread our lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
Father! Thy will be done."

'I know that, sir,' exclaimed Louis, and joined the singing. The old man was delighted.

'Where learned that, boy?' he inquired, eagerly.

'My mamma taught it me.'

'Where?'

'In England.'

'In England?' said the stranger slowly. 'In England—there I learned it too. But I had hard—hard life in England.'

'Do you come from England, sir?' asked Louis.

'No, child! Away—oh! far away! I come from Algiers.'

'Algiers! Algiers in Africa?' cried Johnston. Polly's knowledge of geography being too small for the information to cause her any surprise.

'Yes; dey say he come from Africa sure nuff,' said Sam, 'though white man somehow doesn't seem to take him for a nigger. They say he was a gentleman born and bred. I knowed him when I was living at Colonel Dickerson's, near Windy Cave, staying in the house with my ole master. That was before he was simple in his head. They got a picture took of him by a great likeness-taker in Phil'delphy. I seen it when it come home. Now he never speaks to white men.

Perhaps his brain will clear, and he'll begin to talk, but not if you are by. He won't have nothing to do with *you*. Here's all he does. He reads and reads this book when he can get out into the sunshine. Ain't it queer writing, mas'r, anyhow?' So saying he pulled a volume from under Selim's head, and showed it to the white prisoners.

'Why that's Greek!' cried Johnston. 'That's a Greek Testament! How came it here?'

The sick man's eyes lighted. 'Read it,' he said to Johnston.

'Indeed I cannot,' was the reply. 'I do not know Greek. How come you to know it?'

But the sudden animation fled from Selim's face. He took back his book with a disappointed air.

'His eyes are getting bad, and he can't see good in this place. I reckon he hoped you was going to read it him,' said the negro.

'Polly here has a piece of one like it in English,' said Johnston. 'Selim, shall I read it you?' And opening Polly's burnt book, he began reading where his eyes fell, part of the Sermon on the Mount—

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you. For every one that *asketh* receiveth; and he that *seeketh* findeth; and to him that *knocketh* it shall be opened. What man is there among you of whom, if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in Heaven give good things to them that ask Him?"

Selim roused himself and sat up, eagerly listening. At this moment there was a cry for Johnston and the other white man to come out to the Indians. Polly and her children were left with Selim alone.

'You read,' he said to Polly.

She obeyed very slowly, making out a few verses.

'Yes,' he said, as she paused, 'don't you take thought. I have been rich and honoured, now I am very poor. But God knew I did not "have need" of all those things. He has always taken care of me. I am happier now when I am poor, but have all things in my Saviour, than when I was rich and had not Heaven on my side. I have known what it is to lack bread in this wilderness. I prayed to my Father, and He fed me. I have known what it is to want bread for my soul—that is a worse want—and His holy Spirit fed me. My boy,' putting his hand upon Louis' curls, 'lay up plenty hymns and prayers, and verses now, they will be like daily bread to you if you are lying sick with no one to speak a good word to you, like poor Selim.'

He paused, and then the little ones played round his bed, and he was pleased to see them. Once in a while he said—

'When summer comes old Selim will go back to the settlements; there other little ladies and young gentlemen are fond of Selim.'

Yes; I may go now. Shawnees will not harm me now nor keep me; but once—I thought I should have died of hunger in these woods—I thought I should have died of hunger in my land—and of hunger too in England, among Christian people; but out of it all the Lord delivered me—the Lord delivered me! Even rich people lose their bread like me, if God does not make it sure—and then He *gives* it them as He has given it to me. Richer to be poor and to have God, than to be rich without Him!

That thought was constantly occurring in his speech. It seemed to be ringing in his heart. He appeared to want to impress it upon Polly and on all about him.

In the course of the day he told them many things about himself, and Polly learned much more of him in after years. I will combine her knowledge here, and tell his story.

He was born of rich parents in Algiers, and was an only son, cherished and much beloved, the pride and satisfaction of his father's heart, for he was the son of his old age. When sixteen years old he was sent to complete his education at Constantinople. After remaining there some years he took ship to return to his parents. The ship was an Algerine, most likely a prowling corsair; at any rate, every sea-faring man's hand was against every Algerine ship, and her hand against every other vessel. She fell in with a Spanish man-of-war, and was captured; Selim became a prisoner, with the prospect before him of such hardships as are described in Don Quixote as the portion of Algerine slaves in the Spanish galleys. 'Ah! that was hard,' he said in telling his story. 'You see I fell at once from rich, to worse than poor; and I had *then* no hope, and had no God in the world.'

But the Spaniards were at war with France, and the Spanish ship, on her way to a Spanish port, fell in with a French vessel of superior strength, which captured her. The French officers finding Selim on board, got rid of him by transferring him to a French merchantman bound to New Orleans. Here he was landed, and possibly disposed of as a slave; at all events he at last found his way up the Mississippi to the Indian villages on the Ohio. There he must have remained a prisoner more than a year. Among the Indians was at that time a white woman, who had been captured near one of the frontier settlements of Virginia. Selim by signs contrived to ask her where she came from. The woman replied by pointing towards the sun-rising. Being a man of education, he knew that there were civilized settlements on the eastern shores of the American continent, and presumed the woman had been brought from one of them. As he and she became more acquainted with the language of the Shawnees he obtained more information. Her general ignorance, and her want of accurate observation, made what she told him, however, of comparatively little use. Yet on the strength of it he resolved to escape from the savages and make his way to some of the English settlements. He was alike a

stranger to the way he would have to travel, and to the nature of the perils he would have to endure. He had no pilot but the sun; no store of provisions, no gun with which to supply himself with game, and no money if he should fall in with any trader who could have furnished him with necessaries. He was reduced to his simple manhood. He had not even the use of language, nor a knowledge of the habits and customs of the people among whom he was about to trust himself; and yet, having succeeded in getting away from the lodges of the Shawnees, he undertook a dangerous journey of several hundred miles through an unknown mountainous wilderness. He did not know how far the settlements the woman spoke of might extend. He feared to miss them, if he struck too far to north or south, so, guided by the sun-rising, he travelled east as nearly as he could, crossing in his track tall mountains, and broad rivers. He had no knowledge of God at that time, except as the God of Mahomet—the God of Nature—or, as he called Him afterwards to Polly Crane, ‘the raven’s God,’ meaning He who heareth the young wild birds when they cry, and supplies them with food and shelter.

What he had seen of the devotions of the French in Louisiana had set him against Christianity, because he held in abhorrence (as all Mohammedans do) their apparent worship of images. But to God—so far as he knew Him—he prayed faithfully; and God, who hears the ravens, heard his prayer for bread, adding in the end good things for which he was too ignorant to ask—the bread of Life, as well as daily food.

Through all his difficulties he tried to save his clothes, so as still to present a respectable appearance on reaching civilisation. But in spite of his care, they were at length torn to pieces by brambles, bushes, and thorns. When his rags would no longer hold together he wrapped them round his bleeding feet, and travelled onward. Naked and famished, but ever travelling towards the sun-rising, he came at last to an open space in the woods, where lay a newly fallen tree with all its leaves and branches. He was now too much broken down to refresh himself by thoughts of his dear native country, towards which over these cruel rocks and never ending trees he was slowly making his way. His strength failed him, and he resigned himself to die alone in that far wilderness, the prey most probably of fierce, prowling beasts, and carrion birds.

He crept into the dead boughs of the fallen tree in the open space in the wood, and closed his eyes, resigning himself to the will of Allah. And God looked on him in his loneliness and grief, for He had mercies in store for him.

A man named Givins, living in Augusta County, Virginia, then on the extreme verge of civilisation, was driven by scarcity in his own family to go out into the woods in search of bear-meat and venison. He took two horses with him, intending, if he had good luck, to load

them both with meat and skins. One of his horses strayed away from him in the night, and as he was in search of it, he cast his eyes into the top of a large new-fallen oak, in the branches of which he thought he saw a living creature. It moved. It was not his horse grazing beyond its branches; it must be some kind of wild beast. He made ready to shoot it, but as he stepped back to take aim, he discovered it was a human being. Going to the spot he found poor Selim in a desperate condition. He was entirely without clothes, his flesh was torn, he was wasted to a skeleton, and famished to extreme weakness, having lived upon nothing but berries and nuts since he quitted the lodges of the Shawnees. Moreover he could speak no language that Givins could understand. But, like the Good Samaritan, the borderer abandoned his own affairs, and devoted himself to his suffering fellow-creature. He made warm soup out of some venison, and fed him with it by degrees, till some strength came back to him; then he set him on his own beast, and took him to the house of the nearest man of wealth, Colonel Dickerson.

The colonel ministered to his wants, and kept him some months in his family. Here Selim's first efforts were to acquire the English language. His progress was considered surprising by the simple folk by whom he was surrounded, but he was already master of several languages, which helped him to the acquisition of another tongue.

Some time after his domestication at Colonel Dickerson's that gentleman took him to Staunton on a Court-day, when he met with a clergyman named Craig, whose appearance at once struck him. He got an introduction to Mr. Craig, and intimated his desire to speak privately with him. Mr. Craig invited him to his house, and when they were alone, asked him what he desired to communicate?

Selim replied: 'When I was in my great distress in the wild woods, once in my sleep I dreamed I was back in my own country; and I saw in my dream the largest collection of men my eyes had ever beheld, all mustered in military order. At the further side of the plain, but at a great, great distance, I saw a person whom I perceived to be one of distinction, though being so very far from me I could not well discern what sort of person he was. I saw every now and then one or two men out of the large assembly striving to cross the plain towards him, but when they had got about half-way they suddenly dropped into an abyss, and I saw them no more. Then I thought I saw an old man standing by himself, at a distance from the rest, and one or two applied to him for directions how to cross the plain in safety. All who took his advice got safely over. And as soon as I saw you,' he continued, 'you reminded me of the man who gave them those directions; and I believe it is the will of God I should seek instruction in religion from you.'

It may readily be supposed that Mr. Craig did not hesitate to respond to this desire for instruction. He took Selim home with him

that evening; and it was not long before he found that his pupil understood the Greek language.

Selim spent his days in reading the Greek Testament, and Mr. Craig gave all the time he could spare from the duties of his parish in explaining it to him. In a few weeks the young Mohammedan had obtained so considerable a knowledge of the Christian faith that he was publicly baptized, retaining his own name of Selim.

Not long after he expressed his desire to go home to his own country. He was reminded that his friends were Mohammedans, and would probably be displeased at his change of religion. He was also warned that he might be tempted to deny his faith, and return to his old religion. He replied 'that that might be the case if he were going home only for the sake of property, but that as his father was an old man, and he his only son, he thought his duty called him home to be his stay and comforter.' Agreeing with him in this, besides reflecting that it was evident he had never been brought up to hard labour, and that there seemed no other way in a new country in which he could earn his bread, his friends judged it best upon the whole that he should make the journey. They made up a little purse among them in order to defray his expenses to England, whence it was hoped he might easily succeed in getting a passage to the Mediterranean. He parted from them, earnestly declaring that whatever might befall him, he trusted, through God's help, never to disgrace his profession of Christianity.

He took a letter to Mr. Robert Carter of Williamsburg, who was very kind to him. He not only got him a passage to England, but found him abundantly with sea-stores. For some years nothing more was heard of Selim in America, but shortly after the close of the Revolutionary War he re-appeared at the house of Mr. Carter in a state of insanity.

Notwithstanding the derangement of his mental powers he had certain lucid intervals, especially when moved to talk on religious subjects. By degrees they drew from him his story, though he never liked to speak of it at any length. When able to converse collectedly, all his talk was of the glory, the goodness, and the faithfulness of his Heavenly Father. On reaching home it appeared that he found his father dead. His property had fallen partly into the hands of distant relatives, and partly into those of officers of the government. Selim was proceeding to take steps to recover what he could of his fortune, when the discovery was made that he had professed himself a Christian. At once all the powers of persecution in the hands of the government were put in force against him. On the one hand he was offered life, honour, peace, and the restoration of his property, while on the other lay suffering, exile, ignominy, and the loss of friends. He made his choice, and never repented it. During all the remainder of his life his cry was ever: 'Bless the Lord, my soul!' and the words

of the little hymn that were for ever on his lips, seemed to express his ever-present feeling :

‘ This day be bread and peace my lot ;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know’st if best bestowed or not,
Father, Thy will be done ! ’

He left Algiers, and made his way to England. It is probable he there expected, in a Christian country, to find Christian friends. But unknown, and unable to support himself, he endured sufferings to which he never liked to allude. The hymn he loved he had heard sung in one of the English Churches. He said it had been meat and drink to his soul. He fell ill of some squalid fever at Wapping, and when he regained his strength his mind was impaired. His one thought was how to find his earliest Christian friends. In some way he got a passage to America, and presented himself at last at the home of Mr. Carter. Thence he went back to Colonel Dickerson. After that he spent some time with a young clergyman, Mr. Templeton, who read Greek with him, and when his thoughts were lifted up above the things of daily life, he often seemed entirely to recover his reason. At one time he was confined for a few months in the mad-house at Williamsburg, but from that he made his escape, and soon after was persuaded to accompany the Indian trader to the lodges of the tribe that had once had him prisoner. There his companion abandoned him, but the Indians, with their habitual reverence for those who have lost their reason (a feeling shared by his Mohammedan countrymen), were very kind to him. He was free to go at large, and to do whatever he fancied. Every one was willing to share with him his wigwam or his store. He took a fancy to Sam, the negro of the Wyandotte Indian, who had promised to see him on his way back to the settlements when summer came on.

In his tent, therefore, Polly and her children found him, joyful in his Christian faith, grateful for all kindness, fervent in prayer ; always a gentleman in speech and act, carrying about with him the small Greek Testament given him by Mr. Craig ; and especially fond of the society of children. During the three days Polly and her charge stayed with him he talked much with her, especially dwelling on our *dependence* on God, ‘ Who maketh poor and maketh rich.’

‘ Just you be of one mind with God,’ he said, ‘ and see how well all things, from that time forth, will go with you. Have His blessing, and you can always, if you please, be happy. Without His blessing, let you have all the riches of this world, and maybe they would be no good to you.

‘ He must *give* and you *accept*. Recollect what people say, “ Beggars must not be choosers.” Only I am not a beggar ! Children, we are the heirs of all things—by promise ! by promise ! All good things are laid up for me—all paid for by my Lord ! Only a little while to

wait—and till then I am content with what some people tell me is just nothing at all.

'There's no temptation so great as having in hand a great stock of this world's riches. Better accept bread day by day—better eat daily bread, and bless the hand that feeds you.

'I know, child—Selim knows—some people need more for their daily wants than others. God too knows that, and sends to each accordingly. I only need a little. Bread shall be given me, my water be made sure. They that fear the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good.

'Blessed be His Holy Name! Selim, a man who was once rich and now is poor, can say—Since I have Christ I have all things, and am happy; when I had all things, and had no Christ, I was in poverty.

'My father in Algiers laid up riches for me—they are lost. My Father in Heaven gives me daily bread *now*, and hereafter, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what things He has got stored up for me, for indeed I love Him.

'Open thy mouth wide, and I *will* fill it—I will fill it *twice over*—with food to eat on earth, and with food that makes us grow strong for Heaven. We need not put in little *ifs* when we go to ask *that* bread. To give it to us is His generous will.

'See, dear—of everything I need I have now *enough*, and of one thing I have *plenty*. Plenty of time. That rich man who has got no time for God is very poor. Remember Selim told you that, my child.'

Such were some sayings of his which Polly treasured in her memory.

CHAPTER VI.

'Nay! Blame them not! For *them* the Lord
Hath loved as well as you;
But O, like Jesus, pray for them
Who know not what they do.
O plead, as once the Saviour did,
That we may all be one;
That so the evil world may know
The Father sent the Son.'

A. C. COXE, D.D., *Bishop of Western New York.*

At the end of 'three days' halt to buy up and consume the stores of whisky held by the Wyandotte Indian, and negro Sam his representative, during which delay the Shawnees had been joined by two Mingos and several strange Indians, the party moved on towards one of the Indian towns upon the Upper Sandusky.

Polly was very suddenly parted from her friend Selim, who held her hand and that of little Louis, and seemed to find it hard to let them go.

'Be good, my boy. Mind Polly. Don't go with the heathen, but stay always by her,' were his last words to Louis. To Polly his farewell was made by a strange action and strange words. He pointed in the palm of one hand, and said, 'Forgive,' then in the palm of the other, and said, 'Be forgiven.' Then clasping both, and holding them up to heaven, exclaimed, 'Behold the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ!'

'His mind is wandering to-day,' thought little Polly. And yet all her life after she had reason to remember that action, and those words.

About five miles before they reached their final halting place, Monsieur François Duchoquet, an Indian trader, came out to meet the party, having heard they had white captives with them. He seemed disappointed when he discovered that there were only Polly and the children, for Skyles had been sent off two days before, with a guard of eight Indians, to a town on the Miami; and Johnston, in a fit of drunken generosity, had been presented to the Mingos, who had been carousing in their company. Nevertheless, as soon as he approached Polly, and she had told him about her children, and shown him the paper tied round the neck of Louis, he began talking French to the boy, who responded in what Polly called the same lingo. The result of a rapid conversation between them was that that evening the trader sent off a trusty messenger to one of the trading towns in the Mississippi, and, from that moment, took no notice whatever of the children and poor Polly. This mortified the child. She felt as if she had done her duty to her charge with all her might. She wanted somebody to confirm her good opinion of herself by commending her fidelity. Selim had implied his sense of her kind guardianship in his charge to Louis at parting; but this new, and doubtless powerful, white man, did not seem to recognise her services.

The town which they soon entered was only a collection of huts without order or regularity, each standing at some distance from the rest. All were made of bark (except the log house of the trader), supported by corner posts and cross timbers, to which the bark was secured by withes and thongs. There were no chimneys. A fire was made in the middle of the hut and the smoke found its way out of the roof through a large hole.

Polly and the children were lodged with two old squaws; but soon after they entered the village considerable commotion was excited by the arrival of Mr. Johnston and his Shawnee guard, Messhawa, on horses, bare-backed, and at full speed. They dismounted at the door of Messhawa's hut where the prisoner was soon visited by Monsieur Duchoquet, who showed no such reserve towards him as he had done towards Polly and the children, but promised to use his best offices with the Indians to get him restored to freedom. These cheering words sent some bright gleams of hope into the heart of Polly.

Monsieur Duchoquet, the trader, was a French Canadian, whose whole life had been passed among the Indians, and who was much loved and trusted by various tribes. The plan upon which the traders sold the Indians goods was to let them have the articles they wanted for winter use on credit until spring. At that time hunting parties returned home, and paid in peltries for their autumn purchases, as well as for the few articles they wanted during summer. As a general rule they were punctual to their engagements, though among them there might be an occasional defaulter. Having gathered in their payments by about June 1, the traders conveyed their furs and skins in *batteaux* to Detroit, whence they were sent down the Lakes and the St. Lawrence to Quebec and Montreal. In September or October they returned to the Indian lodges, bringing with them such merchandise as was adapted to the Indian market—ammunition, blankets, coarse calico, thick cloth for leggings, trinkets, vermilion, tomahawks, looking-glasses, and scalping-knives.

Poor Johnston (a fine young fellow not quite twenty-one), had passed through some painful experiences during the last few days of his journey to the Sandusky. His separation from his friend and fellow sufferer, Skyles, had been most agonising to both of them, especially as it was well known that the treatment of prisoners in the lodges on the Little Miami (seldom frequented by traders) was much more savage than what was ventured upon under the eyes of civilisation. Still only a few years before Colonel Crawford had been tortured to death by the Delawares within four miles of the little Indian town where Polly Crane and her children were now captives. The tree to which he had been tied, though burnt and scarred, was still alive, and shown to her.

We related in the last chapter that as Selim was conversing with Johnston about reading the Testament in Greek, a sudden call of the Indians for their prisoners made them rush out of the tent. It was then that he and Skyles were parted, and soon after he himself was given to understand that the party who had captured him, had, in a fit of generosity over their cups, given him to one of two Mingo Indians who had come into their camp and shared their revels.

This man, during the previous summer, had killed an Indian of the Wyandotte tribe, who left a widow and several children. The importance of each hunter and warrior in such a community was at times so great that all the North American Indians had a practice of occasionally adopting prisoners taken in war to supply the loss incurred by those left destitute of support by the deaths of their friends and protectors. The law concerning murder among friendly tribes was that the murderer was bound to make reparation to the family of the dead man, either by the payment of assessed damages, or by furnishing a substitute who might in every way take the place of the deceased in all his relations to his family and the community. He was bound

to become the husband of his widow, and the father of his children ; to provide for them, and to keep them from becoming a burthen on the resources of the tribe. The arrangement, in fact, constituted a sort of savage poor-law. If reparation was not made for a murder in one of these two ways, within a certain time, the murderer's life became forfeit to the tribe, and he could be killed at any moment by any friend or relative of the deceased with impunity.

The Mingo murderer, while all hearts were warmed with wine, stated to the Shawnees his wretched situation. He was too poor, he said, to pay the price demanded as the value of the dead Wyandotte, his own life must therefore be forfeited, unless a suitable substitute could be obtained. With drunken generosity, the Shawnees, having listened to his confidence, resolved to bestow upon him Johnston, to be substituted for the Wyandotte he had slain !

'I have often tried to imagine,' said Polly, 'the poor young man's feelings when he found the fate assigned to him. What must he have experienced when he discovered he was to be made at once a husband and a father, and a member of a savage Indian tribe? Moreover, he could get no idea from any one concerning the woman to whom his fate was to consign him. Was she old, or was she young? ugly or handsome? good-tempered or a shrew? Even the Mingo knew nothing on these points. He had never seen her, and only knew she was the mother of several half-grown children.'

Johnston's idea was that he had better acquiesce for the present in the fate assigned him, and accept with a good grace the position of protector (and no more) to the family of the dead Wyandotte. If his bride would be content to accept the situation thus, he would do the best he could by her, holding himself at liberty (as he had in no way been consulted in the arrangement) to take the first opportunity that might present itself of making his escape back to his friends and civilisation. He was a conscientious young fellow, however, and reconciled his feelings to this course, by saying he would certainly send presents through the traders to his Indian family. At any rate it was better than the fate probably reserved for poor Skyles at the lodges upon the Little Miami.

But all his resolutions were founded on imperfect calculations of the future. The Mingos moved on with their prisoner towards the town in which he was to be sacrificed upon the altar of Hymen, but at the end of their second day's journey they came up with a portion of the party of the Shawnees, who had gone on before and were now waiting for their coming.

The generosity induced by whisky having worked off, they were already disposed to repent of their liberality. After polite greetings and hand-shakings, a violent dispute arose, the Mingos wishing to retain their gift, the Shawnees equally determined to take it back again. For some time Johnston was in great danger, as any man in either

party might have ended the controversy with a tomahawk or rifle. When the quarrel was at its height, however, Messhawa suddenly caught the halters of two horses that were grazing near, sprang upon one of them, signed to his former charge to mount the other, and slinging his rifle across his shoulder, set off at full speed for the Shawnee lodges.

That night more whisky came into the town, brought by other Wyandotte Indians from the Muskingham. Another revel then took place, attended by the Mingo Indians who had apparently settled their dispute about Johnston and given up their captive. While the Shawnees were under the influence of this fresh supply of drink, Monsieur Duchoquet made great efforts for the young man's ransom. In vain, however, for they insisted that their intention was to carry him on to the towns in the Little Miami; and to all inquiries of how they meant further to dispose of him they would give no reply.

Apprehensive above everything of being taken to the Miami villages, and knowing that it was the invariable custom to conceal their purposes from the prisoners they meant to sacrifice, the alarm and despondency of the poor young man were greater than can be imagined by those whose lives are never likely to be exposed to such vicissitudes.

The revel went on, but at the end of four or five days of feasting and intoxication, the party of Indians became suddenly ashamed of themselves, having squandered everything they had gained by successful plunder in their expedition to the Ohio. Unwilling, after having sent home to their villages accounts of their success and wealth, to return home with nothing in their hands, such of them as belonged to the more distant villages of the interior suddenly informed Monsieur Duchoquet that they were going back to the river where they had prospered so well, to make further captures of white prisoners and property. Johnston, they said, was their share of the late spoil, and as his scalp could be more easily transported than himself, they had determined to put him to death, unless any one thought proper to offer them a very handsome ransom.

A negotiation was begun, which lasted twenty-four hours. At the end of that time it was agreed that for one hundred dollars' worth of goods—or in the language they employed in matters of currency—for six hundred silver brooches—Johnston should be given over to his new friend.

Meantime, Polly was very miserable. All Monsieur Duchoquet's efforts seemed directed to the release of Johnston. She heard of no bargain for her own, or for the children's liberty. Every day the Indians seemed to take a greater fancy to Louis. Many were wanting to adopt him. Polly became terribly anxious lest they should carry him off to the towns on the Little Miami.

There was a white man among the Indians who had been made captive when a boy no bigger than Louis, and who had been adopted

and reared by the Wyandotte Indians. He spoke English sufficiently well to enable Polly to make out what he said, and he assured her that, while she and the little girl might be easily ransomed for six hundred brooches, there was no hope that Louis would be parted with to Monsieur Duchoquet.

That gentleman, indeed, appeared to have given up all interest in the children's fate; and that was not poor Polly's only trouble. Perhaps it was too much to expect that a bright little boy of seven should readily submit to the management of a young nurse of thirteen. Polly began to find out that Louis was very much more fond of the company of the Indian braves who flattered him, and of the Indian boys who played with him, than he was of her society. Indeed, in the bitterness of her heart she sometimes thought he would be not ill-pleased to be a little Indian. She worried him by her attempts to manage him; the Indian boys he played with in the camp were independent of their fathers—much more of their mothers—why should Louis obey Polly?

Polly wept bitter tears. Was this the end of all her pains and self-denials? Five weeks had not yet passed since their captivity began, and Louis appeared fast turning into a little Indian.

Polly began to pity herself—one of the least wholesome things that any one can do. Was it not hard, she thought, that after all her cares and self-devotion, Louis should begin to act in this ungrateful way? She had only sought his good. She had only tried to keep him undefiled for his sweet mother's sake, and, instead of responding to her efforts, he was wilful, rebellious, unmanageable, bent on his own destruction.

Then, too, Monsieur Duchoquet had greatly disappointed her. She thought that a Christian man would have interested himself in Christian children; perhaps, too, she thought he might have said a word of encouragement to the little maid who had devoted herself to the care of them. 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' would have sounded very pleasantly to Polly; and somehow she had thought that the first white man she met would have said that much to her. The cup of her troubles was very full. She tried to pray, but she hardly knew what to pray for. It seemed, even to her ignorance, hardly possible to ask God to make her happier by letting people praise her; and her feeling towards Louis was more of great displeasure at the child's want of good feeling than the pure desire that he should be kept in safety without reference to her.

Pondering these thoughts, she sat one evening with her burnt book in her hand beside the fire, thinking of poor Skyles who had once owned it, and for whom, as long as he remained with them, she had been in the habit of learning a verse or two every day, and repeating them to him on the march, as he dared not be again seen with the book in his hand.

Polly prayed for Lady Harriet and poor Skyles, whose fate was so uncertain. Prayers for others often bring relief to our own hearts. After this she thought she would read over the same chapters she had read to Selim, and turning to the sixth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, her eyes lighted on these words, 'And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.'

'Why! that is not the Lord's prayer!' said Polly, who of course had no knowledge that our version of the Lord's prayer is drawn from Cranmer's translation of the Bible. 'I thought it was that hard word trespasses, and here it says debts. I don't owe anybody any debts. I never had a cent of money in my life that I could up and spend; and nobody would let me make any debts, for nobody would trust me.'

Polly sat and thought; suddenly her mind was lighted up as by a flash of illumination. *Owe?* One might owe more than money. Louis owed her obedience, gratitude, and love. Louis was not paying his debts. Then came another thought. Was there not One to whom she was owing debts—love, gratitude, obedience? How had her debt been paid? Was He hard and angry with *her*, as she was with the little boy?

She had learned enough while with Lady Harriet on the river, and with Selim in the tent, to know that God forgives our debts (or sins, or trespasses) for the sake of a dear Saviour. She began to think about that last action of Selim's, in which she had only seen a proof of his wandering mind.

'Forgive,' and 'Be forgiven!' and the clasped hands raised to Heaven, denoting that both must be combined to make a perfect Gospel, or a perfect prayer.

'Louis! O Louis! dear little boy!' she cried, leaning over him, and kissing him as he lay asleep beside her; 'I have been very hard to you. But I will love you very dearly from this moment, and try to win you. I will pray God for you, that He may keep you safe among these wicked Indians. May He help me to forgive you, and forgive me for all the years I have not loved Him, thanked Him, and obeyed Him. He has been better to me than I have been to you. O, Lord! forgive me my debts, as I now wish to forgive my debtor.'

MARIE AND JEANIE; OR, THE CROSS OF LOVE.

BY E. KEARY.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GRAVEL PIT.

M. LE CURÉ leaving the death-stricken house on the evening of Marie's release met Sébastien in the valley—Sébastien, who like an uneasy spirt, walked to and fro, night after night, under the olive

trees where he and Marie had so often walked in the happy spring time of their love, yet never venturing, except upon that one occasion when Catherine had given him courage, to come near the sheltered group of homes—a homeless spirit, unabsolved from remorse and pain. When Sébastien heard from the priest that all was over, he crept away, like a beast going apart to die, into the shelter of an old stone quarry, situated in an out-of-the-way side angle of the valley. In it he and Marie and Catherine and the little Jeanie had been wont to play at school or market in old childish days. There he lay, crouching close to the earth, until the moon was high in the heavens, and a silence, as of death, controlled the shadowed glades. He imagined himself to be for ever shut out from human fellowship, for, in the exaggeration of his grief, Sébastien accused himself of being a murderer—faithless, cruel—with the curse of a Cain or a Judas upon his soul. All his passion of love for her whom he had deserted, took possession of his heart once more, and everything, excepting just what he could not have, appeared worthless in his eyes. This was not a mood likely to keep possession of Sébastien long, subject as he was to sudden, overpowering, fickle emotions. For that one night, however, he was a prey to despair, and would willingly have ended his wretched existence, he thought, and followed his love through the shades of that dim existence beyond death, the very thought of which still made him shudder. Ah, he had no nerve to seek such a remedy. Sébastien well knew this of himself in his inmost heart, not death in cold blood apart from the vain-glory of the battle-field at any rate. He could not die—would the future bring any relief to his pain, to his regret? He thought not, for had he not been the sport of fortune, he told himself, from the very beginning of his life. Nothing had ever helped him to do right, fate was against him, it was not he who was to blame. Thus anger began to combat shame in his soul. The miserable slave of strong desires and weak resolves, Sébastien moaned that night away, and the strong morning sun found him a no better or braver man for all his suffering. But when did suffering, or remorse even, or bondage, or loss, ever redeem a fallen soul? And that which baffles all the powers of hell, one ray of love alone can quite easily accomplish—the outcoming, the ingoing of the Eternal. Love, in its healing power, did not come near Sébastien for many a day and year afterwards; he had taken what lay outside of that for his portion, and could not fail to reap corruption.

Sébastien was not all unseen by human eyes through the length of that lonely night. His old comrade, Jules, restless also, had chanced to pass that way in a late walk home from Ville Blanche. Jules was restless and angry and sore at heart just then, because he had heard a good deal of gossip in the town which disturbed him. Certain good friends and companions of his had been clamorous in their talk

concerning the strange conduct of the young bridegroom Sébastien towards his beautiful bride. Truly it was not necessary that a man should marry for love exactly, especially when a young girl had such a noble portion as Jeanie had, but when she was also *si jeune, si gentille, si belle*, it would at least have been decent to assume some appearance of gallantry, if not of devotion. These had been hard words for poor Jules to hear ; there would have been no lack of devotion from him towards the coveted young beauty, and he had left the town with a heart full of indignation against this pitiful bridegroom who would neither love nor leave, and who had played with the destinies of the two sweetest young girls of the whole village community. It maddened Jules when he thought of it. If Sébastien really had loved Marie, as since her illness it appeared that he did, how mean, how base his conduct had been in daring to win beautiful Jeanie from the man who had a whole love to give her. In this mood of mind it was that Jules walking homewards, passed, as I said, by the old stone quarry, and espied Sébastien cast upon the ground in a paroxysm of despair. Jules did not know that Marie was actually dead, and the awe with which this knowledge would have filled him was therefore wanting. He only realised that he saw before him, the husband of *his* lost love, prostrate with grief for the loss of another, and, at the sight, he became possessed by a very demon of anger. Jules, though generally self-contained, was a fierce-tempered man, rendered somewhat reckless, perhaps, by his seven years' soldiering. However that might have been, some sudden force overpowered his sane will, and without pause or reckoning he seized a large boulder of rock, with the intention of hurling it upon Sébastien's recumbent form. It must have killed him, Jules meant that it should, and his spirit laughed fiercely within him, at the thought.

What stayed his arm for a second the young man could never say, whether an impulse of waiting came from within or from without, but it did come, his arm was stayed, and as he looked straight below him upon Sébastien, he saw clearly in the moonlight a white shadowy figure cross between him and it, coming from he saw not where, and going he could not discern whither. Thoroughly startled out of himself, Jules shrank back, letting the boulder fall on the grass at his side, as he did so, scarcely knowing what or where he was, until a shrill tremulous voice borne across the air, 'Jules, Jules, my son,' brought him back to his proper senses, bodily and spiritual. Then, with a great thankfulness he found that he had been rescued from mortal sin, by what agency he knew not. That feeble mother's voice alone would have been enough, he thought, as he hurried to answer its summons from along the valley, where in their little home she was waiting for him through the night. Could he ever have dreamt of making that widow desolate, he said to himself as he strode along, her only child an outcast. Jules was at heart a good man, and he had naturally a sober heart and head

enough, but before that night he had been accustomed to hold himself in very high esteem indeed ; ever after he had the heart of a little child. 'In the sight of the good Lord, I am no better than a murderer, Madame,' he said to me, when he narrated this story, standing at the top of that very stone quarry, where he described the whole scene, as it had appeared upon that night. Sébastien lying below, the clear moonbeams on the overhanging olives and ilexes, the moving luminous appearance ;—the huge rock boulder lay on the spot where he had left it fall, it had never been moved since that hour. 'Sometimes on Sundays I come here to say my prayers, Madame,' Jules added, 'it makes me feel humble and thankful to the good God who sent the child between Sébastien and me that night.' Whether or not it was really Marie's soul that came, as he imagines, I for one have no doubt that God did send a messenger straight from Heaven to strengthen Jules in that hour of his temptation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SEVERAL years had elapsed since Marie's death when I visited the little village and saw my peasant friends once more. Ah ! how silent the place was upon that day, an April day too, when with a sad heart, thinking of past times, I descended the winding path to the group of houses. All was changed, I soon found—Madame David had sold her property in the place to Jules and his mother, and had put the best part of her money into Sébastien's and Jeanie's business. What had made Madame David thus risk those dearly-loved hoards nobody could guess, but doubtless she knew very well that she was acting wisely both for her own interest and for Jeanie's. Sébastien, defrauded of the best that had been possible to him, took up in his mature years with the satisfaction which the possession of worldly goods can bestow. Not that he failed altogether to find pleasure in his pretty selfish wife ; he was proud of her beauty, and for a little time after their marriage had been really captivated by her coquetry and her charms, but Jeanie was too practically selfish to keep any man (unless he had been one of the very best) her slave who knew her thoroughly, and Sébastien was far too selfish himself not to rebel against the bondage.

After a time, they lived together in a sort of unacknowledged disunion, held by an easy half-yoke which galled neither the one nor the other. All that Jeanie wanted to make her happy she had, namely, plenty of pretty things of her own, and leisure to enjoy them ; for Sébastien found it too difficult to obtain either help or companionship from his partner to care to go on exacting it. No child blessed their marriage, so that the unselfish instincts of motherhood

were not awakened in Jeanie's sleeping soul, and her own good old mother was ever at hand to take upon herself any disagreeable duty which chanced to arise. Thus Jeanie's life was an easy one, and a happy one to her. Sébastien being but disappointed in even the lower love which he had chosen, was thrown back upon his inward need of companionship, and meeting with no response to any gentle affectionate instinct, he became hardened, instead of being, as he was meant to be, enriched by drawing strength from another ; he grew cold and reserved instead of self-reliant, frivolous in the place of being happy. Starved of the food upon which his soul would have thriven, he fed himself upon the husks of swine ; his intellect was sharpened at the expense of his moral nature, and he became keenly interested in the success of his worldly schemes. Sébastien became a speculator, always a lucky one, however, turning his money round, as Madame David was wont to boast, with a wise shake of her head and wink of her eye, at the few neighbours and gossips whom she thought it prudent to make conversant with the family affairs. Yes, Sébastien was in the way to become a rich man, and he was vain of himself on this account, contented and proud as he certainly never thought to be again on that lonely night in the gravel-pit which divided his life in two—the night on which something stood between him and death.

In the silent valley no one worked but Jules, at least, no one excepting M. Barbe Bertrand. It was M. Barbe Bertrand who told me all about Madame David, Sébastien, and Jeanie—M. Barbe Bertrand, le menuisier, who still chipped, and peeled, and spread his planks out proudly in front of the little shop under the orange-tree. He placed his crooked rickety ladder beneath the tree himself that April day, and insisted upon going up to gather me his first ripe oranges. Poor old man ! how nervous he was coming down again, how earnestly he pressed me to come in and have a long gossip with him. He is not rich ; all his money goes to the young priest, his son, officiating now at Èze, and whose position must be kept up, M. Barbe Bertrand says. *Ma foi*, what does he want for himself all alone in the place ?

In the silent valley Jules worked alone, as I said. I watched his strong, firmly-built healthful frame, and honest, open face the other day, whilst he was busy amongst his olives and vines, and I thought that if time had not brought him any great riches it had settled him in a mode of life where his simple, natural powers had uninterrupted development. Unobtrusive content was what I read in his demeanour. The dear old mother was alive still, he told me, and that she calls for him sometimes in her shrill voice from the cottage door when he works in the valley. Jules is so good to her, it is his pleasure to perform a daughter's as well as a son's part to his mother ; no work for her

appears humiliating in his eyes ; for example, the good old thing is too rheumatic to make her own *lessive* in the little stream, Jules does it all for her—all the household washing, ay, and the ironing and the folding too, and cleans the house when the mother takes to her bed in winter, as she generally does, and cooks, and mends, and sews, and nurses her night and day when she needs it. There never was a son like Jules, even in his country of dutiful sons and daughters. For a long time everybody wondered why he did not marry, Catherine amongst the rest. 'It was good of him certainly so to devote himself to his mother,' Catherine used to say, 'when he might have a good wife to share the labour with him; how much better for the mother herself would it not be to have a daughter always at her side.' Such a wife Catherine would gladly have been to Jules, which, could he but have known, she felt certain he would not have hesitated to secure her, but—are there not things one must hide?—she explained to her companions. Did it ever occur to Catherine—perhaps no one knew it, not even Jules' own mother—that one fair face at Ville Blanche had still power to blot out all others in Jules' eyes. Jeanie was still the tyrant of his heart, perhaps for all his life she will remain so; in such a tenacious nature as that of Jules, it is possible. His heart beats as quickly now if he but catches a glance or a smile from the pretty, gaily-dressed matron, as she sits in her parlour window watching all passers-by, as it used to do when the seventeen years' old village belle gave him her hand for the dance on a Sunday afternoon.

Catherine's family also had moved away from the village when I visited it. It was years after Marie's death that they went. For a long part of that time, Catherine, feeling sure that Jules must eventually fall to her lot, had wisely occupied herself in knitting stockings ready for her trousseau; when she discovered he was not her fate, she still persevered, however, for who knows—the ways of the good God are marvellous, she would say; assuredly He has His means, and it is well to be prepared to meet them. There was still deaf Antoine, so Catherine knitted on until, when her stockings had reached the astonishing number of 150 pairs, Antoine took to himself a younger and fairer bride, upon which, not without the shedding of some humble tears, Catherine resigned herself to the inscrutable will of Heaven.

Shortly after this, the morose old father died, whose life had been somewhat of a trial to the girl and her mother. Of course they grieved for his death dutifully, but then it was all as it should be; he had made his last confession, everything had been done *comme il faut*, he had *fait tout son possible*. Masses must be said, and tears shed, but for sorrow to match them what would you have? That must come to an end at last, even the most genuine. They were

free to seek their destinies where they would, and had accordingly gone to live at Ville Blanche, where Catherine took up the lucrative profession of *blanchisseuse* to one of the largest hotels of the place, and washed for the foreign visitors at exorbitant prices, for her mother's sake. Must she not first think of that good mother?

It was a bright gossiping life for Catherine, and went far to console her for her maidenhood. How gaily she trips along in the sunlight down that road skirted with flowering trees, balancing a great basket of linen upon that broad head of hers, snowy piles frilled and fluttering in the light breeze, and then, after depositing her burden, stops on the way home at the lodge of one of the great English villas, kept by half-blind old Madame Rose, whose children are all gone away from her, settled somewhere either in this world or some other, and who is apt to feel a bit dull upon long afternoons. Truly she lives in a well-kept lodge, perfumed by the scents of oranges and roses, blown upon by lightest, crispest airs, and within earshot of the murmurs of the heavenly sea; but is not Catherine's voice more soothing to her than the liquid sound of waters, and the kindly young woman's presence sweeter than softest breeze or all the flowers of paradise could be? for Catherine comes to sit a while and talk. Oh, the preciousness of talk to such hungry ears! And Catherine's talk is not like those few slipshod, kindly, passing utterances of the benevolent visitor, with no flavour in them, but gossip—gossip glorious, long, strong, uncompromising, varied with good healthy abuse of neighbours, and whispered confidences of evil suspicions, so dear to the hearts of the upright ones.

Ah! those were golden afternoons for Mme. Rose. Who shall say, then, that after all Catherine was wholly out of place in her generation, or had even missed her highest destiny? Not unfrequently it was about Sébastien and Jeanie, and anon of Sébastien's sister Louise, the friends gossiped together. It was undoubtedly hard upon Louise, but of all the ill-workers in that marred little love-story of Marie's and Sébastien's, she had been the most accused amongst her fellows. In his heart of hearts Sébastien never could forgive her. Louise knew it, and felt both aggrieved and humbled by the knowledge; she tried to persuade herself, when all was over, that she had worked for Sébastien's good rather than for her own, but it would not do; that large untruth was too ill-constructed to hold even a thimbleful of consolation. If she had prospered more by her unlucky scheming, she might perhaps have more easily deceived herself. It was lucky, therefore, for her that she did not succeed by any means to the extent of her desires. Sébastien did not desert her, it is true; he would have been ashamed to have a sister in poverty by the side of his great riches, so he set her up in a little shop of her own, in the main street of La Croix, but it never turned out a very flourishing business. Louise could not gain

popularity either for herself or her trade, or, what she felt more, even for her little son. Sébastien never would allow her to come to his house and Jeanie's. Once every year he paid her a solemn visit, and settled accounts with her, and gave her help if she needed it, but he hurried to get away from the place, never hinted at his sister or nephew returning his civility, and Jeanie never came. Louise wondered sometimes would it have been any different if Marie had been in Jeanie's place, would she and the little Stanislas have been as grudgingly acknowledged by the husband and wife then? Alas! poor Miette was never proud, Louise acknowledged to herself with a sigh.

I was on my way through La Croix to the churchyard, intending to visit Marie's grave, when I last caught sight of Louise, looking gloomily through her dark little shop window. I really did not care to go in and ask after her, for, like Sébastien, I never can forgive Louise, so I passed on towards the burial ground.

Crossing the last garden plot which led to it, I saw an old man and a little deformed woman trudging on in front of me, and soon came up with M. Marcellin and the dwarf Amélie. I was pleased to see him, hoping for a friendly chat over old times, and soon discovered that he was bound for the same spot as myself. He carried a basket of flowers in his hand, that he was about to lay upon the grave—choice flowers from his own garden, he told me.

'Not many days pass, Madame,' he said, 'on which I do not visit the churchyard—our good little Miette,' and for a time the dear old man could say no more.

The sight of me had brought back so much to his recollection, his voice was choked with tears. As I looked at her, I perceived that poor Amélie, though more than restored to former health (for she was quite strong now) had the face of age while still a young woman, a child's figure and a woman's expression, as is so common with deformed people. A poor little stunted life that had known no childhood proper, or happy youth, only immaturity and age; it was a painful spectacle, and one which suggested sad questionings of heart.

We came to the grave, and laid flowers upon it, and behind the cross at its head, one which M. Marcellin had caused to be put up, we sat down, and conversed together.

'You see, Madame,' M. Marcellin began, after a few moments' silence, 'it was a great, great blow to me, the little one being taken. Well, that may seem strange to you, seeing I am such an old man, and she but a young creature; but what is there so strange as the human heart? Believe me, my friend, that I did not know my own until God sent me this great affliction.'

M. Marcellin paused, but I begged him to talk to me still of all

that was on his mind, for it seemed to do him good to unburden himself to me thus.

'Yet, how should my insignificant life interest you, Madame?' he said, 'truly, only in that it strove, though vainly, to connect itself with that of Miette. It is for this reason that I will tell you all. It seems to me,' he continued, 'that the good God has perceived a great fault in me from the beginning of my life, for which He has punished me many times, who can say, alas! whether I am yet purified from it. Ever since I can remember I have so loved beautiful things—creatures of earthly beauty, you see, my friend—and God has been saying to me that He Himself is the only beauty which we poor mortals are allowed to desire. But I did not listen, and when I was a young man it was always the same thing. I determined that I would have at least one beautiful gift, all my own—a beautiful wife. It was no matter to me that I was poor, my father dead, and my mother and four sisters dependent upon me. I would wait until duty should allow me to marry, but then I would have my desire, I would win some beautiful young creature to be all my own, I would make myself rich in order that I might succeed. Years passed on; many and many a time my mother, good woman, urged me to form one or another suitable connection, and so to provide for myself, whilst I was yet young, rather than continue a life of toil, and defer my settlement until maturer years. "Let me nurse your children on my knees, my dear Paul," she would say to me, "and bless them before I die!" But I would not, I turned a deaf ear to my good mother's counsel. I was obstinate and self-willed, and at last I lost her. I had no longer her wisdom to guide me. Of my sisters—three married, and one, the youngest, the pretty one, whom I had loved best, died just after my mother. Observe, Madame, that was the first time God spoke to me; it was as if He had said, "the beauty of man fadeth," but I gave no heed. I was pretty well in years, long past my youth, and I had never been much to look at even in my best days, when I was in a position to choose for myself, and glorify the well-appointed home I had prepared, with a sweet and loving wife.' Here M. Marcellin paused, and his tears fell quickly into his handkerchief. 'I found such a one who was willing to have me—another Marie whom twenty years ago I had the unspeakable happiness to press to my heart, my Marie, my wife! For six short months only, God lent her to me, and then He said to this dull heart the second time, "Beauty is like a thing of nought." She died, and her grave lies over the mountains there in Èze. For some time after that I devoted myself to my business, and ten years ago, when I had grown quite rich, I wound up my affairs, left the town, and bought that little house for myself upon the hill above Miette's valley. I made it as pretty as I knew how, for though I could not have beauty in a living person, I still loved to surround myself with things pleasant to the eyes. By degrees I became

acquainted with the kind people of the neighbourhood ; amongst them grew up this little one, for whom, as you know, Madame, I have so sorely longed. Yes, I could not bring myself to accept any denial, though I knew at last that Miette loved another. Heaven knows I would not have taken her against her will, but when Sebastien failed her, then I did say to myself, "My dove is sent forth upon a waste of waters, who knows if she will not make haste and fly of her own accord to this nest so tenderly prepared, all lined and ready to receive her." Here the old man buried his face in his handkerchief, and wept aloud. 'Ah well, Madame,' he concluded, looking up at last, 'but she has taken a longer flight into a safer nest. Oh, sacred Heart of Jesus ! oh, sweeter, surer refuge than my sinful love ! Shall I not acknowledge that it is well. And to me the good God speaks for the third time, and says, "The lilies of the field are cut down and withered, but I endure." Sometimes I think, Madame, it may be pleasing to Him that I have taken *her*,' pointing to Amélie, who was coming out of the *Curé's* house just then, where she had been to see Mademoiselle, 'to live with me, the ugly instead of the beautiful one ; is it not enough for such a sinner as I am ? and truly my heart goes out to her for Miette's sake, who cared for her so unselfishly, and she is grateful to me, and good and helpful. Yes—yes, she is quite strong now ; let His will be done ; the ill-favoured for us here below, the lily of our valley for the garden of the Lord.'

This is the story of Miette, whose love fell from her like an orange blossom smitten by the hail. Many another life has thus shed its first blossoms, flowers not destined to produce earthly fruit ; and yet the hearts have lived on, and put forth new shoots and fresh flowers of the spring, but with Miette it was otherwise, her whole heart went forth to nourish this one blossom, and in its death she died.

SHAKSPERE TALKS WITH UNCRITICAL PEOPLE.

VII.—HENRY THE SIXTH, FIRST AND SECOND PARTS.

(Published 1623, supposed date, 1592-4.)

In all the works which pass under Shakspeare's name there are few passages which present a more startling transition of style than the opening lines of the *First Part of Henry VI.*, when read directly after any one of the six plays which we have formerly considered. Take, at

random, one of Juliet's speeches, or Richard's monologue in prison, for example; read either steadily and thoughtfully, then turn to

'Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky!' &c.,

and then say if the effect of the contrast is not as startling as it is unpleasant. The lines are like nothing but the lamentations of the Governor in Sheridan's *Critic*—

'A hemisphere of evil planets reigns,
And every planet sheds contagious fury!'

This was Shakspeare's style when he was writing a burlesque, like *Pyramus and Thisbe* in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; but whoever wrote this Part of *Henry VI.* evidently intended these opening lines for something fine. When we get on into the main body of the play, we do not find ourselves better pleased. Plot there is little or none; the play consists of a series of broken and detached scenes, some in England, some in France, which bear certainly more or less on the fortunes of Henry VI., but which present no coherent whole. Next we turn to consider the characters, and here again we fail to recognise the magician's hand. These people are excessively tiresome, alike in their battles and their speeches; everything about them is so confused and uninteresting, that one feels inclined to say 'Could Shakspeare ever really have been so tedious?' The fact is, that our course has brought us to what an eminent critic calls one of the most puzzling questions in Shaksperian criticism, viz., the authorship of these *Henry VI.* plays; and as probably it would not greatly interest most of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* to go into the arguments on this subject at much length, it may be better to give briefly the results of the latest critical inquiry about it. It appears now to be thought that Shakspeare had very little hand indeed in this First Part; only one passage is ascribed to him with any confidence—the picturesque scene of the origin of the factions of the Red and White Roses, arising from the quarrel between York (then plain Richard Plantagenet) and Somerset, in the Temple Gardens. From the marked changes of style throughout the play, it is supposed that at least two other people besides Shakspeare took part in writing it, and perhaps this partly accounts for the confusion and indistinctness of the characters, for truly the joint authors cannot be congratulated on the result. It is a great pity that more is not made of the two or three grand figures which are among the crowd; brave old Talbot, for instance, and his son, who chooses to die by his father's side. Then there are several of their comrades in arms who might have been made more interesting; but, of course, the most dramatic character of all is Joan of Arc, and she is about the worst drawn of the whole. Possibly it might have been difficult for an Elizabethan writer to see in her anything higher than a sorceress;

but even taking that view of her, what a pity it is that Shakspeare did not work up her story in later days ! He might have made a great figure of her instead of this poor caricature ; but perhaps the subject did not attract him. It is said that this First Part succeeded on the stage, and was popular—which is not unlikely—in spite of all defects, as it had plenty of stir and fighting, and appealed to national vanity and prejudice. In modern language, it was a ‘sensation piece,’ full of blood and thunder, and in those days of simple stage scenery, battles and sieges were represented with delightful ease. The time of the play extends over a considerable number of years, from the funeral of Henry V. in 1422, when Henry VI. was an infant, to the marriage of the latter in 1445, covering a miserable period of loss and disaster in France and growing dissension and confusion in England.

The war in France occupies the principal place in the story ; but besides this, there are three points which connect this Part with the subsequent ones, and therefore have interest for us. The first is the restoration of the senior line of Plantagenets (which descended from Lionel of Clarence, the third son of Edward III.) to rank and power in the person of Richard Plantagenet, whose father, the Earl of Cambridge, had been executed for treason in the reign of Henry V. At the instance of the Duke of Gloucester and the Earl of Warwick, Henry VI. replaced Richard in the position forfeited by his father, and created him Duke of York. The next important point has been already alluded to, the origin of the two parties of the rival Roses in the quarrel between York and Somerset. The young King, later in the play, adopts Somerset’s red rose, which thus comes to be regarded as the symbol of the whole Lancastrian party. The scene of the original quarrel (Act ii. sc. 4), though ascribed to Shakspeare, is not unusually striking ; yet one can easily fancy the knot of eager and excited men emerging from the Temple buildings into the quiet garden, and then a sudden hesitation falling on them, and a reluctance to pledge themselves to either party, till Plantagenet suggests the significant action of gathering the white rose, which he takes as his badge, and then the sides are decisively taken. There is a curious contrast between the calm garden blossoming with roses—the lovers’ flowers, mystical emblems of love, peace, and perfection—and this hot quarrel ; but how does the pathos of the contrast deepen when the mind runs on to the devastation and misery which are to follow this scene in the old Temple Garden !

The third point, which bears greatly on the following plays, is the introduction into the story of Margaret of Anjou, who is afterwards to be a character of so much importance. She is introduced near the close of this part (Act v. sc. 3) in a quaint sort of scene, unlike the rest of the play, and unlike, too, the later representations of Margaret. Here she is a sprightly coquette, playing with Suffolk’s admiration, resenting his abstraction, and retaliating by feigned inattention on her own part ;

in fact, comporting herself much more like a pretty flirt in a ball-room than like a captive princess on a battle-field. From some peculiarities of style, such as Suffolk's awkward phrase 'There lies a cooling card,' it is not thought that Shakspeare wrote this curious scene. It shows the beginning of that fatal passion between Suffolk and Margaret which is developed in the next play, as the dramatists adopted one of the fictions, which had obtained credence in Margaret's day, when so many stories were circulated about her. As to Suffolk, he is very much misrepresented in the matter, as he was deeply attached to his own wife, and old enough to be Margaret's father. Both he and Margaret have quite enough sins against them without being made thus to repeat the old story of Lancelot and Guinevere, with Henry for a far feeblere King Arthur. However, the Suffolk of the play contrives to inspire the young King with sudden affection for Margaret, and the ill-starred match is made up against the will of the wisest of Henry's counsellors—the Protector Gloucester; and Suffolk concludes the First Part by declaring his intention of ruling both the kingdom and the King through his influence with the new Queen.

The opening of the Second Part brings us at once to different ground, and we have to ask again 'Who wrote this?' It is one of the most vexed questions in Shaksperian criticism, as, in considering it, we have not only to think of the play before us and its sequel, but of two others which correspond with them so closely, that it is clear some connection must exist between them all. These two plays are known as *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, or, to give the formidable titles under which they were first published in 1594-5, *The first part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Jacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorke's first claime unto the Crowne*; and *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt, with the whole contention betweene the two houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Earl of Pembroke his seruantes*. Merely from reading these elaborate titles, we see that the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* were upon the same subjects as the two last *Henry VI.* plays, and upon comparing the two pairs of plays we find many passages identical; and in other parts, though the expressions are varied, and the whole improved in *Henry VI.*, yet the ideas are the same as in corresponding passages in the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*. Now of course all this is very curious, and has given rise to many theories, as there is so much uncertainty as to the authorship of all the four plays. It has been suggested at one time that Shakspeare wrote them all; at another, that he wrote very little of any; now, that the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* were his first sketches of the two last Parts of *Henry VI.*; and again, that they were stolen and imperfect copies of these latter

plays! Where such discrepancies of ideas exist among the critics, it is not for us 'uncritical' people to indulge in positive assertions; but among those who have studied the subject most closely, the opinion seems to prevail that the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* were written first, and that Shakspeare presented revised and improved editions of both as the Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI.* Who were the writers of these earlier plays is a question which lies a little outside of our consideration at present, but three authors are suggested (setting Shakspeare aside), Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, all among the early group of Elizabethan dramatists; and it is also thought possible that Marlowe might have worked with Shakspeare in revising his own works and altering them into the two *Henry VI.* plays. So we cannot say with absolute certainty which is Shakspeare's work in these dramas, though certain speeches can be assigned to him without much hesitation.

We must not forget that these were still Shakspeare's young days as a writer, and he may have been sometimes obliged to sacrifice his own judgment and good taste to the exigencies of his theatre, and to do such work as came in his way, making the best of such materials as he had. But working up another man's ideas, even those of a real genius like Christopher Marlowe, could not have been satisfactory at the best, and accordingly we find in these plays a certain confusion and indistinctness in the indications of character, very different to those works in which Shakspeare was free to follow his own notions. Notwithstanding this, the *Second Part of Henry VI.* is greatly superior to the *Contention*; the speeches are better and more characteristic, the scenes are more animated and interesting, and anybody who will take the trouble of carefully contrasting the two, will be quite repaid for the labour by seeing how the improvements have been effected. In both plays, the general course of the story is the same; it begins with the arrival of Queen Margaret at the English court, and in a few minutes we find ourselves in the midst of that entangled mass of intrigues which forms the plot of the piece. It is a disagreeable picture, because everybody is plotting to undermine somebody else, with few exceptions; and those who are too noble for such work are foredoomed to be victims to others' misdoing. Cardinal Beaufort unites a large party under him to oppose the Protector Gloucester, though on other points this same party is divided by endless jealousies and dislikes; the young Queen is bewitching her new-made husband with sweet words, while still keeping Suffolk beside her; the Duchess of Gloucester is brooding over her ambitious dreams; and, more dangerous than all, the Duke of York is silently but steadily maturing his purpose of making good his claims upon the Crown. Only two figures move clear of all these intrigues—the young King and Humphrey of Gloucester; both go on their way endeavouring to do right, and both are overpowered by the violence and duplicity around them. In other respects, they are utterly unlike. Such as Henry

appears at the opening of the play, such in essentials he remains throughout, a gentle, pure-souled creature, loving and confiding, cursed by being born to a position in which even his good points do harm to himself and others. His weakness is not like that of our last King Richard II., the weakness of a vain and self-willed man who fancied himself strong. Henry is weak as a child might be, and has an even pathetic consciousness of the fact; he is an 'innocent,' as they say in the north, and it seems like a mere mockery of fate which sets this helpless being to control the stormy natures around him. We could not blame Henry for being weak; it would be as wise to blame a baby for being incapable for the work of a blacksmith; it is simply not in the King to be different. Even the religion which pervades his whole nature, while it certainly is his greatest comfort and consolation, does not rouse him up to resolution and determined action. His virtues are all of the passive order, he can be patient and resigned, and is always anxious to make peace about him; but the strength necessary to do the work of his difficult position has been denied to him. The most curious point about him in these two parts is the sort of separation between him and all the other characters; he seems to move in another world and to look at things with other eyes than most men. And by the other characters he seems to be regarded as something strange, not suited for this world, for whose peculiarities they have a sort of tenderness. Even his enemies, while attacking him ruthlessly, speak with a half-pity of 'the gentle king,' the unwilling witness of scenes of blood. They talk of 'his Churchlike humour,' his general unfitness for ruling, as if he could not help being what he was; and though there is no allusion to the time when he was actually insane, it is quite possible that the knowledge of the fact may have influenced the minds of those who drew his character here. It is plain that the very existence of such a King at such a time is a source of numberless dangers to the country which he is utterly powerless to avert. All is sunshine with him, however, as the Second Part opens; the beautiful bride who has just come to him, quite effaces, with her sweet words and ways, any remembrance of the heavy price which has been paid for her in the cession of Anjou and Maine. Henry is well pleased with the whole arrangement, and perceives nothing of the storm of indignation which it raises among his nobles, though they are all raging at Suffolk's intolerable audacity, and can hardly restrain their feelings till the check of the King's presence is withdrawn. Then Gloucester breaks out in his grief and anger, reminding us a little of John of Gaunt, for the speech beginning 'Brave peers of England,' is remodelled into a thoroughly Shaksperian strain. The Gloucester of this play is quite another man from the Gloucester of the First Part, who was a stormy, blustering personage, as far as his character was defined at all, who talked of Cardinal Beaufort as 'Winchester goose,' and was otherwise undignified. This man is

always a stately gentleman, forcibly repressing his natural impetuosity, with a dignified self-restraint ; and his is the one figure in the play on which it is pleasant to pause ; he stands among the ignoble crowd of lower natures at once loyal to his King and devoted to the best interests of his country. Of course, we are not bound to accept this as a historical portrait, but still it does correspond fairly well to the impression of the Duke's character as given in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, probably the source from which the writers of the play got their ideas. This is the final verdict there given upon Gloucester : ' But to conclude of this noble duke, he was an upright and politic governor, bending all his endeavours to the advancement of the commonwealth, verie loving to the poor commons, and beloved of them again, learned, wise, full of courtesy, void of ambition, a virtue rare in personages of such high estate, but where it is most commendable.' Such a man would certainly have enemies, and accordingly we see the crafty old Cardinal Beaufort, supported by the two Dukes of Suffolk and Somerset, busily conspiring against him, endeavouring to get rid of him by any means. The first half of the play, down to the middle of the third act, mostly turns on this intrigue, though the scenes are so disconnected that it is not always easy to keep any distinct idea in the confusion. But before leaving the first scene of all, we must stop to notice York's soliloquy, when all the rest of the courtiers have gone away on their own devices. The interesting point in the speech is the curious difference in metre between the first and second halves, for all the first part goes easily and smoothly till we reach the repetition of the line ' Anjou and Maine both given to the French ;' and then suddenly the old-fashioned hard lines begin again, and continue to the end of the speech. As would be guessed, the First Part is new, probably Shakspere's, and the rest is taken direct from the *Contention* ; so the whole speech, though incongruous in itself, shows us how the remodeller worked.

Now (Act i. sc. 2) we pass on into private life, and find the Duchess of Gloucester plotting behind her husband's back for his advancement ; and here again are wheels within wheels, her confederates are scheming to betray her, and serve their own interests. We fancy that in a less crowded play, the Duchess's character would have been developed to a much more interesting one ; the materials are all there—pride, love, courage, superstition, passion—all curiously combine in her. The writers, both of this play and the *Contention*, have dealt very leniently with her, for the historical Eleanor Cobham was no very respectable character. Some points about her make us think of Lady Macbeth ; she has the same ambition, to be gratified by seeing her husband supreme, the same endeavour to supplement what she thinks his weakness by her more unscrupulous daring, though she has not the silent determination necessary to carry out her great schemes. Unlike Lady Macbeth, she must have assistants and magical aid, and so she fails.

It is very hard on Gloucester though, who tries so vigorously to keep her out of intrigues and disloyalty.

Now the Queen and Suffolk make their appearance (Act i. sc. 3), no longer restrained by Henry's presence, and Margaret lets us see her character in its true colours at this stage. With that peculiar hardness characteristic of her throughout, she bursts out into that cruelly contemptuous description of her husband which contrasts so oddly with her flattery of him when he is present. Certainly Margaret is made very repulsive in these scenes, a vain petulant creature, impatient of opposition, attracted by Suffolk's physical qualities, and despising everything else. There is a mischievously feminine touch in the young Queen's spite at Duchess Eleanor's fine gowns, which appear to be more annoying than all the opposition of the lords. Suffolk's character ought to have been clearly brought out; but there is little definite about him at any time, except devotion to Margaret, and a perfect unscrupulousness as to the means to be employed to make her, and himself through her, all powerful in the kingdom. Accordingly Margaret and Suffolk unite with the Cardinal and his people against the Protector, and the storm of accusations burst out in this third scene, followed by that queer incident of the box on the ear given by the Queen to the Duchess of Gloucester, which is so unlike Shakspeare's usual taste, that one wonders why it was adopted from the *Contention*, unless to occupy the time while Gloucester is off the scene. He behaves admirably at this crisis, being determined not to give his enemies a handle; he silently leaves the room to master his indignation 'with walking once about the quadrangle,' and comes back in dignified calm, 'to talk of commonwealth affairs,' putting his opponents quietly aside in his conscious integrity, by bidding them prove their 'spiteful false objections.' But a terrible blow is preparing for him, through the conjuring scene which follows (Act i. sc. 4), and suggests to us faint anticipations of Macbeth's witches. The witch in this case, Margery Jourdain, is a real historical character, and figures in the annals of the time, along with Bolingbroke, and the priest Hume, who, by the way, should be 'Hum,' as he makes his name rhyme with 'mum.' It appears that he was pardoned, when the rest of the Duchess's conjurors were put to death for treason, so possibly he did really betray her to her enemies. We need not stop much over the opening of the second act, as neither the challenge passed between Gloucester and the Cardinal (Act ii. sc. 1) nor the incident of the impostor Simpkins, bears much on what follows. Nevertheless it is interesting to know that the Simpkins story was a tradition handed down from Gloucester's days, and related by Sir Thomas More, almost in the same words which are reproduced in the *Contention* and here.

Now that Gloucester's power shakes a little, York begins to come forward, and obligingly (Act ii. sc. 2) gives Warwick and Salisbury

that clear exposition of his claims to the Crown, which is such a delightful help to muddle-headed people in remembering the wars of the Roses, and the various branches of Edward III.'s descendants. Still all this is kept under the surface, York being quite content to let his enemies—Suffolk, the Queen, and others—do his dirty work for him in ensnaring 'the virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey,' whom, of course, York wants out of the way, but whom he dares not attack directly. York is made very repulsive with his cold-blooded calculations; but we think the dramatists have been a little hard on him, and blackened his character unnecessarily.

Gloucester's troubles thicken fast upon him now; first comes the condemnation of the Duchess (Act ii. sc. 3) to penance and banishment, and then follows the loss of the Protectorship. Yet he goes on calmly, though nearly heartbroken at his wife's disgrace; not even her touching appeals (Act iii. sc. 4) move him to interfere with the course of the law, and he cannot credit her warnings as to his own danger. He still believes that while he is 'loyal, true, and crimeless,' there is nothing in the world that can harm him; but, unfortunately, his trust is misplaced. The whole crowd of his enemies muster at Bury (Act iii. sc. 1), headed by Margaret, voluble in complaints curiously mixed up, partly of the incivility of the late Protector's manners, partly of his popularity with the Commons, and his dangerous nearness to the Crown. Nobody has a good word to say for the falling man, except the King, whose intuitions show him clearly the truth and falsehood of the accusations, but who is too weak to protect the accused. Gloucester's quiet composure when the storm breaks thus, is just what we might expect from his strength and honesty, although it seems as if his eyes were suddenly opened to the malicious power of his foes, as he turns from one to another of them, discovering, with a few trenchant words, the secret evil and treachery lurking in each heart. Though he perfectly realises what is before him, he makes no useless appeal to the King, and his farewell to him is a solemn warning of the trouble which was coming on the country. The poor young King is 'quite in despair at his uncle's danger, and his own powerlessness to save him, in spite of believing him innocent. But innocence or guilt matters very little to the Queen and her confederates; having got the Duke into their power, they are quite determined that he shall not escape. With the disappearance of this one noble figure, the whole story becomes more confused and shadowy; we miss the sharply-defined characters of the other plays, who seemed to live and move before us. Here they often are monotonously alike, fierce, ambitious, and cruel; sometimes Margaret, Winchester, and Suffolk might exchange speeches for any particular marks of character their utterances bear. York is necessarily a little more distinct from the great design which now possesses him, and comes more and more into prominence. Historically speaking, York

was far away at this time from the scene of Gloucester's arrest, and probably had nothing whatever to do with it. His soliloquy in the end of this scene (Act iii. sc. 1) is greatly expanded from a few lines in the *Contention*, and his description of Cade is one of the passages in which some critics recognise the hand of Marlowe, revising and improving his former work. Events now push on, and the next scene (Act iii. sc. 2) announces Gloucester's death.

Here the revisers have judiciously suppressed a ghastly scene in the *Contention*, in which Gloucester is smothered on the stage; in place of which Suffolk brings the news, which is received with hypocritical awe by the Queen, and with a burst of passionate despair by the King, whose instincts tell him what has really happened, and indicate Suffolk as the murderer. Margaret's efforts to turn the current of Henry's thoughts are very curious, for one does not exactly see what the description of her feelings in coming to England has to do with Gloucester's murder. The explanation seems to be that it was her intense jealousy of the Duke which urged her to get rid of him, and which now blazes out when she finds that death has only raised him higher in Henry's affection. For Margaret is the sort of woman who *must* be first, even with those for whom she cares comparatively little, and therefore she feels her husband's love for his uncle as a wrong to herself, and bursts out into reproaches at his cruelty and indifference. But Henry hardly seems to heed her; this passionate woman does not know how to move him, because she cannot understand a nature so unlike her own. Even in his distress the King prays to be kept from false suspicion, but other people are less scrupulous. Warwick, with the solemnity befitting the occasion, declares his conviction

‘That violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke,’

supporting his assertion by that celebrated description of the corpse, which doctors still quote as indicating with wonderful precision the appearance of a man who had died by apoplexy or been strangled. Of course, fierce denials follow this accusation, and a stormy and picturesque scene follows, which is not difficult to fancy to ourselves. We can picture the poor King leaning over the silent corpse of his best friend; Margaret flushed with anger and excitement interposing with her sharp words on behalf of her favourite; the whole crowd of nobles wrangling, and the mass of commons making a background to the principal figures. Then cannot we fancy Warwick and Suffolk bursting in together with their drawn swords, and the hoarse shouts of the populace outside calling for ‘an answer from the King,’ and threatening vengeance for the death of their beloved Gloucester? Supported thus, Henry musters up resolution to banish Suffolk, confirming his judgment with an oath, very rare on his gentle lips. Here the dramatists have compressed the historical facts, for though Suffolk was banished after

much popular clamour, it was some three years later that the people called him 'an abhorred toad!'

So the Queen and Suffolk have to part, whereupon he relieves his feelings by that extraordinary burst of curses upon his enemies which startles even Margaret. She, in this scene, is more of a real woman (though a bad one), than we have seen her yet, torn between anxiety for his safety and distress at his going—

'Even now be gone! Oh, go not yet!'

she says, like Juliet in similar circumstances. Like Juliet, too, when he is inclined to stay at all risks, she almost forces him to go and make for France.

On another of the conspirators vengeance speedily falls, for the next scene (Act iii. sc. 3) is the well-known one of the death-bed of Cardinal Beaufort, so terrible in its despair. As an example how the general tone of *Henry VI.* is raised above that of the *Contention*, we give the scene as it stands in each play:—

CONTENTION.

Enter KING and SALISBURY, and then the curtains be drawn and the CARDINAL is discovered in his bed raving and staring as if he were mad.

Car. Oh death, if thou wilt let me live, but one whole year,
I'll give thee as much gold as will purchase such another island!

King. Oh see, my Lord of Salisbury! how he is troubled.
Lord Cardinal, remember Christ must save thy soul.

Car. Why? Died he not in his bed?
Can I make men live whether they will or no?

Sirrah, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothicary sent me.

Oh see where Duke Humphrey's ghost doth stand,

And stares me in the face! Look, look, comb down his hair.

So now he's gone again. Oh, oh, oh!

Sal. See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart!

King. Lord Cardinal, if thou diest assured of heavenly bliss

Hold up thy hand, and make some sign to us. [*The Cardinal dies.*]

Oh see! he dies, and makes no sign at all. Oh God forgive his soul.

Sal. So bad an end did never none behold.

But as his death, so was his life in all.

King. Forbear to judge, good Salisbury, forbear,

HENRY THE SIXTH.

Enter the KING, SALISBURY, and WARWICK, to the CARDINAL in his bed.

King. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.

Died he not in his bed? Where should he die?

Can I make men live, whether they will or no?

Oh, torture me no more, I will confess!
Alive again? then show me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

For God will judge us all.
Go take him hence, and see his funerals
be performed. [Exeunt.]

King. O Thou eternal Mover of the
heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch !
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's
soul,
And from his bosom purge this black de-
spair !
War. See how the pangs of death do
make him grin !
Sal. Disturb him not ; let him pass
peaceably.
King. Peace to his soul, if God's good
pleasure be !
Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on hea-
ven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy
hope.
He dies, and makes no sign. O God, for-
give him !
War. So bad a death argues a mon-
strous life.
King. Forbear to judge, for we are
sinners all.
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain
close ;
And let us all to meditation. [Exeunt.]

Here the alterations are not very extensive, but they add greatly to the impressiveness of the scene, and bring out more forcibly the horror of the Cardinal's vision and the purity and holiness of the King, even here still praying, still forbearing to judge. It is only fair to add that in the Cardinal's dying speech as reported by his chaplain, though he lamented his avarice and ambition, he admitted nothing in regard to Gloucester's death. The exact truth about that event seems not to have been known, five gentlemen of the Duke's household were condemned to death on the charge of having been concerned in it, but were reprieved by Suffolk at the very last minute. The first interest of this play is now concluded ; so the end of the third act forms a convenient halting-place, before passing on to consider the two rebellions of Jack Cade, and of York, on which turn both the end of this part and the whole of the next.

CONSTANCE O'BRIEN.

MONT S. MICHEL, AU PÉRIL DE LA MER; PALACE, MONASTERY, AND PRISON.

(THE CHATEAU AND ABBEY.)

BY A. F. T.

CHAPTER IV.

'BEFORE we go to the Salle des Chevaliers and the Refectoire,' said Martin, 'we will pass through the Promenoir, and then I will show you where stood the famous *Cage de Fer*.'

The *Promenoir* is a wide gallery, the roof of which is supported by four columns with palmated capitals, and before the construction of the beautiful cloister was used by the monks of the Abbey as their place of exercise; hence its name.

We passed through this gallery to emerge into a long narrow passage, or corridor, where a little staircase led us into an arched vault, fairly lighted, but damp from infiltration of water through the joints of the masonry, a fault of ancient standing, and one which made confinement here even more terrible than in the horrible 'Twins' themselves.

'Here,' said Martin, 'stood the *Cage de Fer*, which was not made of iron, but of thick bars of wood, banded together with iron cramps. Louis XI. caused a number of them to be made for Angers, Loches, and other places. This was one of the largest, for it was about eight feet long; the others were only about six feet and a half long *outside*, and so made that the prisoner could neither stand up nor lie down at full length.'

'Now,' said I, 'how about that prisoner who was confined in this cage for four-and-twenty years, and was devoured at last by rats? —Louis XIV. put him in.'

'That is an infamous *canard*,' answered Martin, quite disgusted at my daring to know anything about the 'cage.' 'Nothing of the kind. He was only in the cage one year and ten days, and was put in by the Minister of War of Louis XV. He wrote a lot of libels against the authorities, and they caught him at Frankfort in 1745. They pretended that he was a Dutchman and a Protestant. All wrong. He was a Frenchman and a Catholic.'

'But,' I humbly suggested, 'he died in the cage?'

'*Parbleu!*' said Martin, furiously, as if the unhappy Victor de la Castagne, or Dubourg, as he is sometimes called, had committed a crime in dying. 'It was his own fault—everything was done for him. The water fell in on him from the roof of the vault; they covered the cage with planks; then they repaired it thoroughly. The door was twelve inches thick, and there were two openings above by which they passed his food to him. They gave him a coat and waistcoat of thick stuff to keep out the cold, but he *would* starve himself. Why, they actually went into the cage and put soup down his throat with a funnel; but it was no good: he would die, and he did die, in 1746. Bah! the authorities positively spent 430 francs on the cage. I've seen the accounts myself.'

'And what became of the cage?' I asked, shivering, half with cold, half with horror.

'Why, a few years afterwards the Duc d'Artois—Charles X., you know,' continued Martin, 'ordered the thing to be pulled down. He was ashamed of it; but nobody touched it, for the Swiss of the Abbey made the best part of his livelihood by showing it to visitors; but the

Duc de Chartres, afterwards Louis Philippe, when *he* saw it, sent for an axe and gave it the first cut or two, and then stood by while it was being destroyed. The poor old Swiss cried over it like a child, and the Duc gave him ten louis, and told him that if he could no longer show the cage, he could show where it had stood.

'Heavens!' thought I to myself, 'what fiend could do more than thus drive an unhappy pamphleteer to madness by excess of misery?' I suppose there was something in my face which showed my horror, for Martin added, in a milder tone—

'Yes, it *was* terrible. The judge who came to examine Dubourg could not finish his *procès verbal*; he was frozen with cold and wet. The bars of the cage were so close together that you couldn't get your hand between them, so that they were forced to make two holes, high up, to pass in a dish and a basin. They tell me that one of you English saw the cage in 1775, and went in and measured it; but come, monsieur, you have plenty more to see.'

I was not sorry to quit the vault with its sad and shameful reminiscences.

'We can't go into the *Salle des Chevaliers* just now,' said Martin; 'we will go later. You will have a glimpse of them as we go past to the *Gros Piliers*.'

We traversed anew the long, narrow gallery, and the Promenoir with its baseless pillars, sunk as it were in the rock, and shortly afterwards arrived at a kind of vestibule, dark and sombre, but nothing in comparison with the gloom of a little square room that opened on it.

'Look in, monsieur,' urged Martin; 'that is the *Cachot du Diable*. Before they made the window you could scarcely see your hand. Look in, monsieur; look in.'

I did as I was bid, and was astounded to see from the midst of the room an elegant column rising to the roof, from which sprung ribs and mouldings interlaced with wonderful art. What the object of all this beauty was, only to be lost in gloom, did not appear.

Martin had nothing better to say than, '*Sapristi!*' but it *was* dark there! Now, if monsieur will not speak, I will show him the *détenus*.'

Silently we edged our way through a long narrow gallery or *couloir*, until we came to an opening partially glazed—apparently a kind of large window.

'Look in,' said Martin, in a whisper.

I obeyed, and looked into a room, they say, eighty feet long and sixty broad, the roof of which is supported by fifteen beautiful first-pointed columns, in granite, each pillar having a different capital. Beautifully-moulded ribs, with their bosses, spring from these capitals.

This noble room is remarkable, moreover, for its two enormous chimneys with stone hoods, each capable of receiving twenty to thirty

persons inside it. The historians of the Mount claim for this room the title of 'the finest Gothic hall in the world,' nor are they far wrong, if strength, simplicity, wonderful symmetry and beauty, combine to give an idea of force and grandeur.

In this grand hall, anciently the 'Scriptorium' of the Abbey, where the Benedictine monks used to lend their best energies to the careful transcription of the precious MSS. stored away in the muniment room in the north-western corner of the hall, and so carried on for about 300 years, a veritable manufactory of books in this hall, where Louis XI., the crafty and the superstitious, held, for a time, the chapter of his Order of the Knights of S. Michel, what did I see?

Some 400 wan, white figures, the counterparts of those I had quitted at the great wheel, weaving calico!

The looms creaked, and the shuttles flew, in a silence, as far as the human voice was concerned, almost absolute. Two or three warders walked up and down, but no prisoner, seemingly, looked to the right hand or the left. If they *did* communicate, as no doubt they did, it must have been most craftily done. The click of the looms in the stern silence had something quite terrible about it, tended as they were by these white-clothed, half-starved men. Yet Martin whispered—

'It is as much as your life is worth to go down there *now*. We will enter while they are at dinner—don't stop! I'll tell you why afterwards. Meanwhile come and see the Monks' Refectory and the *Gros Piliers*, and then we will mount to the Church, and on our return here see the Montgomeries. *Parbleu!* we have plenty to do.'

We passed on to a vestibule, whence a few steps landed us in one of the most beautiful rooms in the world, the Refectory of Mont S. Michel.

Those who view this room as it *now* is, with its elegant and slender, yet strong, central columns, its long transomed windows, its airy roof, and its two enormous hooded chimneys at the end, can have no idea of what it was when I first saw it, divided half-way up the columns into two storeys by a wooden ceiling, and converted into dormitories for convicts! But even in this forlorn state, nothing could mask its beauty and majesty. Originally its pavement had been of enamelled tiles, and its windows had been filled with stained glass, but all this decoration had, of course, disappeared long ago, and where the old Benedictines had feasted on their 'high days' with almost all the kings of France, in their turn, the Revolution established a manufactory of wooden shoes, at which trade worked the pretended Louis XVII., Mathurin Bruno!

'One good thing those old abbots did,' said Martin, quite suddenly, 'was, that whenever any one came to dine with them, rich or poor, gentle or simple, they were presented to the Abbot, who, after bowing to the earth, washed their feet in a basin of warm water!'

'Hem!' coughed I, but said nothing; if true, thought I, I side

with the worthy Yankee who observed when he was told this story, 'Them abbots must have had a powerful lot to do whenever they had friends to hum !'

Perhaps Martin had *his* doubts too, for he said quickly—

'Let monsieur come with me, and he shall see a real wonder.'

We passed into the open air from the Refectory for a moment or two, and then all at once plunged into the gloom of the Lower Church, or Crypt, of the Abbey. Here nine enormous piers, without capitals, the mouldings of the roof ribs dying away into the columns, stand in a grim and gloomy semi-circle, and support the choir of the Abbey Church. Under the very centre of the sanctuary two piers of lesser massiveness are yoked together with great blocks of stone, so as, in fact, to constitute one huge pier, the weight and thrust of the structure above being divided between them. Encircling these *gros piliers*, as they are called, are five chapels dimly lighted by low windows. From the central recess shot up, from time to time, a fiery glare, and when my eyes became used to the gloom, I beheld a dark, rough figure, with its back towards me, busily engaged, as it seemed, in tinman's work.

'Hist !' whispered Martin. 'Do you see anything ?'

I looked on steadily, and lo ! to my amazement, two or three rats ran up the figure's arms, and one rested, for a second or so, on the top of the head.

'He has tamed those beasts,' whispered Martin ; 'they are the only friends he has. He is about the greatest assassin in the place. He is not allowed to turn his head when any one comes here, unless ordered. Would you like to see his face ?'

'No,' answered I, with a shudder, for I feared to encounter the scowl of that terrible man sitting there, day after day, poring over his work in the lone and dark crypt, lit only by the fitful glare of the fire ; solitary, save for his thoughts and his rats.

There was something awful in the whole scene. The stern, gloomy architecture harmonised with, but intensified, the horror of the man and his crimes. 'The tender mercies of men,' I thought, '*are* cruel.' What can that man have done to be thus consigned day after day to this living tomb ? My curiosity to view his face may only add perhaps one more drop of gall and bitterness to his cup. Why should I look upon him, powerless as I am to help or solace him ?

'No,' I whispered in return to Martin, 'let us go on.'

I was positively afraid that the man would turn his head and gaze at us ; but, no ! he sat there like a stone, and allowed the rats to run up and down him as if he were one.

'This way, then,' said Martin, and unlocking a side door, we mounted a long newel stair, eventually emerging into the full light of day, and the glorious Abbey-Church of S. Michael, "at the peril of the sea."

Who shall worthily set forth the full beauty of this grand, though mutilated, church? To me who had just passed from the gloomy sub-structures of the Abbey, the effect of stepping out into the free light of day was dazzlingly overpowering—how much more the scene before me?

I followed Martin, almost mechanically, as he led me round the five chapels, corresponding to those in the crypt below. In those days their piers were cut in two by floors which permitted the upper halves of the chapels to be used as workshops! I suffered him to point out to me the carving of the Altar and the stalls, executed by some clever *detenu*, which replaced those destroyed by fire in 1834, or by some worse anterior destruction. I cared little for the statue of S. Michael transfixing the Demon, or for the quaint bas-reliefs on the walls of one or two of the chapels; my whole soul being taken up with what no wanton carelessness or ignorant restoration could destroy—the marvellous contrast between the stern and simple and round-arched architecture of the nave, and the wonderful grace, lightness, and beauty of the lofty flamboyant choir so immediately tacked on to it, yet harmonizing with it, in the most effective and wonderful way.

Standing, as I did, at the break of the nave and transepts, the lofty round arches of the tower piers, almost savage in their simplicity, formed a fitting frame for the noble aspect of the choir beyond, where the eye rose from the arcade which masked the chapels to the exquisite triforium above them, and thence to the clerestory, through whose elegant lancets, headed with marvellously light, yet pure tracery, poured down a flood of summer light which glorified all the grand work around.

How long I stood and gazed I know not, but quite long enough to make Martin impatient.

‘Come on, monsieur; *they* will be here soon!’ he urged.

I turned with him, but to behold what a contrast! The whole of the grand Norman, or rather, Romanesque nave, of which only four bays remain intact—the others having crumbled away or been removed—was filled with miserable-looking rough wooden tables, each accompanied by the narrowest of forms, and in and out of a side door flitted white-capped cooks busied in serving out trays on which were tin pannikins containing the cabbage, or bean-soup, which was the main food of the prisoners. The church was then the dining-hall of the *detenus*!

‘Monsieur can view the kitchens,’ said Martin.

So we stepped into what had once been the *vestiary* of the old Benedictines, but now fitted up with huge coppers heated by steam, and peopled by cooks and under-cooks ruled over by a head-cook, as large as any three of his assistants, who, very civilly, doffed his white cap, and showed me the soup he was ladling out, quickly and skilfully, to a number of men who stood near with huge trays covered with bowls and

pannikins. I might have tasted the soup had I cared to do so, but Martin, for some reason or other, hurried me out of the kitchens, and we passed through a door at the western extremity of the church, on to a flagged terrace, bounded by low walls hardly breast high.

This was the exercise ground of the prisoners. Here they marched one after the other, in enforced silence, round and round in a sad and solemn circle for one hour each day, guarded by relays of warders, each of whom was responsible for his own gang.

The space had originally been the *parvis*, or entrance, to the Abbey Church, and little as they thought it, or, if they had known, would they have heeded the fact, the prisoners daily trod over the grave of the grand old abbot, Robert de Torigni (1154), and his successor, Dom Martin, in whose days the abbey was at the acme of its prosperity, and also usefulness, for Abbot Torigni was no 'lazy monk,' but a scholar, an architect, and a profound administrator. Little did the good and great Abbot dream when he humbly ordered himself to be interred at the door of his Abbey Church, whose feet should tread over his stone coffin, and what would be the future destination of the noble building which was the glory and very joy of his heart.

As Martin and I leaned over the low wall and looked down on the buildings and gardens below, I found out *why* he had hurried me away from the kitchens. He had something to tell me. I saw that when once the fit was on him, he experienced what the French call '*la manie de raconter*.' Like the Ancient Mariner, he *must* tell his story to some one, and that imperative necessity had come on him this day.

'Do not imagine, Monsieur,' said he, 'that the prisoners *always* walk about here quietly. No, I myself have seen two attempts at suicide from this place. One from the very spot we are leaning over—the other from the other side. One man killed himself—the other escaped death.'

'What!' exclaimed I, as I looked down what seemed to me a sheer descent of some sixty feet; 'did a man escape death *here*?'

'It is true, Monsieur,' replied Martin. 'Here, on this side, the ground is all rocks; on the other it is soft garden ground. The one threw himself down on the rocks, and escaped with a broken arm; the other was killed on the spot.'

'And now, Monsieur,' continued Martin, 'as we are in a quiet place, I will let you know *why* I was unwilling that you should go down into the Salle des Chevaliers; but we will go there on our return, and we will also visit the Montgomeries. You must know that, at one time, people were allowed to enter the Salle when the prisoners were there. One day, a party, consisting of a grand gentleman, *décoré*, his wife and daughter, entered the Salle. He paced up it to the end, and nearly back again, in silence, when, at last, he stopped, and pointing to a prisoner, said to his wife, quite loud, "That *forçat* resembles some one

I have seen." Scarcely had the words left his mouth, when a young man got up from his loom—he was one of the quietest and best-behaved of the whole lot—and exclaimed, in a loud, stern voice—

"Your name is so and so?"

"Yes," answered the gentleman.

"You were the director of a railroad in Spain?"

"I was," stammered the gentleman, looking very pale.

"Then," shouted the prisoner, and the Salle rang again at his cry, "you are the *forçat*, and ought to be where I am. Comrades," he cried, with a loud voice, "this man made away with the money of the shareholders of that railway, and robbed me of every farthing; *that* thief made a forger and a criminal of *me*. Shall he live?"

'Every soul of the three hundred and fifty men busied with the looms started to his feet.

"Never!" they shouted, and threw themselves on the party, the young prisoner getting the gentleman by the throat, and nearly strangling him. The warders, rushing to the rescue, were obliged to quit the ladies, and they were seized on by some of the worst of the men, and God knows what might have come of it, if that giant of a guide, Pierre, had not rushed in front of them, and guarded the door until they got out of the Salle.

"Nobody touches the women!" cried he; "*they* are innocent!"

'Lucky it was that Pierre did keep the door, for do what *we* could, we could not get the gentleman away from his victim until the guard arrived, who had heard the women shrieking all over the place. And then the *emeute* began in earnest, the prisoners swearing that they *would* have the gentleman and tear him to pieces. *We* swore they should not. Do you know how we saved his life? Why the soldiers advanced in line with fixed bayonets, and *we* thrust him into the very *Cachot du Diable* I told you to look into—the room with the beautiful pillar in the centre—and there we locked him in. What must the miserable wretch have thought when he fell down, bleeding, in the darkness there, and heard the prisoners raging outside for his blood? for, in spite of soldiers and warders, they had all but taken possession of the château, and it was not until we got up every man from the caserne, and all the townspeople, that we could get them quieted, and the gentleman away. Since then, no one is allowed to enter the Salle when the prisoners are there.'

'And what was done for Pierre?' asked I.

'That business got him his liberty,' answered Martin. 'The gentleman moved heaven and earth to get him a *full* pardon; but no; he was released on this condition—never to set his foot on the mainland of France, or return here, and for life. On the island of Mont S. Michel—on the sands—on the sea—he is safe; elsewhere he is doomed.'

'Has he never broken the parole?' said I, innocently.

Martin turned on me quite fiercely : ' If I found him on the mainland for a moment, I would denounce him. Bah ! a fellow like that ! But come, let us go ; we shall just have time to slip into the cloister before the prisoners come to dinner. There I must leave you for a few minutes, as I must see some of *my* men.' So saying, we hastened back through the Church, and turning sharp round the angle of the transept, down some steps, Martin opened a small door with the words, ' There is the cloister ! I shall not be long ; ' and turning the key on me, left me to pace the most beautiful gem of a cloister—certainly the most unique—in all France, or, perchance, in all Europe.

Of course every one knows, and allows, that a cloister is the natural complement of an Abbey Church, but rarely is there found one that so entirely carries out this idea as this cloister of the Abbey of S. Michel. Most cloisters give one the idea of a mere place of exercise, pleasant and beautiful, but no more ; while this cloister shows at once its intent—a place of learned leisure and quiet, as well as of exercise. The proof hereof is the existence of the ancient ' Scriptorium ' in the further or western angle of the cloister as you enter it from the east, and the whole of the construction and arrangement of the cloister ; for it has, somehow, a far more home-like look than the ordinary open colonnades that bear the name. The roof is simple in the extreme—mere ' barrel-vaulting '—but supported by 220 most graceful ' colonnettes,' so disposed as to minimise the thrust. In the exquisite arcade which runs around the irregular area of the cloister, one sees the hand of the sculptor, as well as that of the architect, in a thousand delicate devices. It is as much as to say to the observer, ' Lo ! they that walked here, and read as they walked, were mostly far too engrossed to look about them ; but when, for refreshment, they *did* look up, see what beauty I provided for their gaze ! '

Whether this was designed or not, such was my idea as I walked slowly round the cloister, until I came where a mutilated effigy of our Lord in His Majesty, accompanied by still more mutilated assessors, looked down upon his servant.

' The natural outcome,' said I to myself, ' of ignorance accented by hate—not of the Christ, for, alas ! these poor iconoclasts knew Him not, but of the system which usurped and abused His Name ! '

Thinking thus, and many such-like thoughts, as I slowly paced this lovely cloister, I all but sprained my ankle, by getting my foot entangled in one of the deep channels of the pavement that conduct the rain waters which fall on the open central area into the vast cisterns below. I then remembered how I had read that this open area, or ' atrium,' as it is called in the old records, was anciently covered with heavy lead, and was so water-tight that on it they constructed a little garden, with tiny gravelled walks, and bright with flowers. Both lead and garden have now long since disappeared, and

have given place to a coating of cement which does *not* keep the drip from percolating into the Halle des Chevaliers below.

I sat down, nursing my foot, on one of the solid stone ledges (wherein are sunk square holes, or wells, communicating with one another by a channel) which are found to the south of the cloister.

Little thought I *where* I had been sitting, or that I was by no means the only pilgrim that had 'rested and was thankful,' where I had, until Martin came in search of me.

'Ah!' said he, 'you are sitting over the old monks' "*lavabo*." There is the place where they washed one another's feet every Thursday, and when the water froze, they brought hot water from the refectory kitchen close by, and poured it into those holes; there is room for just twelve to sit—in memory of the Twelve Apostles.' And so saying, Martin devoutly crossed himself.

'How,' said I, astonished, 'do *you* know all these things?'

'How?' replied he, almost fiercely, 'because I am a warder—a *chiourme*—am I not a Christian?—but,' he added, in a softer tone, 'come, monsieur, we will look at the *dortoir* where they kept Barbès and others in their time. Then we will mount to the *Pas des Fous*—and the telegraph—and descend to the Church while *they* are at dinner, finishing with the Salle des Chaveliers and the Montgomeries, when you will have seen all that *I* can show you. There are plenty of other rooms which are occupied by the officers; but *they* can't tell you what *I* can.'

Again the old *raconteur* spirit came over Martin, and he ran on, as he ushered me into what I could evidently see must have been a magnificent room, before it was mutilated for prison purposes.

'You see that bureau there?—that is for the warders on duty at night. Do you see that hole in the wall?' asked Martin, pointing to what looked very like the porthole of a ship. 'There, in the old days, they had a loaded cannon, charged with grape-shot, so that they could sweep the room in case of an *emeute*; but we must mount quickly, as I want to show you where Barbès was kept, and then we shall have to descend to the Church, and cross it, if we are to see the bells, and I want to get across before *they* come.'

We mounted a newel stair to the next stage of the dormitory. Martin threw open a door. 'Enter,' he said, and I found myself in a kind of triangular room, formed by cutting off an angle of the dormitory with stout bars of wood, which reached from the ceiling to the roof, much after the fashion of a huge cage, as the bars did not touch one another. 'Clearly,' thought I, 'at the mount, the type of the old *Cage de Fer* has not lost its prestige.'

'Here,' said Martin, 'Barbès was lodged, apart from the general prisoners, who occupy all those rooms you see there. They are locked up in a body at night, and, to keep order, they have their own rules, and choose a kind of king. Sometimes, in the morning, we find a dead

man. They either strangle him, or break his neck against the edge of the board-beds, for, as you know, they have no mattresses, only a blanket or so, rolled up in the day-time as you see them there.'

I own to have given a shudder as I gazed at this miserable den of vice, and, not unfrequent murder. I was quite relieved when Martin continued.

'I should like to have shown you the two holes where the monks kept their lamps burning all night, for they all lay down in their clothes, just as they were, in separate beds. Their lamps were only two balls of wax with a wick run through them, and they judged the hour of night by how much of the wax was gone. But we have no time—we must get down again as quickly as we came.'

I was not loath to descend and we again entered the Church, this time skirting round the back of the choir, through the chapels, which were strewn with tools and materials. I believe that button-making and hatter's work went on here!

In the last chapel Martin opened a door, and we mounted a narrow winding staircase that I thought would never end, until we came out on the roof that covered these chapels, and walked about under quite a canopy of flying buttresses and huge gargoyles, which threw off the water from the gutters of the Church proper on to these leads, from whence it ran off, in deep channels, into another series of gargoyles.

I had scant time to admire the construction of the flying buttresses, and the way in which the huge pinnacles and finials were 'arcaded' on to the walls of the upper choir, as Martin seemed to grudge every minute, we therefore, resumed our ascent of the stair which is carried up *within a buttress*, and opening out, just at the base of the finials, on to a set of steps which mount on the back of a flying buttress, landing one at the door of the belfry. This stair is called *l'escalier de dentelle*, and well it deserves its name, it is so light, elegant, and ingenious.

The belfry is surrounded by a cornice of some two feet, without the least battlement or protection of any kind, and is called the *Pas des Fous*, as it is considered that only madmen could even wish to walk round the tower, exposing themselves to be blown off at every corner. I believe that some foolhardy people have attempted, and accomplished, the feat. Now-a-days, the attempt, even, is forbidden, and rightly. Although I have a pretty strong head and *can* look down from a height, I neither fancied, nor attempted, *this* walk, but docilely followed Martin into the belfry, where some five bells, of various make and ages were suspended. Martin struck one or two with the clapper, and I thought the tone particularly sweet and full.

Our last ascent was up a short ladder, through a trap-door in the belfry roof, and then we stood on the summit of the Abbey, some 210 feet above the level of the sea.

OBER-AMMERGAU IN REPOSE,
AND AN ALLEGORY.

'To Ober-Ammergau! But the "Spiel" is next year.'

This was the kind of remark we always received in answer to our inquiries as to the best way of going to Ober-Ammergau; no one it seems, goes there except in the years of the 'Spiel.' This fact, however, in no wise diminished our wish to do so, and accordingly one bright morning last July my sister and I set out from Innsbrück in a small open carriage, giving ourselves over to the care of our two brave little horses, 'Nani' (or more properly speaking, 'the Gräfinn Anna'), and 'Maus,' and of our cheerful young Tyrolese driver Sebastian, who wore a cockade of chamois beard stuck in the back of his straw hat, to which, in course of time, was added a sprig of juniper, and any trifle that happened to take his fancy. The tendency of the Tyrolese to stick any treasures they may light upon into the back of their hats is amusing, and when the treasures happen to be scarlet poppies, very effective; and as Sebastian afterwards drove us all the way from Innsbrück to Ragatz, we had full opportunity for observing the peculiarities of his head-gear. I may remark in passing, for the benefit of any intending to visit Ammergau next summer, that, though I believe the shortest and most usual way of reaching it is by going from Munich, the drive from Innsbrück is so beautiful as to be well worth the time lost by taking that route. The journey might, I imagine, be made in one day, but as the stress would have been great for two horses and far too great for ourselves, we passed the night at Partenkirchen, a small village possessing one inn—a little rough perhaps, but scrupulously clean—and having a view over the valley which is simply perfect of its kind. A soft green valley surrounded by mountains high and snow-tipped, and dotted over with tiny villages and Church steeples, from which rang out evening chimes, echoing and re-echoing from the mountains till the twilight was all one throb of sweetest tones.

Then, for those like ourselves fortunate enough to see it, a sunrise at Partenkirchen is a thing not soon to be forgotten; not equal, of course, in grandeur to the 'crack' sunrises of the Swiss Alps, but in soft loveliness hardly to be surpassed, and to be seen for the pains of standing in the sweet morning air at the low wide châlet window or on the wooden balcony, on to which all the rooms open in most confiding fashion. A two hours' drive took us from Partenkirchen to Ober-Ammergau, up the steep but, happily, shaded Ettal-berg, on the summit of which we paused (in obedience to our driver, who always sent us into any Church he thought deserving of attention, especially if he wished to rest his

horses), to see the fine quadrangle formed by the Church and *ci-devant* monastery of Ettal, built long ago by a Kaiser Ludwig, who, kneeling in sore straits before the Altar in Rome, was told by an angel-monk that his prayer was granted, and that on his return to his own land he must found a monastery for 'monks and knights' in the Ettal valley. The Church remains, gorgeously decorated with modern painting and gilding, and skeleton saints dressed up in ghastly contrast with themselves in tinsel and jewelry, but monks and knights have both vanished (the former by order of Bonaparte) to make way for brewing and beer-barrels.

We felt that we were really approaching our destination when, on returning to the carriage, our driver, of whom we had asked many questions concerning the 'spiel,' came up with the air of a man satisfied that he had done the best thing possible, and announced that here was one of the 'players' from Ammergau on his way to the village, and he thought we should not object to his coming on the box. Of course we readily agreed, and a grave, dark man, with the long hair worn by all the 'spieler,' took his seat beside Sebastian. He had played Joseph of Arimathæa, he told us, adding, with great simplicity, a little explanation of who that was; and as he turned to speak we saw how refined and dignified was his profile and expression.

Very much in repose the little village looked as a turn in the road brought us in sight of chalet roofs and bulb-shaped Church tower—and Sebastian, pointing with his whip, announced 'Ober-Ammergau,'—very peaceful, lying at the side of a valley backed with low hills and higher mountains surrounding it, the approach being guarded, characteristically, as it seemed to us, by high rugged rocks, in one of which is a cavern containing a life-size figure of our Lord, while the opposite crag is surmounted by a gigantic cross, showing tall and slender against the sky. We noticed how reverently our fellow traveller's hat was raised as we passed painting or crucifix by the wayside.

In another ten minutes we were trotting into the village with much whip-cracking, and presently drew up before a little inn (Meissler's), where our 'spieler' took leave with grave and courteous thanks.

Our great wish in coming to Ober-Ammergau was, if possible, to see Josef Mayer, who took the principal part in the last 'Spiel,' and of whom one had heard and read so much that was beautiful; but being told in answer to our inquiries as to the whereabouts of his house, that it was the wood-carver's dinner hour, we strolled about the village before beginning our quest and saw the spot on which the 'Spiel' takes place—a bit of low, flat ground backed by green slopes; after which, guided by a small, bare-footed maiden, we threaded our way among the chalets to the dwelling of 'Herr Mayer.'

As we knocked, Frau Mayer emerged from some washing-work at the side of the house, and led us into her parlour, a tiny room, beautifully neat, with whitewashed walls, on which hung a coloured print of the

Entry into Jerusalem, one of the sacred Heads from the emerald, and many family or friendly photographs, but (which struck one as noticeable, knowing of the beautiful photographs taken at the time of the 'Spiel') not one of Mayer himself.

At our request Frau Mayer brought down some small pieces of her husband's work, but nothing particularly characteristic; so hearing that he was at work in the carving school we decided to see if he had anything more there, and departed, Frau Mayer kindly sending her boy to show us the way. He led us to a large white building with green-shuttered windows, up a flight of stairs, through a long workshop into a smaller one, and there a tall figure with long black hair, tied back with a string, raised itself from its work and faced us.

I was glad afterwards to remember that every one who had seen and spoken with Josef Mayer had felt the influence of that strange face, with the deep eyes so intense in their expression of sadness and concentration, and that it need not be only imagination that made one feel so shy, and like a very horrid tourist come to look at him. I do not think, however, that any such thought crossed *his* mind, or that he for a moment imagined our visit to have any other object than the wood carving, for which we began rather timidly to inquire, for, hearing what we wanted he silently left the room and returned with the head of the establishment, then resumed his work—not a crucifix, though he rarely carves anything else now—apparently thinking that our business lay entirely with the 'master.' Only once I saw him pause to look at us, and caught the upward look with the head slightly thrown back with which the photographs had made one familiar, and only once did the grave face relax into a smile, when we set our hearts on a small frame which it appeared was not for sale. No finished work is kept in the school, so in a few minutes we left the room, with one look back at the quiet figure surrounded by crosses waiting to receive the 'Christs,' of which one, beautifully executed, lay near.

The master very kindly showed us over the whole school. In one room were three large figures of saints ordered for a Church, at which the carvers were hewing and chiselling as though they had been of stone, in another were models in clay covered with wet cloths, and portfolios of beautifully-drawn designs, all the work of the pupils who attend two or three times a week to go through the stages of drawing, modelling, and finally carving, and exquisite indeed were many of the designs. After making feeble attempts at offering payment for the trouble we had given, which were cheerfully but decidedly snubbed, we went the round of the repositories of wood-carving, without, however, finding any of Mayer's work; and finally we returned to Frau Mayer's house and chose some from her little store. Then followed the talk we had hoped for, and which I began by blundering into what must have seemed a very ignorant and foolish question.

'Do you play?' I asked.

'I? Ach, no! No married women, only girls' (*jungfrauen*).

'I thought the Maria was a married woman?'

'Ach no! but she has married since and left the village.'

'Then who will take the part next time?' I inquired.

She answered that it was not yet known, adding—

'It must be a right good 'spielerinn'; it is a difficult part—much to do. The women do not play as well as the men.'

'They are shy?'

'Yes; and their voices are too sharp.'

One wondered whether the criticism were her own, it is so exactly what one had always heard.

'And your husband will play again?' I continued.

'I hope so—we hope it; but it is not known whether he will be chosen again, but we hope it,' and her whole face lighted up as she spoke.

'It is a very solemn part.'

'The first,' she said;—'the best.'

'And who chooses?'

'The villages round.'

'When will it be known?'

'In December.'

And then she went on to tell of the suffering entailed on the part. The strain is very great, especially during the 'crucifixion,' which lasts twenty minutes, and is terribly trying. The effect on the players is often lasting, and has been so in the case of Mayer, rendering him always weak and sensitive (*empfindsam*).

We spoke of the method of fastening to the cross being a secret, and then of the 'scourging.'

'Is it a secret how *that* is done? How do they avoid touching him?'

'Ach no! that is no secret; it is real.'

'Real! Does it hurt?'

'Yes, it hurts; it is real—nature (*natur*). Of course they do not do it hard, but it hurts.'

And when she said that in one summer Mayer had gone through it twenty-five times—once or twice a week—one felt that the suffering could scarcely be slight.

We asked what was done with the money taken during the weeks of the 'Spiel.' The burgomaster, it seems, has the management of it, and some of it goes to the expenses of the building of the theatre and the buying of the dresses (the materials for which are bought in Munich and made up by the Ammergau girls), and the 'spieler' receive a small sum, which, when one remembers that they are simply workmen earning their daily bread, does not appear unreasonable. Mayer received between seven and eight pounds, not a very exorbitant sum, seeing that besides the actual representations he has to practise once or twice a week up to the time of the 'Spiel.'

With regard to the number of strangers who flock to Ammergau for the 'Spiel' I asked if it were not rather a pity.

'Ach! we see them gladly,' she said.

'But does it not make it less solemn—less holy?'

She owned that it did lose in that way, but still they seem to like the strangers coming; and Frau Mayer told us of the English who had lodged in her house, and of the English bishop the many English priests who had come; and of how our own Princess of Wales had lived in the prettiest house, and had come to the Mayers' dwelling and talked long with Josef in the little room in which we were sitting, and had been 'so lieb;' showing us, too, the pretty simple ring which the Princess had given Mayer, and which he sometimes wears on his cravat as it is too small for his finger.

An American lady, Mrs. Greatorex, who was at Ammergau during the last 'Spiel,' has written a very pretty account of the village and its inhabitants, some copies of which she has given to Frau Mayer to be disposed of, not an easy matter, seeing that no one goes to Ammergau except at intervals of ten years, and that no one there can read English. The book itself, however, is charmingly written, and as I turned over the leaves while talking to Frau Mayer I gleaned many details about her husband which interested me deeply, for the writer had evidently become intimately acquainted with the Mayer household, and which confirmed one's impression of Josef's genuine devotion and deep sense of 'consecration.' It would not be fair to quote from the book, but, remembering the atrocious report that was spread last autumn of the Ammergau 'spieler' coming to London, I may perhaps say this much, that the notion seems to have been mooted by some one at the time of the last 'spiel,' but that Mayer was perfectly horrified at the wickedness of the suggestion.

At length, taking leave of pleasant, kindly Frau Mayer, with many apologies on our part for the way in which we had wasted her time, and many friendly wishes on hers for our return next summer, and for a *recht glückliche Reise* in the present, we went to the little Church, where, to make all complete, we saw the old priest who for thirty years has lived at Ammergau beloved by his people. We had intended to go on to see the large white Crucifixion group erected by the King of Bavaria in memory of the last 'Spiel,' which stands conspicuously on a green mound just outside the village, but a pelting shower kept us sitting in the Church instead till it was time to return to our inn and to some tea before setting out on our way back to Partenkirchen. The visits of strangers have not yet taught the people of Ammergau the art of overcharging—the two meals 'for two' of which we partook amounting in all to something like half-a-crown.

Dear little Ammergau!—it was with a regretful feeling that we lost sight of the quiet village, with its story of centuries of devotion; but right glad were we to have seen it in its every-day dress, free

from the associations of through trains, yellow tickets, and tourists, which mingle with most of one's recollections of foreign scenes, and which, one fears, will go far to mar the solemnity of the coming 'Spiel,' and make it almost a good deed to stay away.

And the allegory? It is not far to seek. A man quietly pursuing his daily work, ever bearing about with him a deep sense of consecration and looking as to the highest honour, to the privilege of showing forth the sufferings of his Lord, unknowing as yet whether the honour of that public manifestation is again to be his, but waiting the while in his round of toil with a mind filled with images of beauty and 'things lovely and of good report;' more than all, intent on reproducing ever more and more perfectly the One Image which occupies his life.

'Our profession; which is to follow the example of our Saviour Christ, and to be made like unto Him.'

Is this the lesson of Ammergau?

YAM.

'WAIT, HE IS SURE TO COME.'

THE following extracts from 'Our Lake Superior Tour,' by the Rev. E. F. Wilson, taken from the *Algoma Missionary News*, will be read with much interest.

After giving an account of another chief and his tribe the narrative continues—'The chief then said he had one other thing he wished to speak about. There was one band of Indians on the Lake, not belonging to him, whom he understood wished to embrace Christianity and become members of the Church of England. At the time of the great council at Sault St. Marie, thirty years ago, the great white chief had told them that they should have a Missionary of the English Church, and they had been waiting for him ever since.' After telling us this he bade adieu and left.

One of the men belonging to the party left with this chief on some business connected with the Mission, returning late at night, having fallen in with a passing traveller half-way across the Lake. The narrative continues:—

'I got tired of waiting and was nearly asleep when Esquimaux came to my tent and said, "One of those men that the chief was talking about has just arrived, and he has two boys with him." I said to William, "This is God's doing," and we both got up and went out to see the man. The Bishop also had heard Esquimaux speak and he too got up and came out. It was an interesting interview. This man, whose name we found was Meshen, had travelled about forty miles, not knowing that we were here, and the meeting on the water was a wonderful proof of God's providence, and seemed like an earnest of His blessing.

'If Esquimau had not gone with the chief that man would have passed on and we should have heard nothing of him. He said that he and his people, though at present pagans, were prepared to accept the English religion; their former chief, who was now dead, had told them to do so thirty years ago.

'He had waited for a Missionary to come until he died, and since then they had been waiting on year after year. They would not accept the French religion, but were waiting for an English black-coat to come and teach them. He did not know how many they were in number, but he thought about 100; our guide Uhbesekun, he said (another remarkable coincidence), was one of their number. Uhbesekun's brother lived where he had come from.' We then made inquiries as to their location, and found it would take us about ten miles out of our way to visit them. The Bishop was so impressed with the evident leading of God's providence in the matter that even though it would lead to some alteration in our plans he determined to pay them a visit.

'August 12.—Uhbeseken was commissioned to wake every one at half-past four, but I was the first to wake, and sent William to arouse the others. A little delay was caused by the extemporising of rowlocks and oars to assist our progress, and it was 6.5 when we left the shore. A head wind was blowing, so we had to paddle and row hard. We had accomplished about thirty miles by one p.m., having paddled and rowed continually for seven consecutive hours. After dinner five or six miles more brought us to the Indian encampment in Chief's Bay. There were only two wigwams, containing six or seven people each, a few canoes on the shore, and seven or eight large prowling dogs. After introducing ourselves to the men and telling the object of our visit, we paddled on about a mile further to deposit our baggage at the portage—by making which we should save considerable distance—the portage tract leading across a peninsula into a considerable bay. We left two boys and the guide to light a fire and erect the tents, and then the Bishop, Joseph, William, and myself returned to the Indian camp.

'The men were away when we got there, so I sat down and made a sketch of the camp, and our boys showed the photo of the Shingwauk Home to the women, and told them all about it,

'By this time the men had returned.

'A fish-box was brought for the "Big Black-Coat" to sit on, and a fish-tub turned up for me, and then the pow-wow began.

'The Bishop briefly related (myself interpreting) what had led us to visit them, how one of their number had fallen in with us the night before and had told us that they were desirous of embracing the English religion, and so we had come on purpose to see them. God had given us the Bible which told us what to do in order to get to Heaven; and the Bible told us to do all we could to lead others to

become Christians; for this reason we were now travelling about seeking to do good amongst the heathen Indians. He could not at present, he said, promise to send them a missionary. It was no use for him to make promises which he could not carry out. Good people in the South and in England gave money to pay missionaries to go about and teach, but at present there was not money enough to send them a teacher. All he could do was to learn from them what their wants and desires were, and when he went to travel again among the white people he would tell them their words, and God would put it into their hearts to send more help.

'There were two principal men listening to us, and they several times expressed their approval as the Bishop proceeded.

'One of them replied at length. He said:—"Thirty years or more ago the Indian Chiefs were called together at the rapids of Sault St. Marie to meet the great white chief in order to make a treaty with him about surrendering their lands to the Queen. My father was chief at that time, his name was Muhnedooshans. The great white chief's name was 'Nobsin' (Sir John Robinson). The great white chief made a treaty with us, we were each to receive six dollars a year, every man, woman, and child as an annuity. My father often spoke to us about it, when he was alive. My eldest brother is now our chief. His name is Cheyadah. We still carry on the precepts of our father. We do not as the other Indians do. The great white chief gave my father a paper which showed the boundaries of the land set apart for our use by the Queen. My eldest brother now has this paper. My father said to us do not travel about all the time as the other Indians do, but settle upon this land and farm like the white people do! We obey the precepts of our father. We have already cleared some land, and every year we plant potatoes. We cannot do much more than this until we have some one to teach us. We have built also three log houses like the white people; they have windows with glass in them which we got in exchange for furs at the Hudson's Bay Company's post, and the doors were made with nails, the roofs are made with strips of bark. Some of us live in them in the winter time. There would not be time for you to see our houses to-day. It is too late for they are some miles off. Our land is about four miles in extent, that is how we gain our living.

"Another thing that the great white chief said to my father was that we should not join the French religion; he would send us an 'English black coat' to teach us, so every year my father was waiting for the English teacher to come; he waited on year after year and at length died a Pagan. His last words to us were that we should still wait for an English teacher to come, and that when he came we were to receive him well and ask him to open a school for our children to be taught. He also told us never to sell our land to the white people, but always to keep it, and not to scatter about, but to keep together. Thus to

this present day we have kept to the precepts of our father, and we now welcome you as the English teachers that our father told us to look for."

'The Bishop then spoke again, and told them that he felt most thankful in his heart to hear their words. He was very thankful that the Great Spirit had directed his steps to come and see them. He had it in his heart to do all he could for them. He was sorry that he could not at once send them a teacher—that was impossible for the present. All that he could offer was to take one or two of their boys into our institution at Sault St. Marie. Then, at the Bishop's request, I gave the people a full account of our Shingwauk Home. They seemed much interested, but afraid to send any children on account of the great distance. They said they had almost given up looking for a Missionary. When they went to receive their annuities at the Hudson's Bay Post in the spring, they were told it was useless for them waiting any longer; that they had better join the Roman Catholics; but they said No! they would still wait; and they were glad now that they had done so. I then took down a list of the heads of families and the number belonging to each. There were about sixty names in all. We showed them a hymn-book, printed in Indian at the Shingwauk Home, which interested them very much, though at first they held it upside down—and Joseph and William sang, "Omah uhkeeng ayahyaung" (Here we suffer grief and pain). Then I showed them the Indian Testament, and told them this was the book that God had given us. They handled it very reverently, and answered readily in the affirmative when asked whether they would like to hear some of the words it contained. I read part of the eighth chapter of S. Mark, about the feeding of the four thousand, the curing of the blind man, and our Lord's words about the worth of the soul. The people listened most intently, indicating their wonder by suppressed ejaculations as I read anything that especially struck them—such, for instance, as the fact that four thousand people benefited by Christ's miracle of the loaves and fishes. Then I said I would read them a little about what would happen at the last day, and selected the latter part of Matthew 25. But that which produced the most intense attention, I think, was the account of our Lord's mockery, crucifixion, and resurrection. I paraphrased a little as I went on, telling them what a wicked judge Pilate was in condemning Jesus when there was nothing against Him, and how wicked the Jews were to kill Jesus, Who had done nothing to them but good since He came on earth. Their disgust for Pilate and the Jews, and their sympathy with the suffering Saviour, was most marked as I proceeded, and no less was their simple astonishment most evident when it came to the part about the stone rolled away, and the angels telling the women that Jesus was risen.

'When we were preparing to go back to our camp, Oshkahpukeda said to me, "Well, if my son is not too big, you may take him with

you; I know I shall be sad without him; I shall weep often for him; but I want him to be taught, and I will try to control myself till he returns to see me next summer." I said I should be very glad to take the boy, and would treat him as my son. He was rather older than we liked to take, being about fifteen, but I was anxious that some tie of friendship should be at once established between us, and this would be the best way to do it. I said that I would write to Mr. McLellan, the Hudson Bay Co.'s agent at Red Rock, and that through him he would hear how his son fared; and next summer his son should come back to him, and he need not send him again unless he wished. I also asked him whether he would be willing for the lad to be baptised after he had received instruction. "Yes, yes," he said, "that is what I wish; I wish my son to be educated and brought up as a Christian boy. My wife," he continued, "is now dead. I also have a sickness working in my body; perhaps I shall not live long. If I die, I wish you to take all my children: this boy who is going with you, his brother whom you saw with Mesheu last night, this little girl sitting here (about ten years old), and that *papoose*. You may have them all and bring them up as Christians."

'We thought it would be better to take the younger of the two sons, if Mesheu (with whom he had gone) should get back in time; and to this the father also agreed.

'We returned with thankful hearts to our camp. The Bishop was much impressed, and said it reminded him of Cornelius, who was waiting prepared for the visit of the Apostle Peter. And for my part, I thought of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, whose followers carried out to the letter the precepts of their father.

'At our meeting for prayer that evening I said to Uhbesekun, "I hear that you belong to these people whom we have been talking to; will you not join us to-night in our prayers?" So Uhbesekun, instead of going away as had been his custom, remained with us, wrapped in his blanket on the ground near the camp fire; and when we knelt for prayer, he also turned himself over, with his face towards the earth. May God's Holy Spirit find an entrance into the heart of our Pagan guide!

'Oshkahpukeda had come over in good time, according to his promise, with his two boys. The younger one had returned with Mesheu late the evening before, and so it was the younger one who was to go with us. His name is Ningwinnena, and he is a quiet, gentle lad of thirteen or fourteen. The father repeated to me his wish for me to take all his children in the event of his death, and took an affectionate leave of his son. "I know I shall lie awake at night," he said, "and grieve for the loss of my son—we Indians cannot bear to be parted from our children—but it is right that he should go. If my heart is too heavy, I shall come to Red Rock and get on the fire-ship to come and see him." I took the boy by the hand and said, "Ning-

winnena shall be my son while he is away from you. I will take great care of him." The Bishop also said, "We will take good care of your son, and shall hope to come and see you again." Then Ningwinnena followed us along the portage track.'

In the remaining accounts of the 'Lake Superior Tour' there are only a few notices of Ningwinnena.

'It was 7.30 p.m. and we had travelled forty miles. The tents were pitched, a fire lighted, supper consumed, prayers round the camp-fire as usual, my new child Ningwinnena joining with us, and then we retired for the night: the boys and the guide under the canoe, the Bishop in his tent, and two boys with me in mine.

'Ningwinnena seems to be a very nice boy and quick at taking things in. He has that gentleness of disposition peculiar to savage life, and follows me about like a faithful hound. Such a look his gentle eyes gave me when we reached our first portage yesterday! and he did not know whether to follow me or to wait and help the boys with their packages. "Stay and help the boys, Ningwinnena," I said, and then he started cheerfully to work.

'Last night I gave him his first lesson in the alphabet, and such rapid progress I never saw any boy make. He could say the alphabet through in half an hour, although at first not knowing A from B; and a little while after was spelling and reading such short words as dog, cat, man, fish. He must come of a good stock. He was also most handy in putting up my tent last night, and rolling up my camp-bed this morning, seeming to take in at once the right way of doing things.

From the first the boy seems to have endeared himself to them all. Later on in their tour the writer says: 'Before starting we joined in repeating the morning Psalms, the boys chanting heartily the "Gloria Patri" between each Psalm; then the Creed and Collects, "Gwin" standing as usual beside me and looking over my book.'

But at last their tour was ended, and all returned in safety to the Shingwauk Home, where they were received with enthusiasm. Let us just glance at the summary of that tour.

'The Bishop of Algoma' (says the writer), 'myself, and seven Indian boys started, on the 18th of June, 1878, on a missionary tour among the heathen Indians of Lake Superior. We traversed altogether some 1,100 miles, going the first 300 by steamer, about 150 miles on the South Pacific Railroad, 250 miles by canoe, and the remaining 450 for the most part in our own little sail-boat, the *Missionary*. And what was accomplished?' the writer asks, not very hopefully, although in entire faith that God will in His own time give an entrance into the Pagan hearts of the Red Indians. 'But,' as he goes on, 'there was one bright exception which has been already recounted. One door opened wide to us, one band of Indians, who had been waiting thirty years for a Christian teacher, welcomed us as old friends, and gave up a lad to go with us to our school.

'Oh! how we thank God for the entrance He has given us to Chief's Bay! How we thank God for the providential way in which He led us to find those Indians! How we thank God for this Pagan lad Ningwinnena, who has been so trustfully confided to our care! Poor "Gwin"! what new sights has he witnessed! A canoe, an axe, a gun, a fishing-net—these were about the only things he was familiar with before he arrived here. He had never seen a horse before; and yet such an intelligent lad, a boy of such great promise.'*

TORQUAY ERRAND BOYS' ASSOCIATION AND ORPHAN HOME.

'The hardy Norseman's home of yore
Was on the rolling wave.'

I FOUND myself the other day in a schoolroom, where thirty boys were proclaiming this historical fact with an energy which left no room for the smallest fraction of a doubt. The thrilling harmony might be questioned, but not the vigour of the assertion. A hymn followed, sung with equal spirit, and then, lesson-hours being over, the greater part of the thirty poured through the door, but evidently with an eye to business, not to play. Each had a bag hung round his neck by a strap, the bag marked with the letters, E. B. A. Also a cap, with a red band, bearing the same mysterious signature. One or two had parcels handed to them, others notes, others again verbal directions, but each seemed to have an object, and to be going after it in the highest spirits. Outside the house was a large board bearing the inscription—'Torquay Errand Boys' Association and Orphan Home.'

Now it will be allowed, that one of those questions of the day which are for ever cropping up and demanding practical answers is that which asks,—what are we to do with our boys? And as in this West of England town they are rather priding themselves upon having opened out a new field for boy's work, something which trains and teaches, while it employs them, this account of it is given with the hope that, being made more widely known, it may both be adopted elsewhere, and perhaps helped in its starting place.

A lady—who has since passed to her rest—began it nine years ago. She persuaded six friends who lived in the same neighbourhood to engage a boy between them, to call twice a day at the six houses, take notes and parcels, and bring back answers. The plan succeeded, spread to other houses and brought in more boys, in fact, it was found to have exactly hit off a want. With the increase of numbers, a room, where the boys might assemble, became necessary. Ladies offered to

* The history of this mission is due to those who were interested by the poem, but as a rule we have no room for Missionary subjects.

teach, and the Association became sufficiently important to be made over to the care of a committee, and to have a schoolmaster appointed and a night school added—the latter quickly becoming a very popular institution.

‘The town is laid out in Districts, commonly called “Rounds.” The boys meet at the school-house every morning at 8.45 (Sundays excepted). Each boy is given his bag and book, and by 9 all of them are started on their respective rounds. Every house on the round having been visited, the boys return to the school, and exchange notes, parcels, &c., so as to ensure speedy delivery. At 2 o’clock the boys re-assemble at the school-house, and are taught until 4. Soon after they again start on their rounds, and again return to the school-house with their parcels, &c. At 7, the night school opens (for three nights a week), which all E. B. A. boys have the option of attending free. Many of them also perform morning work, *i.e.* a boy may go at 7 or 7.30 to a certain house, and there clean boots and knives, fetch seawater, or do any work that may be required, only he must be at the school-house by 8.45. For the morning work payment is made by special arrangement. A boot club has been established; clothes—old and new—are gratefully received for the boys; there is also a lending library.’

Each householder, employing a boy, pays 10s. quarterly to the Association; the pay of the boys beginning at 1s. a week, and rising, with good conduct, to 3s. 6d. As the E. B. A. has grown, the aims of its supporters have also grown. With so much already begun it seemed to the kind hearts that care for Christ’s flock as if here were a Home where orphan boys might be received and trained, and the result of their efforts is that there are now eleven such boys in the Home. There is room for thirty—room, but not money—will not some one help? A boy is received if 12*l.* annually is guaranteed; he is thoroughly well trained and taught; twelve have already had situations found for them. And what pitiful tales meet one when one asks about these same boys, and the life from which—please God—they have been saved! Sickness, drink, ill-usage—the sad stories seem to repeat themselves over and over again, with a monotony which becomes terrible. More than one has been received in a miserably neglected condition, and grown into health at the Home; this one, whose mother is dead, was sent there that he might be removed from the influence of the father, a confirmed drunkard; those two lads because father and mother both died in one week. Here is a boy doing thoroughly well, but from what an atmosphere of sin and sorrow he has been removed!—the father dying with a threepenny-bit clutched in his hands, calling for ‘more beer,’ holding the money so tightly that with great difficulty could it be removed after death. It was the only coin in the house and was wanted to buy bread, but the mother could not use it—she kept it as a warning token for her son. Child after

child had died from illness and want; the poor mother, too, gave way at last, and became insane.

When one hears of such cases, one feels as if, from the midst of our own happy homes, more hands might be stretched out at any rate to help those who have begun the work of rescue. There is hard, uphill work, difficulties, and some of the last might vanish if people knew more about them. I have not said anything about the way in which the E. B. A. has outgrown rooms—houses; but that has really been one of its principal difficulties. Now it has bought a convenient and sufficiently large house, and is very desirous to pay off a debt of 700*l.* which remains on the purchase, towards which end it is proposed to hold a Bazaar at Easter, 1880. Will any one who cannot give money give time?*

For while we hesitate and hang back the moment passes, the opportunity is gone. And though we may say,—this is no business of mine—or of mine—or of mine—can we really so hedge ourselves round? Is it well we should?

GREEK POPULAR SONGS.

BY J. M. RODWELL, RECTOR OF ST. ETHELBURGA'S.

THE NURSE'S SONG.

(*Chios.*)

I.

SWEET sleep, I pray thee keep my child
From danger and from harm;
Three watchers over it I place,
Each hath a mighty arm :—

II.

The sun upon the lofty hills,
The eagle in the plain,
And on the sea strong Boreas,
The lord of storm and rain.

III.

In ocean's bed Sol sinks to rest,
Sleep seals the eagle's eye :
From tempests to his mother's arms †
See Boreas homeward fly :—

IV.

'My son, where wast thou yesterday,
Whither thy path last night?
Hadst thou a quarrel with the stars,
Or with yon moon so bright?

* Help of any kind will be thankfully received by D. W. R. Buchanan, Esq., Hon. Treasurer, Errand Boys' Home, Cotswold, Torquay.

† The mother of Boreas is fabled to have been Eos. It is curious if this tradition has survived.

V.

'Or didst thou chide that giant form,
Orion high above—
Fixed upon whom hath nightly been
My gaze of ceaseless love?'

VI.

I did not chide Orion bright,
Nor yet the stars, I ween ;
I also love the silver moon,
Those stars of radiant sheen :—

VII.

'Within a cradle silver-wrought
A lovely infant slept :
As beautiful as gold was he,
And watch o'er him I kept.'

THE SCHOOL-GIRL'S SONG.

Shine on me moon with kindly ray
As 'neath thy lamp I wend my way,
And hasten gladly to be taught
What man hath writ and God hath wrought ;
To sew and broider with all skill,
But chief to learn my Maker's will.

CHARON AND THE OLD FATHER.

(From the village of Koilioméno in Zacynthus (Zante).)

Old Charon on his rounds one day, his Charontissa with him,
Met with an ancient grey-haired sire his children lost bewailing :—

'Why weepest thou, thou aged man? art thou bereaved of children?
Hush! and pine not away with grief: they are not distant from thee.'

'Ah, Charon! I have lost my all, with loss of those my children,
With loss of wife so dearly loved, the crown of all my household.
Charon, 'tis thou hast taken all: restore my loved ones to me—
Oh turn thee, turn, and hither come; I'll press thee to my bosom,
Thy bosom friends will we become, both I, and those my children.'

'Thy boon, old man, had I the power, right gladly would I grant thee;
I have it not: I powerless am: a lion-like foe forbids me.
A horrid hound of frightful form who watches without ceasing;
He rages at the sight of me, and fain would tear and rend me;
Three-headed is this dog, with eyes that glare like firebrands,
Sharp-pointed are his claws—his tail is long and shaggy—
Fire glances from beneath his brows—his maw is hot and glowing,
And through his rows of blackened teeth a foaming tongue is darted,
Teeth which in hunger ravening gnash with jaws that grind so harshly,—
Like smiths who in the smithy ply their hammers on the anvil.
A bird, too, is my other foe, like some huge stork in tallness,
Half woman and half bird of prey, with talons sharply pointed.'

Spider Subjects.

Money Spinner is deferred till next month, when reports of the cats will be given.

ON THE STREETS OF LONDON.

Bog Oak is best; Irene very good. The Muffin Man and Nightingale fair. Alice, Bubbles, Walhalla, Philderida, Little Bo-Peep, and Annie Laurie, good.

Approaching London by one of the most celebrated ancient thoroughfares, we enter the Borough High Street, Southwark. Southwark was anciently spelt Sydvirke, Sud-geworo, or Suth-werk, which seems to mean 'the fortified place in the South.' Its history is as curious as that of any street. Many a kingly procession, many a rebellious mob, many a pilgrim train have passed this way to or from London. Among others may be mentioned William the Conqueror after Hastings, Jack Cade and his rebels, Cardinal Wolsey starting on his magnificent embassy to France, Campeggio arriving as Papal Legate, Bishop Bonner's funeral procession, General Monk as a bridegroom, and Charles II. at the restoration. In this street stood the house of the Duke of Suffolk, where Henry VIII. established a Mint. In the early part of the last century the inhabitants of the Mint claimed the privilege of sanctuary. The 'Mint' then included a number of small streets which were a sort of Alsatia. After its suppression as a sanctuary, it remained one of the worst parts of London, the abode of such men as Jack Sheppard. Here the cholera of 1832 made its first appearance. These streets are, however, doomed by the Metropolitan Board of Works. In the High Street was held the celebrated 'Southwark Fair,' immortalised by Hogarth's picture. In S. George's Church, Bonner was buried and Monk married. It was rebuilt in 1734. Here too stood the Marshalsea, or Prison of the Court of the Knight Marshal, now removed to Scotland Yard. The Marshalsea was demolished in 1856. Being a main thoroughfare to the city, debouching as it does on London Bridge, the Borough High Street was well supplied with Inns. At the 'White Hart,' which still exists in a rebuilt condition, Jack Cade once lodged. The 'Boar's Head' was the property of Sir John Fastolfe, bequeathed by him to Magdalen College, Oxford. And last, but not least, there was the 'Tabard Inn,' so called from the sleeveless coat, emblazoned with arms, once worn by all persons of rank, afterwards by heralds only. This is the halt of the 'nine and twenty in a company, that towards Canterbury wolden ride,' in Chaucer's 'Canterbury Pilgrims.' The name of this inn was afterwards corrupted to the 'Talbot.' It was pulled down in 1874 and part of London Bridge Station nearly occupies the site.

Crossing London Bridge we quickly reach Cannon Street. I have heard it said that it derives its name from the fact that when cannon were first introduced, it was the only street then wide enough for them to be conveyed through to the Tower. This can scarcely be true, as the street was anciently called Candlewick-street, from the tallow-chandlers and candle-makers who dwelt there. It was not known as

Cannon Street in Stowe's time, but Strype says 'Candlewick Street, now commonly called Cannon Street,' and gives no reason for the change. In Edward III.'s reign Brabant weavers settled here. In this street is the celebrated London stone, which is now built into the wall of S. Swithin's Church, and protected by a strong grating. Camden says it was a miliary stone, from which the Roman roads radiated, and this seems probable. Some think it was older even than the Romans, and that it was preserved as a sort of palladium, and that perhaps proclamations were made from it, which appears likely, as Cade struck it with his staff, saying, 'now is Mortimer Lord of this city.' Some old rhymes quoted by Stowe, attribute the stone to the 'City's Devotion towards Christ,' in allusion to His being 'the 'stone cut out without hands.'

'Chryste is the very Stone
That the citie is set upon.'

We next come to Ludgate Hill, which took its name from the Gate in the middle, said to have been built by King Lud, B.C. 66. In 1215 the Barons destroyed the houses of the Jews in this quarter, and with their stones repaired and built the Gate. It was again repaired and decorated with statues of Lud and other kings in 1260. Here ended the rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt, who after passing through the Strand and Fleet Street, found Ludgate shut against him, and throwing himself on a bench at the sign of the Belle Sauvage, soon after yielded himself a prisoner. At the Reformation the images on Ludgate were destroyed as idols.

Through Warwick Lane, named after the king-maker, we come to Newgate Street. For from Ludgate to Aldgate, by taking successively the sites of the old gates, now all destroyed, we can trace the course of the old wall of the City of London. Newgate Street derives its name from the circumstance that when Ludgate was blocked up by the improvements at St. Paul's from 1108-1128, a *new* gate became necessary, and was built here. It was rebuilt by Whittington in 1412. The gate formed part of the prison built here. It was destroyed by the great fire, and rebuilt by Wren in 1672. It was finally burnt down during the London riots, 1780. In this street were sculptured the figures of Evans and Sir Geoffrey Hudson, the gigantic porter, and dwarf of King Charles I.

From Newgate we pass through S. Martins-le-Grand to Aldersgate Street. This was named from one of the four oldest gates in the city wall; and Stowe says that like Aldgate, it derives its name from being *old*; but others derive it from Aldrich a Saxon who built the gate, or from the alder trees which grew there. The gate was improved in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and after several vicissitudes, was destroyed in 1761.

We will approach Bishopsgate Street along the course of old London Wall, and so pass the site of Cripplegate, so named from the beggars who haunted the pavement here, on account of the neighbourhood of S. Giles's Church, the patron of beggars. Moorgate was built 1415, and removed in 1760. Bishopsgate Street extends to Shoreditch, and took its name from the gate built by Bishop Erkenwald, *circ.* 675, and repaired at the Conquest by another Bishop of London, named William. Henry III. ordered the Hanse merchants to keep it in repair. In 1479 it was rebuilt and adorned with statues of Bishops

Erkenwald and William. In this street stood the priory of S. Mary Spittle, founded for Augustinians in 1197. Here was an open-air pulpit cross where in Easter week a sermon used to be preached called the 'Spittle sermon.'

Passing down Houndsditch (which is so named from a long dirty ditch into which dead dogs were thrown. Into it Canute caused the dead body of the traitor Edric to be cast) we reach Aldgate, the last and most easterly in the city wall, named from Ealdgate, i.e. old gate. It existed in 963. A Roman road once ran here. The barons in King John's reign passed through Aldgate and ravaged the religious houses in the neighbourhood; after which they rebuilt the gate of Caen stone, and made a well in it. Falconbridge attacked the city at this point in 1471, but he was repulsed.

And now we turn back through Leadenhall Street, so called from a building roofed with lead, called the Leaden-hall. The manor was successively the property of Sir Hugh Nevil, Humphrey Bohun and Whittington, who presented it to the city; and a granary was erected here by Sir Simon Eyre, a draper, 'a famous and mighty man,' where alms were given away on great occasions. In 1547, while Henry VIII. was lying in State, alms were distributed here for the repose of his soul. A great cattle-market was held in this street.

Turning aside down Gracechurch Street, we come up Lombard Street which was named after the Lombards, the money-changers of the middle ages, who have left their mark in more than one European capital; our very banks being named from the *banco* or bench on which they transacted business. They settled in this street as early as 1274, and remained here certainly till Elizabeth's reign. Men bartered their eternal as well as their temporal interests here, for Strype says there was a 'market' here for the sale of indulgences. It still contains many banks. Sir Thomas Gresham used to do business here at the sign of the 'Grasshopper,' now the Bank of Martin and Co.

Through Poultry, we now come to Cheapside. Stowe says it was called from 'the market there kept called West-cheping.' Pennant says from Chepe, a market, because of its splendid shops. The Mercer's Hall in Cheapside is said to stand on the site of the Augustinian Hospital of S. Thomas (à Becket) which in its turn was on the spot where stood the house of Gilbert à Becket. In Cheapside stood one of the crosses Edward I. set up to Queen Eleanor; so here her body must have rested. After exciting much wrath in Elizabeth's reign, it was finally demolished by the iconoclastic Parliament in 1643. In this street a tournament was held in 1330 to celebrate the birth of the Black Prince. Executions sometimes took place here, and along Cheapside walked the unhappy Eleanor Cobham in the execution of her sentence. Here were the goldsmiths' shops in Goldsmith Row, built 1491, whence all other tradesmen were banished by Star Chamber. The church of S. Mary-le-Bow, or *de Arcubus*, whose bells recalled Whittington to fame, was one of the sanctuaries still allowed under Henry VIII. Many a splendid procession has passed this way, and on such occasions the conduits in Cheapside usually ran with white and red wine, and the shops were magnificently decorated. Paternoster Row and Ave Maria Lane were so called 'because of stationers or text-writers that dwelled there,' and who displayed those devotions as headings in

their copybooks. Bead-makers, sometimes called 'Paternoster makers' also dwelt there. Amen corner was a fitting conclusion to the Paternoster; and Credo Lane, so called later, seems to have been named from a spirit of imitation. It is curious that these lanes round S. Paul's have remained the literary neighbourhood of London.

Once more going through Ludgate and along Fleet Street, called from the Fleet, a rapid brook which once ran there, we reach Temple Bar, the beginning of the Strand. This was a very ancient road, as old certainly as Saxon times, when it was the nearest to the river. In Edward III.'s time it was a very ruinous highway from Charing Cross to the City of London, passing the church of S. Martin, then literally "in the fields," with only an occasional house, except the little village of Strand, so called from being on the strand or shore of the Thames. In 1353 it was ordered to be repaired for the convenience of conveying goods to the staple at Westminster. In Henry VIII.'s time, the south side consisted of noblemen's houses, with gardens running down to the river, as described by Scott in the 'Fortunes of Nigel'; the north side being then a line of houses.

Temple Bar, which bounds the Strand towards the City, was named from its proximity to the Temple buildings, of which there is not space to speak here. Until 1670, Temple Bar was merely a few posts and chains. The celebrated Gate was set up by Sir Christopher Wren, adorned with statues of James I., Anne of Denmark (says Pennant, but others say Queen Elizabeth), Charles I. and Charles II. Here the heads of those obnoxious to the prevailing government used to be set up. The last placed here were those of the Jacobites in 1746, which remained until blown down in 1772. Temple Bar was decorated on great occasions, as at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, and at the marriage of the Prince of Wales. It was finally destroyed January, 1878.

Somerset House stands on the site of the church of S. Mary-le-Strand and other buildings, sacrilegiously destroyed by the Protector Somerset to build the house he never lived in. This house continued to be a dower-house for Queens Consort till 1775. In 1776 it was pulled down and rebuilt, and turned into Government offices.

The Savoy, where once stood the house of Simon de Montfort, was so named from Peter of Savoy, uncle to Eleanor of Provence, to whom it was granted. Covent Garden must be mentioned, as it once reached as far as the Strand. It is a corruption of Convent Garden, having once been the Garden of the Abbots of Westminster. It was granted to the Russels, and the ground still belongs to the Dukes of Bedford. Durham Place was so named because it was built by de Beck, Patriarch of Jerusalem and Bishop of Durham, in the time of Edward I. Here Henry VIII. and Anne of Cleves were feasted in 1540. Afterwards, Princess Elizabeth lived here before she was Queen. Then it belonged to the Dudleys, Dukes of Northumberland, and then to Sir Walter Raleigh. Coutts' Bank now stands on one part of the site, and the Adelphi Theatre on another. The latter was so called, because its architects were four brothers.

The Strand ends at Charing Cross, said to be derived from a corruption of *chère reine*, because it was here that the last of Edward I.'s crosses was set up in memory of his 'dear queen.' Antiquaries now treat this pretty derivation as mythical, but it is a comfort that they

have not much that is satisfactory to give us instead. Le Sueur's statue of King Charles I. now stands on this spot.

Through Cockspur Street we reach Pall Mall. This was first begun in 1560. It was laid out as a place in which the game known as the Mall could be played. It was the celebrated Le Notre, the gardener of Louis XIV., who laid it out finally, and planted it with trees. Here was the royal pheasantry.

Through S. James's Street we reach Piccadilly. This street was completed in 1642. Its name is a puzzle. Gerarde speaks of the bugloss as Pickadilla. The ruffs worn by James I.'s courtiers were called Pickadilloes, or Peccadilloes, the points being thought to resemble spear-heads, and derived from the Italian and Spanish *pica*, the same as the Latin *spica*, an ear of corn or spear-head. These articles of dress were sold here. Lord Clarendon mentions, 'a fair house for entertainment and gaming whither very many of the nobility and gentry of the best quality resorted for exercise and conversation,' and this house was called Pickadilly. There was also a Piccadilla Hall early in this century, where 'piccadilla cakes,' or 'turnovers,' were sold, and which has been suggested as the derivation, but the cakes evidently took their name from the place. Some writers seem to have hopelessly confused turnovers to eat and turnovers to wear. On the whole, the ruffs seems the most likely derivation.

Retracing our steps, we will pass through Regent Street, named from the Prince Regent and Oxford Street to Greek Street, Soho Square, said to be a corruption of Grig Street, the reason for which is not self-evident. Others say there was a colony of Greeks here, who had a church in Crown Street. Here Wedgewood sold his famous ware, made from Greek models, and so, as Pennant says, 'vindicates the propriety' of the corruption. As to the name of the Square the prettiest account is that this square was once Monmouth Square, and that 'Soho' was the word of the day in Monmouth's army at Sedgemoor. But alas, if so, it was because at least fifty years before Sedgemoor this place was called Soho, most likely from the hunting call, often heard here when all this place was open fields, and when the jocund hunters little thought how the maze of London streets would obliterate their happy hunting grounds!

BOG-OAK.

Stamps received : Anita, A Bee.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Describe the holly tree, and give its associations.

Write the history of the Lady Margaret (mother of Henry VII.).

HANDWRITING SOCIETY.

Write the first three stanzas of John Gilpin.

Final report on the Spanish to be given next time.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Specimens of coloured autumn leaves, and an essay on the cause of their change.

The genus *Geranium* showed a great advance on the part of members, to most of whom the thanks of *Vertumnus* are due for their attention to his suggestions as to the form in which their packets should be sent. The following botanical terms are proposed for explanation and illustration next month:—*Axilar* (give instance), *Peltate* (instance), *Egg-shaped* and *Inversely ditto* (instances), *Elliptical* (instance), *Stipule*, *Bract*, *Silicle*, *Silique*.

Notices to Correspondents.

Declined with thanks—*E. M. H.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

By the Sisters of S. Saviour's Priory, three knitted petticoats for the crèche, from *E. N.*

Bishop Wilberforce Confirmation Memorial Window now erected in S. Mary's, Southampton.—Miss L. Phillimore, 5, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W., begs to acknowledge, with her best thanks, for the above:—*E. H. A.*, 3s.; per Mrs. Money, 6s. 5d.; Miss A. Jones, 10s.; Edwin and Mary W., 2s.; Rev. W. J. Wood, 2s. 6d.; *E. A. C.*, 2s. 6d.; *E. A. J.*, 2s. 6d. 78l. still required. Further offerings gladly received as above.

Mrs. Bromfield, Fladbury House, Pershore, begs to acknowledge thankfully the following sums for the *Algoma Special Fund*:—'Wait, he is sure to come,' Mrs. Eyre (Household Friends and School Children), 1l. 10s.; K. M. F., 5s.; 'Sis and Boy,' 5s.; 'My Wedding Day,' 10s.; *E. M. H.*, 2s. 6d.; 'A Widow's Mite,' 1s.; *E. S. B.*, 5s.; Miss A. Lyne, 5s.; H. M. A. Rouen, 1l.; Expectation, 10s.; Miss Turnbull, 7l.; Miss Markham, 10s. Total sum received, 213l. 5s. 1d.

CHARITIES.

A. S. C. would be obliged for some books for a Sunday School Lending Library for girls from eight to thirteen. *A. S. C.*, care of Mr. Sullivan, Bookseller, Blackheath, S.E.

S. Andrew's Home is a 'Home' for the children of convicts. It was established some years ago by the Superintendent of Battery House Refuge, she knowing the great need of rescuing the children of such parents from their otherwise inevitable training in crime. The Home continued for several years Miss Pumfray's own private charity, but about a year since Sir Walter Crofton got it placed under Government, and any children since sent are paid for at the rate of 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per week, according to age—a sum totally inadequate for the cost of clothing and maintenance; besides which, there are still fourteen children remaining who are not paid for at all. The only actual payment towards the expenses (except the trifling sum given by Government) is in the rent and firing being paid by Sir Walter Crofton; besides that, Miss Pumfray has no help except in the contributions of

'broken meat' from one or two of the college houses, and perhaps a chance gift from some one interested in the welfare of these poor little waifs and strays.

M. S. H. would be very grateful if any reader would tell her of any nice children's hospital or a home where a young lady could be trained for a sick nurse.

Can any one tell me of any school where one of the sons of a clergyman who died lately could be received at a very small payment?—*M. A. M., Farnham.*

SOCIETIES.

Wanted, to join an Early rising Society.—*Miss Enjuna Maxsted, the Cliff, Hessle, Hull.*

Wanted, to join a French Essay Society.—*A. S. C., care of Mr. Sullivan, Bookseller, Blackheath, S.E.*

In answer to an inquiry last month, *Our Own Budget* is an amateur magazine of eleven years' standing. Subscriptions, 1s. a quarter; prizes given.—*Editor, O. O. B., 6, Belgrave Villas, Lee, S.E.*

QUOTATIONS ANSWERED.

L. Ettie.—Milman's *Fall of Jerusalem.*—*B.M.*; and many others.

'Then were the nations by her wisdom swayed,' &c.,
is from Rogers's *Italy*, under the heading 'Amalfi,' commencing—
'He who sets sails from Naples.'

—*F. A. N.*

'There is a place where spirits blend,' &c.,
is the third verse of 'The Mercy Seat,' a hymn by Stowell, the first line of which is—

'From every stormy wind that blows.'

—*Constance.*

Clara.—The line—

'Whom oil and balsams kill, what salve can cure?'

is in the 'Church Porch,' by George Herbert.—*V. E. P.*; who asks for an explanation of the verse.

Maud—

'There is on the lone, lone sea
A spot unmarked, but holy.'

is in 'The Officer's Grave,' by the Rev. H. Lyte. It is to be found in his poems and in Palgrave's *Children's Treasury*.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

'The west wind blows a singing low,
For me the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.'

—*Mrs. Barton.*

A copy of verses, 'Posies for thine own Bedchamber,' by Thomas Tusser.—*Miss Best, Manor Cottage, Goolé, Yorkshire.*

Maud asks where she can procure a copy of a poem which, as well as she can recollect, runs thus—

'There is, or there was, or I believed there to be.'

ANSWERS.

E. B.—We believe Tract No. 90 has long been out of print.

A. M. A.—SS. Timothy and Maura are to be found together on May

3rd in Baring Gould's *Lives*. It would not have taken much *wading* to have looked a little more closely at the index.

J. Bernard Gedge.—It is a delusion which arises periodically that old stamps are of any use to any one. The Post-Office authorities beg that they may not be kept as forgers sometimes obliterate the marks. Foolish stories are got up about their use, but we have been repeatedly assured that these are mere inventions.

E. C. M.—The allusion is to the stock story of a headstone, inscribed—

‘ Here lies, more’s the pity,
The body of Nicholas New City.’

N. B.—It should a been Newtown, but a wouldn’t rhyme.—*Ev.*

Wild Ross.—You do not say whether your ring divides into three. If so it is probably an old betrothal ring.

L. D. writes there is no resemblance or identity between the tunes Drumclog and Martyrdom. The covenanters cannot rightly claim Drumclog for it is in Marot and Beza’s Psalter, a century older than the battle. It can only be used to a hymn in five lines, as is the case with the 124th Psalm in the old Scottish Psalter.

‘ Now Israel may say and that truly,
If that the Lord had not our right maintained,
If that the Lord had not our right sustained,
When cruel men against us furiously,
Rose up in wrath to make of us their prey.’

C. E. M. had qualified her statement by saying that some Scottish friend heard it under the name of Drumclog; it was set in common time and played very slowly.

A Maroon.—Certainly you should turn to the east during the Athanasian Creed. The omission may be caused by its not beginning with the same words, and by the greater length, but it is a mistake.

A. N.—*The Seal* (Walter Smith), is explanatory of confirmation. *The Confirmation Class*, by Rev. C. R. Langland (C. Macintosh), explains in conversation. *Susan Harvey* (Masters), and Munro’s *Harry and Archie* are the most effective of the numerous stories on it.

QUESTIONS.

P. S.—The name of the emperor who caused to be inscribed over the arch of the Ghetto, “All the day long have I stretched out my hands to a disobedient and gainsaying people.”—*F. B.*

F. M. S. will be much obliged if any reader of *The Monthly Packet* will send her Leigh Hunt’s poem, the subject of which is an Eastern Ruler, who in a dream sees an angel with a scroll on which was written the names of those who loved God. He asked the angel to place his name in the list, but the angel refused saying he did not yet love God. Then said the king, ‘If you cannot write me as one who loves God, write me as one who loves his fellow men.’ The next night he dreams the same dream, but the angel on showing him the scroll, points to his own name at the very head of the list. Also can any one tell her if she is right in thinking it was Dean Swift who said, ‘The most cheerful faces I see out of doors are those in mourning coaches.’

G. G. asks the publisher of Miss Winkworth’s translation of *Theologia Germanica*, and if it can still be procured.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS
For Members of the English Church.

DECEMBER, 1879.

APOCALYPSE VI. 1—8.

First Seal.

“Come and see.” And I saw, and behold a white horse ; and He that sat on him had a bow ; and a crown was given unto Him ; and He went forth conquering and to conquer.’

DEAR CONQUEROR ! the white horse bears Thee now,
As erst the ass’s foal on Olivet ;
Now on Thy Head a golden crown is set,
Where once the twisted thorn-branch bound Thy Brow.
Radiant Thy Face, once bathed in bloody sweat ;
No reed Thy Hands clasp now, a Lover’s bow
Whose arrows wound, and, wounding, health bestow.

Second Seal.

“Come and see.” And there went out another horse that was red ; and power was given to Him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another ; and there was given unto Him a great sword.’

Thou art the God of battles ; red Thy horse
Whose hoofs strike fire ; double-edged Thy sword ;
Till wrong be righted, harmony restored,
A blood-stained path must be Thine onward course.
Hero of heroes, as of lords the Lord !
The war Thou wagest drives false peace away,
And thus inaugurates God’s Sabbath-day.

Third Seal.

“Come and see.” And I beheld, and lo, a black horse ; and He that sat on him had a pair of balances in His Hand. And I heard a voice in the midst of the four beasts say, “A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny ; and see thou hurt not the oil and the wine.”’

Thou art the Judge, and black the horse whose rein
Thy left Hand grasps, Thy right Hand holds on high

A pair of balances, and stern the cry
 Uttered by those who follow in Thy train,
 And quote the famine-prices. Must we die?
 A Voice replies with clemency divine,
 'Hurt not the oil of grace, of truth the wine.'

Fourth Seal.

"Come and see." And I looked, and behold a pale horse, and His Name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with Him. And power was given unto Him over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth.'

The pale horse bears Thee, Lord, of death the Death,
 By whose strong Hands e'en Hell is captive led,
 We see our foes all numbered with the dead,
 All deadly things Thou slayest with Thy Breath,
 Thy royal Foot is on the serpent's head.—
 Still speak the Living Creatures—'Come and see
 How rides our Warrior-King to Victory'!

A. G.

NOTE-BOOK OF AN ELDERLY LADY.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

CHAPTER X.

MRS. MALCOLM and I have been this morning continuing our conversation upon the training of girls. The subject was introduced in connection with her two little nieces, who are staying with her;—perfect specimens of the modern style—frank, free, affectionate, intelligent, but utterly ignoring anything like deference or respect to their elders; criticising their governesses, giving out unhesitating opinions as to the system of instruction pursued with them, using slang words in profusion, and, in fact, so wanting in what we have been accustomed to think good tone that it is with the utmost difficulty I can prevent myself from snubbing them at every turn. Yet I like the children; at times I feel really fond of them. There is a great deal in them, and they will, if their lives are spared, make useful, sensible women; but pleasant and winning it is scarcely possible they should be. Mrs. Malcolm looks on in amused surprise, and leaves them to themselves, uttering now and then an expression of profound thankfulness that they are not her daughters.

'What should I do with them?' she said to me this morning, as the little girls left us, after pouring forth a voluble account of what they called an 'awfully jolly' game of lawn tennis which they had

played yesterday with some young friends. As for inspiring them with any sense of reverence or respect, I might as well attempt to make the sea respectful. 'Were you and I like them, I wonder!'

'No,' I said, 'not at all. We might not have had as much spirit in us, but I am tolerably sure we had better manners.'

'Certainly,' continued Mrs. Malcolm, 'if I had ever spoken to a person older than myself in the tone in which my little nieces spoke to you just now, I should have been sent to bed. But then, poor little dears! they don't at all understand how disagreeable they are. I am always reminding myself of that fact when I am inclined to be cross with them.'

'I think you told me they had had five governesses in six years,' I said. 'That to me accounts for everything.'

'Of course they have lost all respect for their teachers,' observed Mrs. Malcolm. 'I don't see how they could help it. Their father is mad upon the subject of the higher education of women, and so he is always criticising the governesses, and then dismissing them because they don't come up to the mark in Euclid, and Latin and Greek. The last move has been to send the children to a High School, where they may have special lessons upon special subjects. They gave me a most clever description of their various instructors last evening. I went into fits of laughter over it, but when they departed to bed, I confess I pondered a good deal upon what the effect of it all would be upon them in after life.'

'No doubt it is a marvellous change which the educational world is undergoing,' I said. 'There must be good in it, of some kind. I don't want to condemn it, and certainly I would not willingly subject any child to the discipline I underwent myself. But then my school was exceptional altogether. I never heard of anything like it for girls.'

'It was a kind of Do-the-girls' Hall from what Fanny and Netta told me after their last visit to you,' replied Mrs. Malcolm. 'They said you had been describing your school life to them.'

'I told them a few things just to amuse them, and they thought it all too dreadful to be endured, but I left a great deal untold. In fact some things are quite *untellable* to "ears polite."'

'And yet,' said Mrs. Malcolm, 'I have heard you say that you could look back upon your early education with thankfulness; and to be thankful for such a despotism as you were subjected to by the children's account would be absolutely impossible.'

'It was a very useful despotism,' I said. 'It taught me some things which I never should have learnt otherwise.'

'The obedience of which we were speaking the other day, for one thing, I suppose,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'Despotism is always supposed to teach *that*.'

'Yes,' I said; 'though my private opinion is that it oftener leads

to rebellion : but you must remember that when I told you I looked back upon my early education with thankfulness, I was thinking not of my school life only, but of the influence of home as well ; the teaching of the nursery and of family life.'

'And you can say you are thankful for it?' said Mrs. Malcolm, thoughtfully. 'Then you are a fortunate woman.'

'Yes, I am, upon the whole ; and I feel it all the more because I so often hear my friends lamenting over the discipline they were subjected to, or the neglect from which they suffered, and seeing no good in either.'

'Like my husband,' continued Mrs. Malcolm, 'who said to me when our first child was born, "My dear, the one thing I am resolved upon is that my boy shall never be brought up in the same way as I was." And yet his father was a rather clever, and professedly religious man, who had a theory of education which was to train all his children to perfection.'

'I remember hearing him spoken of as a pattern father,' I said, 'so far at least as regarded devoting himself to his boys.'

'Morning, noon, and night,' pursued Mrs. Malcolm, 'watching and guiding them both in body and mind. He was so resolved that they should have no thought apart from himself, that in order to gain their confidence he read all their letters. The result I have just told you.'

'But you must not bring Mr. Malcolm forward as a specimen of failure,' I said. 'He is, unfortunately for your argument, a man whom every one respects.'

'Well! yes ; and with some reason ; but then he had sense enough to set himself free from his father's trammels, at the risk of something very like a quarrel, and to the end of life they could not sympathise. The one thing Colonel Malcolm never could understand was the existence of individuality in his children. They were part and parcel of himself ; that was his only view of them. My husband, on the contrary, felt with me, that God has given, even to a baby in arms, the germs of will and temper and taste which must ultimately give him a distinct place in the world, with distinct duties ; and that the business of the parents is to find out what the place and duties are, and to fit the child for it, without allowing selfish interests to interfere. But I am running away from our subject, and taking all the talk to myself. Let us go back to your school. It was a despotism you approve of?'

'No,' I said. 'What I approve of was my dear mother's despotism, —exercised when I was a wee thing, and had nothing but will, and no reason to guide me. But then it was tempered by the most exquisite tenderness. I can recall now the sense of absolute loving rest I had when I sat in her lap before I was put into my little bed, and heard her read aloud whilst the other children were being undressed ; but her decided "certainly not," when she was obliged to reject any of our

wild fancies, was a barrier against which it was hopeless to struggle. It was the first lesson we had in the necessity of complete, unresisting submission ; and it was taught us before it could give us any real pain. It is for this that I have all my life been thankful.'

'And the school despotism continued the lesson,' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'Yes ; but in a different spirit. There was no tenderness mingled with it, and so it was in a measure hardening to the character. Yet there was good in it, because I respected my governess *au fond*.'

Just at this moment the two little girls, Fanny and Henrietta (or Netta, as she is called), burst into the room.

'Mrs. Blair, do tell us some more about your school. Aunt Catharine,' and they turned to Mrs. Malcolm, 'do make her go on. It is so amusing. What was Miss Cookham like ?'

'She was a formidable personage,' I said. 'Very stout, very upright. She dressed always in black silk, and wore a white net turban with a gold brooch in front, which was the fashion in those days ; and her one ornament besides was a heavy gold chain. She had a round face, and a bright colour, piercing grey eyes which could look extremely fiery, a handsome nose, and a determined mouth. But she had also a benevolent expression, and no one could ever have suspected her of untruth. She used to sit on a high stool before a small square table, with a cane by her side, which she used with a very good will when the little boys, who came as day scholars, were naughty.'

'Were there little boys as well as little girls ?' exclaimed the children, in astonishment.

'Yes, just till they were old enough to go to a boys' school. It was a very peculiar and mixed arrangement,' I added, addressing Mrs. Malcolm, 'of various ages and various grades. Trades and professions were alike accepted ; but we were all kept in such wonderful order, and made to observe such a curious stiff courtesy towards one another, that minor distinctions were crushed out of us by the equalising pressure of the superior power. We called each other "Miss," and were always obliged to say "if you please, Miss," and "thank you, Miss."'

The children burst into a fit of laughter. 'So very strange ! So very odd ! How could it have been borne ?'

'Custom, dear children, custom,' I said. 'And I suspect Aunt Catharine will agree with me that it was not an unwise rule under the circumstances. It tended to make us careful in our behaviour to each other. We had not the opportunity of being rude—struggling and pushing our way through the world, as the young folks of the present day sometimes are inclined to do. We were compelled to speak comparatively gently, even when we were at play, and of course we were absolutely respectful to our elders, always answering them with "Sir," or "Ma'am," at the end of our sentences, instead of breaking off with the rough "Yes," or "No," which makes us elderly people who were

brought up on a different plan, often draw back as if we had received a blow in the face.'

'But it would be very stiff and very disagreeable to say "Sir" and "Ma'am," now,' said Netta; 'and I am sure I never could say "Miss" to any one.'

'You would have said "Miss," or anything else you were ordered to say, if you had been under Miss Cookham's rule,' I replied, laughing. 'I sometimes wish I could give the little people I meet with a specimen of her discipline, if it were only that they might enjoy the pleasure of the contrast.'

'Then you don't approve of such strictness,' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'Certainly not in the letter. All that I approve of is the spirit, the recognition of the necessity of courtesy and good breeding at all times and in all places. As for Miss Cookham's very odd rules of politeness, they were not taught her by any one that I ever heard of. Looking back upon them they seem to have been developed in the German fashion, out of her inner consciousness, and so they took a peculiar and individual form. She was, in fact, the most absolutely original and independent woman I ever knew. Her father had been a Post-Captain in the Navy; her relations were persons of good position. When she was left penniless they would have provided for her, but she absolutely refused help. She began this school in a country town; my mother was her personal friend, and it was natural that we should be sent to her, when we were very little, for she took children as day-scholars when they were four years old.'

'But what did your mother say when you told her how funny it all was,' asked Fanny.

'We stood in too great awe of our governess to venture to complain of her,' I said. 'And, indeed, whilst we were only at school for the day, we were not much troubled by the rules, and my mother only saw they were successful in keeping us in admirable order. It was when we became boarders that the discipline was so very unbearable.'

'And still you never let your mother know what you were enduring?' inquired Mrs. Malcolm.

'No, and I think you will find generally that *young* children do not complain. They have no standard by which to measure their trials; and so, as a rule, they say nothing. I was miserable when I went back at night to school, after spending an occasional holiday at home. I counted the hours, and at last even the minutes as they passed, and was as greedy of them as a prisoner might have been who was going back to his cell after being released for a day; but I did not know that my lot was different from that of others. I thought all children who went to school must be unhappy; and so instead of trying to get any release from my sufferings, I turned my mind towards their mitigation by the indulgence of day dreams.'

'How long were you at Miss Cookham's?' asked Netta.

'I went as a day scholar when I was four years old,' I said, 'and I remained till I was thirteen. I think I went as a boarder when I was nine years old. One of my brothers was very ill, and my sisters and I were placed at Miss Cookham's to be out of the way; and my mother found us so much improved when we went back to her for the holidays, that she thought it would be a good thing for us to continue there.'

'And was there no idea of a governess at home for you?' asked Mrs. Malcolm. 'It seems strange.'

'My mother was a very wise, far-seeing woman,' I replied. 'She had seven sons, all older than her daughters, and some of them grown up to manhood. A young governess in the house might have been a considerable source of anxiety and annoyance; so she determined not to make the venture, and we little girls were in consequence sent to school. This she told me herself, in after years, when I used playfully to try and torment her by narrating our school hardships. At last I found that it really did distress her to hear of them. She had no notion what we went through, and could not bear to think of it.'

'And you can still be thankful?' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'Yes, for the discipline, though I would not for any consideration you could offer me make any other children suffer as we did. It was the roughest of experiences, but it *was* experience; and as such it was invaluable. It taught me what to avoid, as well as what to cultivate, in children's training. Fancy, Netta,' I said, 'how very odd we must have looked. Miss Cookham never allowed us to have our hair long; it was cut short, like a boy's. Then we were not permitted to have a coloured sash, or any embroidery on our frocks. Everything was to be absolutely plain. My dear mother had some curious ideas of her own about children's dress,' I added, turning to Mrs. Malcolm. 'It is one of the few instances in which I have always felt I would not do what she did. Our frocks were made in a peculiar way, independent of the fashion of the day, and it caused me to be painfully self-conscious. I was always instinctively comparing myself with other children, and fancying they would laugh at me. Miss Cookham's rules on dress and every other subject were unalterable. On one occasion, when a petition was made for some relaxation of a law, she drew herself up, and replied in the most solemn tone, "No; not if the King himself were to ask it." Those were days of kingship, not queenship. And I fully believe she would have kept her word. Indeed, I don't think either King or Queen would have asked her twice for anything.'

'And the physical training was, I suppose, on a par with the moral?' said Mrs. Malcolm, 'and therefore severe.'

'To a degree which would not be tolerated now,' I replied, 'and which would not indeed have been tolerated then if my mother had known the extent to which it was carried.'

'Was the house pretty?' asked Fanny, who has a great appreciation of the picturesque.

'It was a red brick house in a street,' I said. 'The entrance was through a narrow stone passage, leading into a little yard, beyond which was a small garden laid out in square beds for flowers and vegetables, divided by narrow earth walks. It was the only outlet for romance we had. We lived in the school-room—a square room, uncarpeted, with a long mahogany table in the centre, which served as breakfast and dining-table, and round which we used to sit in the evening when we had lessons to learn, with our backs to the two candles, in order that nothing might distract our attention, and that we might have the full benefit of the light. In the daytime a good many of us were ranged in seats against the wall, each seat having a drawer in it, containing all our special school-goods—workbox, little books, &c. I mention this particularly, because a great deal of our interest in life was centred in the possession of a large stool and a pretty workbox.'

'Limited interest,' said Mrs. Malcolm, ironically.

'Yes,' I replied, 'but the result was useful. One of the things for which I have had most cause to be grateful all my life has been the power of appreciating and enjoying small pleasures, and I attribute it mainly to the fact that as a child I had so very little to amuse me externally, that I was obliged to invent amusement for myself out of almost nothing.'

'But would you never let little girls have any pleasures?' asked Netta, almost shrinking from me at the idea of my being such a dragon.

'I am afraid,' I said, 'that my temptation lies the other way. Not having had much amusement myself when I was at school, I am always inclined to sympathise with little people, and give them more than is perhaps good for them. But it is a great blessing, Netta, and you will find it so some day, to be able to enjoy the everyday pleasures which lie at your door, instead of having to drive a long distance to seek for them. The balls of cotton in my workbox were as exciting to me as beautifully-dressed dolls. I converted them in imagination into living beings, made up stories about them, and forgot the troubles of school life.'

'And had you only the one room to live in?' asked Fannie.

'As a general rule we never occupied any other; but there was a little dark back-parlour which I cannot even at this day think of without pitying myself for the sensations it always gave me. The most dreary little place it was! opening into the kitchen, and looking out upon a whitewashed wall. It was used as a dining-room when the school-room had to be put in special order. At other times it was a place for scolding and punishment, castigation included. We also practised our music there, and had our French lessons given us by a French abbé, an emigrant at the time of the first French Revolution.

'Two sitting-rooms, and how many bed-rooms?' asked Mrs. Malcolm.

'There must have been about four or five,' I said; 'but I never but once that I can remember went up into the attics. The room I slept in was a huge barrack-like place, with two curtainless four-post beds in it, and a smaller one in the corner. Two heavy chairs and two deal tables for washing-stands completed the furniture. When we wanted extra seats we sat upon our boxes. The room had originally three windows, but two were blocked up, I suspect, to save the window-tax which was imposed in those days; and out of the third we were forbidden to look, on the penalty of a half-crown forfeit; the discipline of the house was so strict, that I never remember to have broken the law, though I must have slept in the room between four and five years.'

'A perfect paragon of obedience!' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm.

'Of fear, rather,' was my reply. 'If you had ever been under Miss Cookham's eye when you had broken a rule, you would understand that obedience was an absolutely unavoidable necessity. She could control us even when we were in our own homes. One of our school customs was to make a curtsy whenever we came into the room, or went out of it. At one time Miss Cookham took it into her head that we should do the same at home, and we actually did it without a thought of rebellion or remonstrance.'

'But did you never do wrong?' asked Netta, opening her bright eyes very wide.

'Oh yes, my dear, very often. I was a very black sheep, and I suffered in consequence for the faults of others, as well as for my own. But, looking back upon my first school life, I really cannot see that I did anything especially disobedient. My offences were chiefly caused by having a very violent temper. That led me into my great difficulties. But we were punished severely for mere trifles—not sitting upright, speaking to a companion who sat next us; and once I remember we all had a most grievous scolding because we allowed my sister to repeat the wrong hymn at prayer time without correcting her. We were told,' I added, and I turned to Mrs. Malcolm, 'that the devil was reigning in our hearts. I am afraid he did too often reign there; but it was scarcely an evidence of the fact that we had not courage to correct a mistake.'

'And what were your punishments?' asked Fanny, eagerly. 'Did they hurt very much?'

'Some of them were the most ingeniously devised punishments you could conceive,' I said. 'There were what were called disgraces, kept in a long drawer of a bureau in the school-room. Beside a fool's cap, there was a ram's horn (picked up on the downs near the town), a green tassel, and two large pieces of brown paper, cut to resemble ears, and known as *asses' ears*. These were tied on our heads when we had said an imperfect lesson, or talked when we ought to have been quiet, or

done anything else which was considered naughty ; and we had to stand up in the corner of the room and meet the gaze of the whole school. You can imagine what we felt if, as sometimes happened, a stranger came in and saw us. But the worst punishments were reserved for a falsehood.'

'Oh, do tell us about them—pray tell us,' exclaimed the two children.

'You will laugh,' I said ; 'but it was no laughing matter to us. Imagine having to stand up before the whole school, arrayed in a black gown, with a scarlet tongue cut out of cloth hanging down in front, on which was worked, in large white letters, the word *Liar*. Three months of disgrace followed, three months during which we were not allowed to gain any reward, or take any place in our class, but were just put aside as it were. And for the very slightest prevarication or equivocation we had to bear one month's disgrace of a similar kind.'

'It was intolerable—unendurable!' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm. 'I wonder it did not drive you frantic.'

'Well! it did very nearly,' I said. 'In fact it was indirectly the means of awakening my mother to a conviction that it was better I should be sent to another school. I had told a falsehood to save myself from blame, and then was so miserable that I confessed it. Of course I ought to have been treated leniently, instead of which I was arrayed in the black gown and the liar's tongue, as it was called, and felt myself marked for life—a disgrace to my family. Then came fits of morbid scrupulosity, which at last frightened Miss Cookham herself. She consulted my mother, and both agreed it would be better that some change should be made, and so at thirteen my first troubled school life came to an end. At my next school I was very happy.'

'Don't turn to that yet,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'Tell me more about Miss Cookham. It is a perfect revelation—all the more because you are not horrified at it yourself.'

'But I am horrified,' I said. 'I think of it all with a shudder. And yet, can't you understand that, having escaped with fairly good health and a clear brain, I can look back calmly, and own that there was good in it. No one could have lived under Miss Cookham's rule without seeing that she had the most unspeakable horror of falsehood and deception, and of course such an influence was invaluable. That she had no perception of the peculiarities of each individual child's mind was her misfortune. I quite acknowledge that she drove those who were scrupulous nearly out of their senses ; but she thoroughly alarmed the unscrupulous. On one occasion, when a little boy who was in the school was in the habit of telling lies, and could not be cured, she put his finger into the candle and burnt it.'

'And you call that good!' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm. 'You are fit to be an inquisitor.'

'Indeed—indeed! you must not misunderstand me,' I said, eagerly. 'I call it all a mistaken, cruel discipline. And yet——'

'And yet, what! It is impossible that to burn a boy's finger can do anything but harden him.'

'I don't know the after-history of the boy, and so I can't judge of the effect of the punishment,' was my reply. 'I was a little girl at the time, and only thought he was a very naughty boy and deserved what he got. But the redeeming quality in these inflictions was the perfect sincerity of the inflictor. We all recognised that Miss Cookham hated a lie from her inmost heart. I doubt if any one could have been under her rule for any length of time without having a sense of the sin of falsehood and deceit, burnt, as it were, into them. When I left her and had a wider experience of the way in which truth is trifled with, even by persons who consider themselves conscientious, I was greatly surprised and shocked. A little act of something approaching to deception, committed a few months after I left Miss Cookham's care, by a person whom I was expected to obey and respect, gave me a perfect pang. The individual sank in my estimation, in a degree which was never recovered. No doubt I judged hardly, but in youth that is a fault on the right side, where the standard of truth is concerned.'

'Severe! severe!' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm.

'I own it. There is danger of exaggeration in this as in all moral questions. Miss Cookham's system was faulty; its consequences were at times much to be regretted. I can at this day feel the effects of the strain she put on my conscience. Nevertheless she was true and earnest, and truth and earnestness will always claim respect.'

'And you actually say you felt respect for her!' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm.

'Yes; very great and sincere respect. She was a woman of considerable natural talent, strong impulse, a capricious temper, and a most domineering will. She might have made an Eastern despot. And with this disposition she had been left, I suspect, without training or control when a child. But nevertheless she was governed by a stern sense of duty, exercised with a most unflinching moral courage. She possessed great generosity, and, what may seem to you inconsistent with the qualities I have described, deep personal humility.'

'If she was so generous, why did she not make you more comfortable?' asked Mrs. Malcolm.

'Simply because she could not afford it. Her school did not pay, and we suffered accordingly as far as the refinements of life went. And then you must recollect also that it was a good many years ago. The fact that "unlimited diet" is advertised by some schools even in the present day, shows that the tradition of schools is that diet shall not be unlimited. Miss Cookham only allowed us three pieces of thick bread and butter for breakfast, and the same at tea. We drank milk and water usually; and tea, which meant about one-fifth of the quantity which the cup could hold, was only given as a reward, to which, under special circumstances of good conduct or perfect

lessons, a little sugar was added. Very delicious this was to me, and I have been devoted to weak tea ever since. Dry bread for dinner was a common punishment. No one thought it hard or wrong. It was the custom of the time.'

'And of course it made you greedy,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'Children always long for that which is kept from them.'

'It did make us think a good deal of the nice dinners we had at home in the holidays,' I said; 'but I don't think it did us any other mischief. No doubt Miss Cookham was original and peculiar in her way of converting our food into a means of correction and discipline. My father once sent her a hare. It was put on the table for dinner, but two of my sisters had in some way displeased her, so she turned to them and said, "The hare is your papa's and you shall have some; but the stuffing and the gravy are mine, and those you shall not have!"'

'Oh, what a terrible woman!' exclaimed Netta and Fanny. 'We are so glad we are not under her.'

'It might do you a great deal of good, you little indulged monkeys,' said Mrs. Malcolm, good-humouredly. 'It is a capital notion, and I shall try it. I am often at a loss to know how to keep you in order when you are with me. Thick bread and butter, milk and water, no stuffing, and no gravy; that is the rule, is it not?' and she turned to me.

'Gravy was never allowed at any time,' I said, 'unless for perfect lessons. We used to stand up when the dinner was ready, and say if we had a right to it, "If you please, ma'am, I claim gravy."'

'And you told us about something very odd about the crumbs,' said Fanny; 'do let Aunt Catharine hear.'

'We were obliged to eat them instead of giving them to the birds, that was all; only the arrangement was peculiar. A large table-spoon was handed in turn to each of us; crumbs, salt, scraps of cold potato, were gathered up, and each swallowed her own share and handed the spoon to her neighbour. When the spoon had gone the round, we all stood up, Miss Cookham held the spoon in the centre of the tablecloth, and we took up the corners of the cloth and shook any remaining crumbs into a heap. The unfortunate child who sat next to Miss Cookham was then compelled to swallow the collected *débris* whatever it might consist of.'

'And still you respected her?' was Mrs. Malcolm's comment.

'Certainly,' I replied. 'Her singular rules did not affect my appreciation of her sterling qualities. She was a true, generous-hearted, self-denying woman, and when old age came upon her she had secured for herself only a pittance of 40*l.* a year because she had always given her help to the poor, and had taken upon herself to atone for her father's shortcomings. This is at least what I have been told. I know indeed that she always helped the poor, because I often heard

conversations about them between herself and an aunt of mine whose unlimited benevolence was a trouble, and almost a scandal, from her support of the good-for-nothing beggars of the town. As to the duty she undertook for her father, there came from London, whilst I was at school, a little girl who was received with special affection, and treated with great attention, and in fact made the rest of us rather jealous. Who she was, and why she came from London to be educated in the country, was a mystery, and it was only after Miss Cookham's death that I learnt that the father of the child was a man to whom Captain Cookham owed money, and this was the only way that my old governess had of making up for what she felt to be an injustice. You will understand now how that kind of nobility of character would make itself felt by children in spite of all severities and eccentricities.

'And did she really live comfortably upon the 40*l.* a year?' asked Mrs. Malcolm. 'That seems to me as astonishing as anything else you have told us.'

'I did not say she lived comfortably, for in fact it was very uncomfortable; and at last some of her old pupils were so distressed at her position, that they deceived her into accepting an annuity of 50*l.* a year in addition.

'How do you mean deceived her into it? I don't comprehend.'

'She was the most proudly independent woman that can be imagined,' I said. 'As for receiving pecuniary assistance, she would have starved rather than accept it. But a brother of mine, whom she had taught as a little boy, suggested an ingenious piece of deception which I hope may be considered pardonable. He collected subscriptions to the amount of 50*l.*, and then managed to send her a lawyer's letter informing her that if, on a certain day, she would send a certificate of her baptism and age, signed by the clergyman of the parish, the lawyer was authorised to send her 50*l.*, and the same sum would be her due yearly, if on the same day she would again procure the clergyman's testimony to her being still alive. Shrewd woman though she was in most things, she was a mere child as regards law. The formality of the letter imposed upon her. She fancied it must be some debt which had been due to her father, and in a state of the greatest excitement she hurried off to procure the certificate. The money was regularly paid, and to the day of her death she remained ignorant of the source from which it came.'

'Well! I suppose I do respect her a little, and I respect your brother also; but hers was nevertheless a very grievous tyranny for a child to endure,' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'Yes, it was grievous,' I replied. 'The most fatal mistake was the straining our conscience. This was done to a degree which was as absurd as it was injurious. She insisted at one time upon our always

speaking grammatically, whether in school hours or at play. We were to say "come hither" and "go thither," instead of "come here," and "go there." If we spoke ungrammatically we were to have an extra lesson to learn. This was bad enough ; but what was unendurable was that it was left to our own honour and conscience to correct and punish ourselves. If we made a mistake, and were aware of it, we were still to learn the lesson, though no one corrected us. It was moreover an established rule that three faults, in what was called a disgrace lesson, or indeed in any lesson, would incur a new lesson ; six faults, two new lessons ; and so on, *ad infinitum*. In fact, the little time there was for amusement, before going to bed, was often spent by me, seated with my back to the light, learning columns of French idioms for disgrace lessons.'

'And you survived?'

'Well ! the extravagance of the system brought its own remedy. I believe I did at last venture to tell my mother that I was ninety lessons in arrears, and one of my sisters seventy, and then she took alarm and spoke to Miss Cookham who was, to do her justice, ignorant of the way in which her absurd rule worked. She had established it in some hasty moment, and as she never heard the disgrace lessons herself but allowed us to say them to each other, she did not know how often the penalty was incurred. Of course there were many who never troubled themselves about them, but the rule was made, if I remember rightly, about the same time that my conscience was especially sensitive because of the falsehood for which I had been so punished, and thus the burden fell heavily upon me ; and my sister, who was like myself in disposition, followed my guidance. Miss Cookham was as much startled as my mother, I suspect, when she found how the case stood. A full dispensation was granted us, and we never again heard of disgrace lessons for speaking ungrammatically in playhours.'

'And how about the religious question all this time?' inquired Mrs. Malcolm. 'Was your revered tyrant a Christian in any true sense of the word, except in so far as she had been baptised?'

'She was a very sincere and earnest Christian,' I said.

'Then may I for ever be defended from the society of sincere and earnest Christians!' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm. 'My dear little women ;' and she turned to the two children who were listening with eager ears ; 'run away and play—these are matters you don't comprehend. Why, you will make Pagans of them,' she continued, again addressing me. 'Go—go—my dears,' as the children lingered in a state of excited curiosity.

I waited for my reply till the children were gone. Then I said—

'My dear friend, how you do rush to conclusions ! Cannot a person be a sincere and earnest Christian, and yet ignorant how to manage children ? There is no inconsistency in anything I have stated.'

'I don't find tyranny and hard-heartedness in the Gospels,' replied Mrs. Malcolm. 'And as for holding up the portrait of a woman such as you have described to little girls of eleven and twelve, and telling them that it is the picture of an earnest Christian, I say it is a libel upon Christianity.'

'And yet,' I said, 'her perfect sincerity and earnestness were the qualities which impressed themselves upon our minds, and which, I am convinced, made her severity endurable. We recognised always that she did what she did because it was considered to be for our good, and we no more rebelled against her than we did against a nauseous dose of medicine.'

'Yet you hated the medicine, and so you must have hated her.'

'No, we did not. We were very anxious for her approval; and there were occasions when she could make herself very pleasant to us. She could tell a story well, and she would take the trouble to interest herself in our amusements. She was a personal friend of my own family, and of course that went a great way with my sisters and myself. But the chief influence she had really was from our conviction of her goodness.'

'And you trace the influences of your childhood for which you are thankful to this source?' asked Mrs. Malcolm, incredulously.

'That would be an exaggeration,' I replied, 'if, as I said just now, you exclude the important home influence. But looking back on my childhood, I certainly feel that the one idea most forcibly impressed on my mind was that the persons who ruled me, whether mother, aunt, or governess, were perfectly sincere in their devotion to God's service. I can see things now which my mature judgment would differ from; plans adopted which I would not adopt myself, more especially at school; but I never saw or heard anything which made me lose my respect, and I have come to the conviction that this is the first essential element in good education.'

'But as regards religion, you surely could not have gained anything from such a tyrant as Miss Cookham? Religion is based on love.'

'I felt that she meant what she said when she put before us the obligation of God's service. I won't say that she made the service very attractive, but that I felt to be the fault of my wickedness, not of her religion.'

'And your home teaching?'

'My home teaching was rather founded on the old-fashioned principle of "Deeds, not words." My dear mother and my aunt went to church, for instance, regularly on Wednesdays and Fridays. In their early days my grandfather (who was the incumbent of the parish) had, I am told, a daily service. This had been dropped, but the two weekdays and the saints' days were still marked. The church was a large, rambling building filled with high pews. Two or three old women

formed the congregation. There could have been no possible outward attraction, but I always had a sense of my mother's devotion, so far beyond what I thought I could ever reach, when I saw her walk off to church. "It was such a comfort," she used to say playfully, "to be for a short time where no one could knock at her door and tell her she was wanted." No sermon could have acted upon me as her example did. But we were not obliged to go ourselves till we learnt to do so voluntarily. Of course I am speaking only of the week-day services; the Sundays were different.'

'But Miss Cookham did not go to week-day services I suppose?' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'Not generally, but she did go whenever she had the opportunity; and a very special trial it was to me at Whitsuntide to be obliged to go with her, for there was a Fair held outside the church, and its attractions were overwhelming. Even Miss Cookham's severity did not render her insensible to them. But she never neglected the church service as a preliminary to the afternoon walk through the Fair, when every one met every one, and paraded up and down the High Street, whilst we children, who went home to spend the day, were allowed to indulge in very extravagant purchases of oranges and gingerbread and dolls.'

'And you were impatient all the time you were in church, and were dreaming of the delights of the Fair, instead of attending to your prayers?'

'Even so. I thought the service a penance.'

'Much good it must have done you, then!'

'Much more than you would have thought. It made me feel that religious duties must be put before pleasure at any sacrifice. If I had to deal with children myself in a similar case I should not take them to church, because I think the strain upon their minds would be too great, but I should go myself and leave them at home. Miss Cookham, however, had no choice; she had no one to leave us with, and as she felt it right to go she was obliged to carry us with her.'

'But there must have been some other religious training besides this going to church?' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'All of the dullest kind. You see the greater part of my early life was spent at school, so that I had very little direct instruction that I can remember from my mother after my infancy beyond being carefully taught to say my prayers and to repeat the Catechism, and in the holidays to read the Psalms and Lessons for the day. Sunday was, however, made pleasant to us by certain special treats and indulgences. But at school it was the dreariest day possible; given up to learning the collect and Watts's hymns, repeating the Catechism, and in the evening, by way of amusement, reading several chapters of the Bible, verse by verse, aloud, and asking each other puzzling Scripture questions. We went to church twice, and sometimes took a dull

walk, marching two and two, for a short distance outside the town.'

'The puzzling questions must have been an excitement,' said Mrs. Malcolm, 'but the amount of religion they fostered seems to me questionable.'

'They were in accordance with the feeling of the day,' I said, 'when the letter of the Bible was esteemed almost above the spirit, and was used as a kind of charm. I perfectly remember, as a girl, hearing a worthy clergyman discoursing upon the use which might be made of the Bible, even in secular lessons, by taking examples from it in arithmetic, and adding, "You know there are the four apostles and the twelve evangelists."'

Mrs. Malcolm laughed heartily, and I joined in the laugh; but I could not help saying 'He believed in his own suggestion. That was the saving ingredient in the conversation.'

'But he had no sense of the ludicrous, no perception of fitness,' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm. 'Really when I think of the teaching of those old days I marvel that any of us ever grew up with the slightest sense of religion.'

'And I have marvelled, too,' I said, 'till in thinking the matter over I have arrived at the conclusion that a man or woman holding an opinion sincerely and earnestly, and carrying it out in action consistently, wields a lever which must always be able, in a more or less degree, to move the human mind. It will always find a fulcrum to rest upon in the craving which we all feel for sincere conviction. That was the lever which moved me unconsciously when I was a little girl. I left Miss Cookham and was plunged into a new school and a new atmosphere, with my mind impressed by the absolute truth and the earnest heart-belief in Christianity of the persons under whose rule I had lived. I felt the severity, I suffered from the mistakes of my education; but it never entered into my head to criticise—my sense of respect for my elders was too great.'

'You were a marvel,' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm. 'No one in these days would submit as you did.'

'Yes,' I said, 'every one would submit who felt the respect which I felt. It is the miserable blunder of this nineteenth century to suppose that education depends upon clever systems, apart from the example of self-discipline and self-denial. We are all educating each other, and we forget to educate ourselves.'

'And you mean to say that Miss Cookham was educating herself all the time you were with her?' asked Mrs. Malcolm.

'I don't doubt it. We had one instance, and a very touching one, of what her repentance and self-reproach could be. A little boy of five years old was entrusted to her care. She was very fond of him, but she could not relax any of her rules for him. He showed symptoms of delicacy, and she thought he was peevish, and punished him. He grew

worse, and then she opened her eyes to the fact that she had been hard upon him; that she had scolded him for complaining when he was really ill, and made him do lessons when he was unfit for them. From that moment she devoted herself to him. She shut herself up in her room to nurse him, and never left him, by night or day, whilst an old pupil undertook the care of the school. After months of gradually increasing weakness and suffering the little fellow died, and my poor old governess's self-reproach then became intolerable. In fact she never recovered her strength and spirits, and ultimately the depression caused by her sorrow led to her giving up her school and attempting to live, as I told you, upon the pittance she had provided for her old age.'

'And did this grief continue?' asked Mrs. Malcolm.

'In a measure, I suspect, always; but she retained her energy and independence of mind to the end, and took a keen interest both in public and private events. The last time I visited her she was in a small lodging in the town in which she had always lived. I took a little nephew of mine to see her—a child of about four years old. She was dressed, as usual, in the tight-fitting black silk and the muslin turban, which especially suited her handsome, determined expression of face. Harry watched her attentively, in perfect silence, and when he came out into the street again turned to me and said, in an awe-struck voice, "Aunt Mary, what was it? Was it a man?"'

'Hers was a man's mind,' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm, 'and it was the strength and cleverness of a man which so impressed you.'

'I can't separate men's and women's minds in that way,' I said. 'That which impressed me in Miss Cookham was not the mental power, but the force of conviction. She was no doubt extremely clever, but she was almost untaught, and my lessons were as eccentric as my moral training was. You must hear more about them another day.'

I was on the point of departure, but Mrs. Malcolm stopped me.

'I should like to come to some conclusion,' she said, 'after all this talking. Which is the best system of education for girls, the present or the past—Fanny and Netta's, or yours and mine? For I also was brought up upon narrow obedience and respect, though in a less eccentric fashion.'

'Neither is best, I suspect,' was my reply. 'What the old system wanted was freedom and expansion for the children; what the new system wants is the element of respect towards the teachers, with its concomitant, humility. But I feel sure we should make a fatal mistake if we attempted, in the present day, to put young minds into mental swaddling-bands; they would be constrained to burst them.'

'And so we leave them without support of any kind except self-reliance,' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'Yes,' I said, 'that is our folly. We seem to forget entirely that

strength lies in obedience to the law of duty, and that the foundation of duty is definite, earnest, religious faith. But good-bye ; I really must not stay longer.'

'Good-bye !' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm. 'You are intolerably superstitious and old-fashioned ; you actually believe in the moral influence of the Creed and the Ten Commandments !'

(To be continued.)

MAGNUM BONUM ; OR, MOTHER CAREY'S BROOD.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XL.

EVIL OUT OF GOOD.

'And all too little to atone
For knowing what should ne'er be known.'

SCOTT.

THE season at Saratoga was not yet over, the travellers were told at New York, though people were fast thronging back into 'the city.' Should they go on thither at once, or try to find the photographer nearer at hand ? It was on a Friday that they landed, and they resolved to wait till Monday, Jock thinking that a rest would be better for his mother.

The early autumn sun glowed on the broad streets as they walked slowly through them, halting to examine narrowly every display of portraits at a photographer's door.

It was a right course ; they came upon some exquisitely-finished ones, among which they detected unmistakably the coloured likeness of Elvira de Menella. They went into the studio and asked to look at it. 'Ah, many ask that,' they were told, 'though the sensation was a little gone by.'

'What sensation ?' Jock asked, while his mother trembled so much that she had to sit down on one of the velvet chairs.

'I guess you are a stranger, sir, from England ! Then no doubt you have not heard of the great event of the season at Saratoga, the sudden elopement of this young lady, a beautiful English heiress, on the eve of marriage ; these very portraits ordered for the bridesmaids' lockets.'

'Whom did she elope with ?' asked Jock.

'That's the remarkable part of it, sir. Some say that she was claimed in secret by a lover to whom she had been long much attached ; but we are better informed. I can state to a certainty that she only fled to escape the tyranny of an aunt. She need only have appealed to the institutions of the country.'

'Very true,' said Jock. 'Let me ask if your informant was not the lady who coloured this photograph, Mrs. Harte? Yes. And is she here?'

'No, sir,' with some hesitation.

'Can you give me her address? I am her brother. This lady is her mother, and we are very anxious to find her.'

The photographer was gained by the frank address and manner. 'I am sorry,' he said, 'but the truth is that there was a monster excitement about the disappearance of the girl, and as Mrs. Harte was said to have been concerned, there was constant resort to the studio to interview her; and I cannot but think she treated me ill, sir, for she quitted me at an hour's notice.'

'And left no address?' exclaimed her mother, grievously disappointed.

'Not with me, madam; but she was intimate with a young lady employed in our establishment, and she may know where to find her.'

And through a tube, the photographer issued a summons, which resulted in the appearance of a pleasant-looking girl, who, on hearing that Mrs. Harte's mother and brother were in search of her, readily responded that Mrs. Harte had written to her a month ago from Philadelphia, asking her to forward to her any letters that might come to the room she usually occupied at New York. She had found employment, and there could be no doubt that she would be heard of there.

It was very near now. There was something very soothing in the services of that Sunday of waiting, when the Church seemed a home on the other side the sea, and on the Monday they were on their way, hearing, but scarcely heeding, the talk in the cars of the terrible yellow-fever visitation then beginning at New Orleans.

They arrived too late to do anything, but in early morning they were on foot, breakfasting with the first relay of guests at the hotel, and inquiring their way along the broad tree-planted streets of the old Quaker city.

It was again at a photograph shop that they paused, but as they were looking for the number, the private door opened, and there issued from it a grey figure, with a black hat, and a bag in her hand. She stood on the step, they on the side-walk. She had a thin, worn, haggard face, a strange, grey look about it, but when the eyes met on either side there was not a moment's doubt.

There was not much demonstration. Caroline held out her hand, and Janet let hers be locked tight into it. Jock took her bag from her, and they went two or three paces together as in a dream, till Jock spoke first.

'Where are we going? Can we come back with you, Janet, or will you come to the hotel with us?'

'I was just leaving my rooms,' she said. 'I was on my way to the station.'

'You will come with me,' said Caroline, under her breath; and Janet passively let herself be led along, her mother unconsciously holding her painfully fast.

So they reached the hotel, and then Jock said, 'I shall go and read the papers; send a message for me if you want me. You had rather be left to yourselves.'

The mother knew not how she reached her bedroom, but once there, and with the door locked, she turned with open arms. 'Oh! Janet, one kiss!' and Janet slid down on the floor before her, hiding her face in her dress and sobbing, 'Oh! mother, mother, I am not worthy of this!'

Then Caroline flung herself down by her, and gathered her into her arms, and Janet rested her head on her shoulder for some seconds, each sensible of little save absolute content.

'And you have come all this way for me,' whispered Janet, at last raising her head to gaze at the face.

'I did so long after you! My poor, poor child, how you have suffered,' said Caroline, drawing through her fingers the thin, worn, bony, hard-worked hand.

'I deserved a thousand times more,' said Janet. 'But it seems all gone since I see you, mother. And if you forgive, I can hope God forgives too.'

'My child, my child!' and as the strong embrace, and the kiss was on her brow, Janet lay still once more in the strange rest and relief.

'It is very strange,' she said. 'I thought the sight of you would wither me with shame, but somehow there's no room for anything but happiness.'

Renewed caresses, for her mother was past speaking.

'And Lucas is with you? Not Babie!'

'No, Babie is left with Mrs. Evelyn.'

'So poor little Elvira came safe home?'

'Yes, and is Mrs. Allen Brownlow. Poor child, you rescued her from a sad fate. She believed to the last you were coming with her, and she lost your note, or you would have heard from us sooner.'

Janet went on asking questions about the others. Her mother dreaded to put any, and only replied. Janet asked where they had been living, and she answered:

'In the old house, while the two Johns have been studying medicine.'

'Not Lucas?' cried Janet, sitting upright in her surprise.

'Yes, Lucas. The dear fellow gave up all his prospects in the army, because he thought it would be more helpful to me for him to take this line. And he has passed so well, Janet. He has got the silver medal, and his essay was the prize one.'

'And——' Janet stood up and walked to the window, as she said 'and you have told him——'

'Yes. : But, Janet, it was too late. Some hints of your father's had been followed up, and the main discovery worked out though not perfected.'

Janet's eyes glistened for a moment as they used to do in angry excitement, and she asked, 'Could he bear it?'

'He was chiefly concerned lest I should be disappointed. Then he reminded me that the benefit to mankind had come all the sooner.'

'Ah!' said Janet, with a gasp, 'there's the difference!' She did not explain further, but said, 'It has not poisoned his life!'

Then seeking in her bag, she took out a packet. 'I wish you to know all about it, mother,' she said. 'I wrote this to send home by Elvira, but then my heart failed me. It was well, since she lost my note. I kept it, and when I did not hear from you, I thought I would leave it to be posted when all was over with me. I should like you to read it, and I will tell you anything else you like to know.'

There came the interruption of the hotel luncheon, after which a room was engaged for Janet, and the use of a private parlour secured for the afternoon and evening. Jock came and went. He was very much excited about the frightful reports he heard of the ravages of yellow fever in the south, and went in search of medical papers and reports. Janet directed him where to seek them. 'I was just starting to offer myself as an attendant,' she said. 'I shall still go, to-morrow.'

'You? Oh, Janet, not now!' was her mother's first exclamation.

'You will understand when you have read,' quietly said Janet.

All that afternoon, according to her manifest wish, her mother was reading that confession of hers, while she sat by replying to each question or comment, in the repose of a confidence such as had not existed for fifteen years.

'Magnum Bonum,' wrote Janet. 'So my father named it. Alas! it has been Magnum Malum to me. I have thought over how the evil began. I think it must have been when I brooded over the words I caught at my father's death-bed, instead of confessing to my mother that I had overheard them. It might be reserve and dread of her grief, but it was not wholly so. I did not respect her as I ought in my childish conceit. I was an old-fashioned girl. Grandmamma treated her like a petted eldest child, and I had not learnt to look up to her with any loyalty. My uncle and aunt too, even while seeming to uphold her authority, betrayed how cheaply they held her.'

'No wonder,' said Caroline. 'I was a very foolish creature then.'

'I saw you differently too late,' said Janet.

'Thus unchecked by any sober word, my imagination went on dwelling on those words, which represented to me an arcanum as wonderful as any elixir of life that alchemists dream of, and I was always figuring to myself the honour and glory of the discovery, and fretting that it was destined to one of my brothers rather than myself. Even then, I had some notion of excelling them, and fretted at our

residence at Kenminster because I was cut off from classes and lectures. Then came the fortune, and I saw at the first glance that wealth would hinder all the others, even Robert, from attempting to fulfil the conditions, and I imagined myself persevering and winning the day. As to the concealment of the will, I can honestly say that, to my inexperienced fancy, it appeared utterly unlike my father's and grandmother's, and at the moment I hid it, I only thought of the disturbance and discomfort, which scruples of my mother's would create, and the unpleasantness it would make with Elvira, with whom I had just been quarrelling. When as I grew older, and found the validity of wills did not depend on the paper they were written upon, I had qualms which I lulled by thinking that when my education was safe, and Elvira safely married to Allen, I would look again and then bring it to light, if needful. My mother's refusal to commit the secret to me on any terms entirely alienated me, I am grieved to say. I have learnt since that she was quite right, and that she could not help it. It was only my ignorance that rebelled; but I was enraged enough to have produced the will, and perhaps should have done so, if I had not been afraid both of losing my own medical training, and of causing Robert to take up that line, in which I knew he could succeed better than any one.'

'Janet, this must be fancy!'

'No, mother. There is no poison like a blessing turned into a curse. This is the secret history of what made me such a disagreeable, morose girl.'

'Then came the opportunity that enabled me to glance at the book of my father's notes. Barbara's eyes made me lock the desk in haste and confusion. It was really and truly accident that I locked the book out instead of in. As you know, Barbara hid away the davenport, and I could not restore the book, when I had pored over it half the night, and found myself quite incompetent to understand the details, though I perceived the main drift. I durst not take the book out of the house, and the loss of my keys cut me off from access to it. Meantime I studied, and came to the perception that a woman alone could never carry out the needful experiments, I must have a man to help me, but I was too much warped by this time to see how my mother was thus justified. I still looked on her as insanely depriving me of my glory, the world of the benefit for a mere narrow scruple. Then I fell in with Demetrius Hermann. How can I tell the story? How he seemed to me the wisest and acutest of human beings, the very man to assist in the discovery, and how I betrayed to him enough by my questions to make him think me a prize, both for my secret and my fortune. He says I deceived him. Perhaps I did. Any way, we are quits. No, not quite, for I loved him as I should not have thought it in me to love any one, and the very joy and gladness of the sensation made me see with his eyes, or else be preposterously blind.

I think his southern imagination made his expectations of the secret unreasonable, and I followed his bidding blindly and implicitly in my two attempts to bring off *Magnum Bonum*, which I had come to believe my right, unjustly withheld from me. The second attempt, as you know, ended in the general crash.

'Afterwards, all the overtures were made by my husband. I would not share in them. I was too proud and would not come as a beggar, or see him threaten and cringe as unhappily I knew he could do, nor would I be seen by my mother or brothers. I knew they would begin to pity me, and I could not brook that. My mother's assurance of exposure if he made any use of the stolen secret made Demetrius choose to go to America.'

'He said it all came out before my military brother. Did that change Lucas's destination?' said Janet, looking up.

'Ask him!'

'No, indeed,' said Jock, when he understood. 'I turned doctor as the readiest way of looking after mother.'

'Did you understand nothing?'

'Only that she had some memoranda of my father, that the so—that Hermann wanted. I never thought of them again till she told me.'

Mrs. Brownlow started at the next few words.

'My child was born only two days after we landed at New York.'

But a quick interrogative glance kept her silent. 'She was very small and delicate, and her father was impatient both of her weakness and mine. I think that was when I began to long for my mother. He made me call her Glykera, after his mother. I had taught him to be bitter against mine.'

'O mother, if you could have seen her,' suddenly exclaimed Janet, 'she was the dearest little thing,' and she drew from her bosom a locket with a baby face on one side and some soft hair on the other, put it into her mother's hand and hid her face on her shoulder.

'Oh! my poor Janet, you have suffered indeed! How long did you keep the little darling?'

'Two years. You will hear! I was not quite wretched while I had her. Go on, mother. There's no talking of it.'

'We tried both practising and lecturing, feeling our way meantime towards the *Magnum Bonum*. We found, however, in the larger cities that people were quite as careful about qualifications as at home, and that we wanted recommendations. I could have got some practice among women if Demetrius would have rested long enough anywhere, but he liked lecturing best. I had been obliged to perceive that he had very little real science, and indeed I had to give him the facts and he put them in his flowery language. While as to *Magnum Bonum*, he had gained enough to use it in a kind of haphazard way, for everything. I trembled at what he began doing with it, when in

the course of our wanderings we got out of the more established regions into the south-west. In Texas we found a new township, called Burkeville, without a resident medical man, and the fame of his lectures had gone far enough for him to be accepted. There we set up our staff, and Demetrius—it makes me sick to say so—tried to establish himself as the possessor of a new and certain cure. I was persuaded that he did not know how to manage it, I tried to make him understand that under certain conditions it might be fatal, but he thought I was jealous. He had had one or two remarkable successes, his fame was spreading, he was getting reckless, and I could not watch as carefully as I sometimes did, for my child was ill and needed all my care. The favourite of all the parish was the minister's daughter, a beautiful, lively, delicate girl, loved and followed like a sort of queen by the young men, of whom there were many, while there were hardly any other young women, none to compare with her. Demetrius had lost some patients, it was a sickly season, and I fancy there was some mistrust and exasperation against him already, for he was incompetent, and grew more averse to consulting me when his knowledge was at fault. I need not blame him. Every one at home knows that I do not always make myself agreeable, and I had enough to exacerbate me, with my child pining in the unhealthy climate, and my father's precious secret used with the rough ignorance of an empiric. I knew enough of the case of this Annie Field to be sure that there were features in it which would make that form of treatment dangerous. I tried to make him understand. He thought me jealous of his being called in rather than myself. Well—she died, and such a storm of vengeance arose as is only possible in those lawless parts. I knew and heeded nothing of it, for my little Glykera was worse every day, and I thought of nothing else, but it seems that reports unfavourable to us had come from some one of the cities where we had tried to settle, and thus grief and rage had almost maddened one of Annie's lovers, a young man of Irish blood, a leader among the rest. On the day of her funeral all the ruffianism of the place was up in arms against us. My husband had warning, I suppose, for I never saw or heard of him since he went out that morning, leaving me with my little one moaning on my lap. She was growing worse every hour, and I knew nothing else, till my door was burst open by a little boy of eight or ten years old, crying out, "Mrs. Hermann, Mrs. Hermann, quick, they are coming to lynch you ; come away, bring the baby. If father can't stop them, there's no place safe but our house."

'And indeed upon the air came the sound of a great, horrible, yelling roar unspeakably dreadful. It seems never to have been out of my ears since. I do not know whether an American mob would have proceeded to extremities with a lonely woman and dying child, but there was an Irish and Spanish element of ferocity at Burkeville, and the cold, hard Englishwoman was unpopular, besides that, I was

supposed to share in the irregular practice that had had such fatal effects. But with that horrible sound, one did not stop to weigh probabilities. I gathered up my child in her bed clothes, and followed the boy out at the back door, blindly. And where do you think I found myself? where but in the minister's house? His wife, whose daughter had just been carried out to her grave, rose up from weeping and praying, to take me into the innermost chamber, where none could see me, and when she saw my darling's state, to give me all the help and sympathy a good woman could. Oh! that was my first true knowledge of Christian charity.

'Mr. Field himself was striving at the very grave itself to turn away the rage of these men against those whom they held his daughter's murderers; but he was as nothing against some fifty or sixty, gathered, I suppose, some by real or fancied wrongs, some from mere love of violence. Any way, when he found himself powerless against the infuriated speeches of the young Irish lover, he put his little boy over the graveyard wall, and sent him off to take me to the last place where the mob would look for me—the very room where Annie died. Those howls and yells round the empty house, perhaps, too, the shaking of my rapid run, hastened the end with my precious child. I do not believe she could have lived many hours, but the fright brought on shudderings and convulsions, and she was gone from me by nine that evening. They might have torn me to pieces then, and I would have thanked them! I cannot tell you the goodness of the Fields. It could not comfort me then, but I have wondered over it often since.' (There were blistered, blotted tear marks here.) 'They knew it was not safe for me to remain, for there had been wild talk of a warrant out against us for manslaughter. They would have had me leave my little darling's form to their care, but they saw I dreaded (unreasonably I now think) some insult from those ruffians for her father's sake. Mr. Field said I should lay my little one to her rest myself. They found a long basket like a cradle. We laid her there in her own night-dress, looking so sweet and lovely. Mr. Field himself went out and dug the little grave, close to Annie's, and there by moonlight we laid her, and the good man put one of the many wreaths from Annie's grave upon hers, and there we knelt and he prayed. I don't know what denomination his may be, but a Christian I know he is. Cruel as the very sight of me must have been, they kept me in bed all the next day; and the minister went to sea what he could save for me. Finding no one, the mob had wreaked their vengeance on our medicine-bottles and glasses, smashed everything, and made terrible havoc of all our books, clothes, and furniture. Almost the only thing Mr. Field had found unhurt was mother's little Greek Testament, which I had carried about, but utterly neglected till then. Mr. Field saw my name in it, brought it to me, and kindly said he was glad to restore it; none could be utterly desolate whose study lay there. I was obliged to tell

him how you had sent it after me with that entreaty, which I had utterly neglected, and you can guess how he urged it on me.'

'You have gone on now,' said her mother, looking up at her.

Janet's reply was to produce the little book from her hand-bag, showing marks of service, and then to open it at the fly leaf. There Caroline herself had written Janet Hermann, with the reference to St. Luke xv. 20. She had not dared to write more fully, but the good minister of Burkeville had at Janet's desire put his own initials, and likewise written in full :

'Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears, for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord, and they shall come again from the land of the enemy. And there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again to their own border.'

'He might have written it for me,' said Caroline. 'My child—one at least is come to me.'

'Or you have gone into her far country to seek her,' said Janet.

'Can I write to this good man?' asked Caroline. 'I do long to thank him.'

'O yes. I wrote to him only the day before yesterday.'

There was but little more of the narrative.

'At night he borrowed a waggon, and drove me to a station in time to take the early train for the north-east, supplying me with means for the journey, and giving me a letter to a family relation of his, in New York State. I was most kindly sheltered there for a few days while I looked out for advertisements. I found, however, that I must change my name, for the history of the Burkeville affair was copied into all the papers, and there were warnings against the two impostors, giving my maiden name likewise, as that in which my Zurich diploma had been made out. This cut me off from all medical employment, and I had to think what else I could do, not that I cared much what became of me. Seeing a notice that an assistant was wanted to colour and finish photographs, I thought my drawing, though only schoolroom work, might serve. I applied, showed specimens, and was thought satisfactory. I sent my address to Mr. Field, who had promised to let me know in case my husband made any attempt to trace me, or if I could find my way back to him; but up to this time I have heard absolutely nothing. The few white days in my life are, however, when I get a cheering, comforting letter from him. How I should once have laughed their phraseology to scorn, but then I did not know what reality meant, and they are the only balm of my life now, except mother's little book, and what they have led me to.

'But you see why I cannot come with Elvira. Not only do I not dare to meet my mother, but it might bring down upon her one whom she could not welcome. Besides, it is clearly fit that I should strive to meet him again; I would try to be less provoking to him now.'

'I see, my dear,' said Caroline. 'But why did you never draw on Mr. Wakefield all this time?'

'I never thought we ought to take that money,' said Janet. 'I could maintain myself, and that was all I wanted. Besides, I was ashamed to bid him use a false name, and I durst not receive a letter under my own, nor did I know whether Demetrius might go on applying.'

'He did once, saying that you were unwell; but Mr. Wakefield declined to let him be supplied without your signature.'

Janet eagerly asked the when and the where.

'I am glad,' said her mother, 'to find that your change of name was not in order to elude him; as I feared at first.'

'No,' said Janet, 'he never knew he was cruel, but he had made a mistake altogether in me. I was a disappointment to begin with, owing to my own bad management, you see, for if I had brought off the book, and destroyed the will, his speculation would have succeeded. And then for his comfort, he should have married a passive, ignorant, senseless, obedient Oriental, and he did not know what to do with a cold, proud thing, who looked most hard when most wretched, who had understanding enough to see his blunders, and remains of conscience enough to make her sour. Poor Demetrius! He had the worst of the bargain! And now——'

She turned the leaf of the manuscript, and showed with a date three days back.

'Mr. Field has written to me, sending a cutting of an advertisement of a month back of a spiritualist from Abville, which he thinks may be my husband's. I am sure it is, I know the Greek idiom put into English. It decides me on what I had thought of before. I shall offer my services as nurse or physician, or whatever they will let me be in that stress of need. I may find him, or if he have fled, I may, if I live, trace him. At any rate, by God's grace, I may thus endeavour to make a better use of what has never yet been used for His service.

'And in case I should add no further words to this, let me conclude by telling my dear, dear mother that my whole soul and spirit are asking her forgiveness, and by sending my love to my brothers and sister, whom I love far better now than ever I did when I was with them. And to Elvira too—perhaps she is my sister by this time.

'Let them try henceforth not to think unkindly of

'JANET HERMANN.'

This had been inclosed in an envelope addressed to Mrs. Joseph Brownlow, to the care of Wakefield and Co., solicitors.

'You see I cannot go back with you, mother dear,' she said, 'though you have come to seek me.'

'Not yet,' said Caroline, handing the last page to Jock, who had come back again from one of his excursions.

'Look here, Janet,' said Jock, 'mother will not forbid it, I know. If you will wait another day for me to arrange for her, I will go with you. This is a place specially mentioned as in frightful need of medical attendance, and I already doubted whether I ought not to volunteer, but if you have an absolute call of duty there, that settles it. Mother, do you remember that American clergyman who dined with us? I met him just now. He begged me with all his heart to persuade you to come and stay with his family. I believe he is going to bring his wife to call. I am sure they would take care of you.'

'I don't want care. Jock, Jock, why should I not go and help? Do you think I can send my children into the furnace without me?'

Jock came and sat down by her with his specially consoling caress. 'Mother dear, I don't think you ought. We are trained to do it, you see, and it is part of our vocation; besides, Janet has a call. But your nursing would not make much difference, and besides, you don't belong only to us—Armine and Babie need their home. And suppose poor Bobus came back. No, I am accountable to them all. They didn't send me out in charge of my Mother Carey that I should run her into the jaws of Yellow Jack. I can't do it, mother. I should mind my own business far less if I were thinking about you. It would be just like your coming after me into a general engagement.'

'Lucas is quite right,' said Janet. 'You know, mother, this is a special kind of nursing, that one does not understand by the light of nature, and you are not strong enough or tough enough for it.'

'I flattered myself I was pretty tough,' said her mother, with trembling lip. 'What sort of place is it? Could not I—even if you won't let me nurse—be near enough to rest you, and feed you, and disinfect you? That is my trade, Jock will allow, as a doctor's wife and mother. And I could collect things and sent them to the sick. Would not that be possible, my dears?'

Jock said he would find out. And then he told them he had found a Church with a daily service, to which they went.

And then those three had a wonderfully happy evening together.

CHAPTER XLI.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

'How the field of combat lay
By the tomb's self; how he sprang from ambuscade—
Captured Death, caught him in that pair of hands.'

BROWNING

'JOHN,' said Sydney, as they were taking their last walk together as engaged people on the banks of their Avon, 'there's something I think I ought to tell you.'

'Well, my dearest.'

'Don't they say that there ought not to be any shadow of concealment of the least little liking for any one else, when one is going to be married?' quoth Sydney, not over lucidly.

'I'm sure I can safely acquit myself of any such shadow,' said John, laughing. 'I never had the least little liking for anybody but Mother Carey, and that wasn't a least little one at all!'

'Well, John, I'm very much ashamed of it, because he didn't care for me, as it turned out, but if he had, as I once thought, I should have liked him,' said Sydney, looking down, and speaking with great confusion out of the depths of her conscience, stirred up by much *Advice to Brides* and Sunday novels, all turning on the lady's error in hiding her first love; and then perhaps because the effect on John was less startling than she had expected, she added with another effort, 'It was Lucas Brownlow.'

'Jock!' cried John. 'The dear fellow!'

'Yes—I did think *it*, when he was in the Guards, and always about with Cecil. It was very silly of me, for he did not care one fraction.'

'Why do you think so?' said John, hoarsely.

'Well, I know better now, but when he made up his mind to leave the army, I fancied it was no better than being a recreant knight, and I begged and prayed him to go out with Sir Philip Cameron, and as near as I dared told him it was for my sake. But he went on all the same, and then I was quite sure he did not care, and saw what a goose I had made of myself. Oh! Johnny, it has been very hard to tell you, but I thought I ought, and I hope you'll never think of it more, for Lucas just despised my foolish forwardness, and you know you have every bit of my heart and soul. What is the matter, John? Oh! have I done harm, when I meant to do right?'

'No, no, my darling, don't be startled. But do you mean that you really thought Jock's disregard of your entreaties came from indifference?'

'It was all one mixture of pain and anger,' said Sydney. 'I can't define it. I thought it was one's duty to lead a man to be courageous and defend his country, and of course he thought me *such* a fool. Why, he has never really talked to me since!'

'And you thought it was indifference,' again repeated John, with an iteration worthy of his father.

'Oh, John! you frighten me. Wasn't it? Did you know this before?'

'No, most certainly not. I did know thus much, that in giving up the army Jock had given up his dearest hopes; but I thought it was some fine fashionable lady, whom he was well rid of, though he didn't know it. And he never said a word to betray it, even when I came home brim full and overflowing with happiness. And you know it was his doing that my way has been smoothed. Oh, Sydney! I don't know how to look at it!'

'But indeed, John dear, I couldn't help loving you best. You saved me, you know, and I feel to fit in and understand you best. I can't be sorry as it has turned out.'

'That's very well,' said John, trying to laugh, 'for you couldn't be transferred back to him, like a bale of goods. And I could not have helped loving you, but that I should have been a robber, Jock's worst enemy!'

'I can't be sorry you did not guess it,' said Sydney. 'Then I never should have had you, and somehow——'

'And you thought him wanting in courage,' recurred John.

'Only when I was wild and silly, talking out of the *Traveller's Joy*. It was hearing about his going into that dreadful place that stirred it all up in my mind, because I saw what a hero he is.'

'God grant he may come safe out of it!' said John. 'I'll tell you what, Sydney, though, it is a shame, when I am the gainer, I think your romance went astray; more faith and patience would have waited to see the real hero come out, and so you have missed him and got the ordinary jog-trot, common-place fellow instead.'

'Ah! but love must be at the bottom of faith and patience,' said Sydney, 'and that was scared away by shame at my own forwardness and foolishness. And now it is all gone to the jog-trot! I want no better hero!'

'What a confession for the maiden of the twelfth century!'

'I'm very glad you don't feel moved to start off to the yellow fever.'

'Do you know, Sydney, I do not know what I don't feel moved to sometimes. I cannot understand this silence!'

'But you said the telegram that he was mending, was almost better than if he had never been ill at all.'

'So I thought then, but why do we not hear if all is well with them?'

Three weeks since a telegram had been received by Allen, containing the words, 'Janet died at 2.30. A.M. Lucas mending.'

It had been resolved not to put off the wedding, as much inconvenience would have been caused, and poor Janet was only cousin to John, and had been removed from all family interests so long, even Mrs. Robert Brownlow saw no impropriety, since Barbara went to Belforest for a fortnight, returning to Mrs. Evelyn on the afternoon of the wedding day itself to assist in her move to the Dower House. Esther, who had never professed to wish for a hero, had been so much disturbed by the recent alarms of war, that she was only anxious that her guardsman should safely sell out in the interval of peace; and he had begun to care enough about the occupations at Fordham to wish to be free to make it his chief dwelling-place.

The wedding was as quiet as possible. Sydney was disappointed of the only bridesmaid she cared much about, and Barbara felt a kind of

relief in not having a second time to assist at the destruction of a brother's hopes. She was very glad to get back to Fordham, reporting that Allen and Elvira were so devotedly in love that a third person was very much *de trop*; though they had been very kind, and Elvira had mourned poor Janet with real gratitude and affection. Still they did not take half so much alarm at the silence as she did, and she was relieved to be with the Evelyns, who were becoming very anxious. The bridegroom and bride could not bear to go out of reach of intelligence, and had limited their tour to the nearest place on the coast, where they could hear by half a day's post.

No news had come except that seven American papers had been forwarded to Barbara, giving brief accounts of the pestilence in the southern cities. The numbers of deaths in Abville were sensibly decreased, one of these papers said. The arrival of an English physician, Dr. Lucas Brownlow, and his sister had been noticed, and also that the sister had succumbed to the disease, but that he was recovering. These were all, however, only up to the date of the telegram, and the sole shadow of encouragement was in the assurances that any really fatal news would have been telegraphed. Mrs. Evelyn and Barbara were very loving companions during that time. Together they looked over those personal properties of Duke's which rather belonged to his mother than his heir. Mrs. Evelyn gave Barbara several which had special associations for her, and together they read over his papers and letters, laughing tenderly over those that awoke droll remembrances, and perfectly entering into one another's sympathies.

'Yet, my dear,' said Mrs. Evelyn, 'I do not know whether I ought to let you dwell on this; you are too young to be looking back on a grave when all life is before you.'

'Nay,' said Babie, 'it was he that showed me how to look right on through life! You cannot tell how delightful it is to me to be brought near to him again; now I can understand him so much better than ever I did when he was here.'

'Yet it was always his fear that he might sadden your life.'

'Sadden? oh no! It was he who put life into my hands, as something worth using,' said Babie. 'Don't you know it is the great glory and quiet secret treasure of my heart, that, as Jock said that first night, I have that love not for time but eternity.'

And their thoughts could not but go back to the travellers in America, and all the possibilities, for were not whole families swept off by the disease, without power of communication?

However, at last, four days after the wedding, Barbara received a letter.

'ASHTON VINEYARD, VIRGINIA,

'September 30th.

'MY DEAREST BABIE,—I have left you too long without tidings, but I have had little time, and no heart to write, and I could not bear to

send such news without details. Of the ten terrible days at Abville I may, if I can, tell you when we meet. I was in a sort of country house a little above the valley of the shadow of death, preparing supplies, and keeping beds ready for any of the exhausted workers who could snatch a rest in the air of the hill. I scarcely saw my poor Janet. She had made out that her husband had been one of the first victims, before she even guessed at his being there. She only came once to tell me this, and they would not even allow me to come down to the Church, where all the clergy, doctors, and Sisters who could, used to meet, every morning and evening.

'On the tenth day she brought home Jock, smitten down after incessant exertion. Every one allows that he saved more cases than any one, though he says it was the abatement of the disease. Janet declares that his was a slight attack. If *that* was slight! She attended to him for two days, then told me the crisis was past and that he would live, and almost at the same time her strength failed her. The last thing she said consciously to me was, "Don't waste time on me. I know these symptoms. Attend to Jock. That is of use. Only forgive and pray for me." Very soon she was insensible, and was gone before twenty-four hours were over. The Sister whom they spared to help me, said she was too much worn out to struggle and suffer like most, indeed as Jock had done.

'That Sister Dorothea, a true divine gift, a sweet and fair vision of peace, is a Miss Ashton, a Virginian. She broke down, not with the disease, only fatigue, and I gave her such care as I could spare from my dear boy. When her father, General Ashton, came to take her home, he kindly insisted on likewise carrying us off to his beautiful home, on a lovely hillside, where we trusted Jock's strength would be restored quickly. But perhaps we were too impatient, for the journey was far too much for him. He fainted several times, and the last miles were passed in an unconscious state. There has come back on him the intermittent fever which often succeeds the disease, and what is more alarming is the faintness, oppression, and difficulty of breathing, which he believes to be connected with the slight affection of heart remaining from his rheumatic fever at Schwarenbach. Then it is very difficult to give him nourishment except disguised with ice, and he is altogether fearfully ill. I send such an account of the case as I can get for John or Dr. Medlicott to see. How I long for our kind home friends. This place is unhappily very far from everywhere, a lone village in the hills; the nearest doctor twelve miles off. The Ashtons think highly of him, but he is old, and I can't say that I have any confidence in his treatment. Jock allows that he should do otherwise, but he says he has no vigour or connection of ideas to be fit to treat himself consistently, and that he should only do harm by interfering with Dr. Vanbro; indeed I fear he thinks that it does not make much difference. If patience and calmness can bring him through, he would

live ; but my dear Babie, I greatly dread that I shall not bring him back to the home he made so bright. He seldom rouses into talking much, but lies passive and half-dozing when the feverish restlessness is not on him. He told me just now to send his love to you all, especially to the Monk and Sydney, with all dear good wishes to them both. No one can be kinder than the Ashtons—they are always trying to help in the nursing, and sending for everything that can be thought of for Jock. Sister Dorothea and Primrose are as good and loving as Sydney herself could be, and there is an excellent clergyman who comes in every day, and prays for my boy in church. Ask them to do the same at Fordham, and at our own Churches. As long as I do not telegraph, remember that while there is life there is hope.

‘Your loving

‘MOTHER CAREY.’

This letter was sent on to John. Two days later a fly drove up to the Dower House, and Sydney walked into the drawing-room alone.

Where did she come from ?

From Liverpool. John was gone to America.

‘I wanted to go too,’ she said, tears coming into her eyes, ‘but he said he could go faster without me, and he could not take me to these Ashtons, or leave me alone in New York.’

‘It was very noble and good in you to let him go, Sydney,’ cried Babie.

‘It would have broken his heart for ever,’ said Sydney, ‘if he had not tried to do his utmost for Jock. He says Jock has been more than a brother to him, and that he owes all that he is, and all that he has, to him and Mother Carey, and that even—if—if he were too late, he should save her from coming home alone. You think he was right, mamma !’

‘Right indeed, and I am thankful that my Sydney was unselfish, and did not try to keep him back.’

‘Oh mamma, I could never have looked him in the face again if I had hindered him ! And so we went up to London, and luckily Dr. Medlicott was at home, and he was very eager that John should go. He says he does not think it will be too late, and they talked it over, and got some medicines, and then John let me come down to Liverpool with him and see him on board, and we telegraphed the last thing to Mrs. Brownlow, so that it might be too late for her to stop him.’

While that message was rushing on its way beneath the Atlantic it was the early morning of the ebb tide of the fever, and the patient was resting almost doubled over with his head on pillows before him, either in slumber or exhaustion, so still, that his mother had yielded to urgent persuasion, and lain down in the next room, to sleep in the dreamless repose of the overworn watcher.

For over him leant a sturdy, dark-browed, dark-bearded figure, to whom she had ventured to entrust him. Some fourteen hours before,

Robert had with some difficulty found them out at Ashton Vineyard, having been irresistibly drawn by Jock's telegram to spend in the States an interval of leisure in his work, caused by his appointment as principal to another Japanese college. He had gone to the bank where Jock had given an address, and his consternation had been great on hearing the state of things. All this, however, he had left unexplained, and his mother had hardly even thought of asking where he had dropped from. For Jock was in the midst of one of his cruellest attacks of the fever, and all she had been conscious of was a knock and summons to the door, where Primrose Ashton gently whispered—

'Here is some one you will be glad to see!'

And Robert's low, deep voice, almost inaudible with emotion, asked, 'May I see him?'

'He will not know you,' she said, with the sad composure of one who has no time to grieve. But even in the midst of the babbling moan of fevered weakness there was half a smile as of pleased surprise, and an evident craving for the strong support of his brother's arm; and by and by Jock looked up with meaning and recognition in his eyes, though quite unable to speak, in that faint and exhausted state indeed that verged nearer to death after every attack.

There had passed enough for her to know there would be a respite for perhaps a good many hours, and she had yielded to the entreaty or command of Bobus, that she would lie down and sleep, trusting to him to call her at any moment.

Presently, as morning light stole in, Jock's eyes were open, gazing at him fondly, and he whispered, 'Dear old Bob!' then, presently, 'Open the window.'

The sun was rising, and the wooded hillside opposite was all one gorgeous mass of autumn colouring, of every shade from purple to golden yellow—so glorious that it arrested Bobus's attention even at that instant.

'Beautiful, isn't it?' asked the feeble voice.

'Wonderful!—as we always heard.'

'Lift me a little. I like to see it. Not fast—or high—so.'

Bobus raised the white wasted form, and rested the head against his square, firm shoulder. 'Dear old Bob, this is jolly! I'm not cramping you?'

'Oh, no; but should not you have something?'

'What time is it?'

'Half-past six.'

'Too soon yet for that misery;' then, after some silence, 'I'm so glad you are come. Can you take mother home?'

'I would; but you will.'

'I don't think so.'

'Now, Jock, you are not getting into Armine's state of mind, giving yourself up and wishing to die!'

‘Not at all. There are hosts of things I want to do first. There’s that discovery of father’s. With what poor Janet told me of Hermann’s doings, and what I saw at Abville, if I could only get an how of my proper wits, I could put the others up to a wrinkle that would make the whole thing comparatively plain.’

‘Should not you be better if you dictated it, and got it off your mind?’

‘So I thought and tried, but presently I saw mother looking queer, and she said I was tired, and had gone on enough. I made her read it to me afterwards, and I had gone off into a muddle, and said something that would have been sheer murder. So I had better leave it alone. Old Vanbro mistrusts every word I say because of the Hermann connection, and indeed I may not always have talked sense to him. Those things work out in God’s own time, and the Monk is on the track. I’d like to have seen him, but I’ve got you.’

This had been said in faint, slow utterances, so low that Bobus could hardly have heard a couple of feet further off, and with intervals between; and there was a gesture of tender, perfect content in the contact with him that went to his heart, and before he was aware, a great hot tear came dropping down on Jock’s forehead and caused an exclamation.

‘I beg your pardon,’ said Bobus. ‘Oh, Jock, you don’t know what it is to find you like this. I came with so much to ask and talk of to you.’

Jock looked up inquiringly.

‘You were right to suppress that paper of mine,’ continued Bobus. ‘I wouldn’t have written it now. I have seen better what a people are without Christianity, be the code what it may, and the civilisation; it can’t produce such women as my mother; no, nor such men as you, Jockey, my boy,’ he muttered much lower.

‘Are you coming back, dear old man?’ said Jock, with eyes fixed on him.

‘I don’t know. Tell me one thing, old man. I always thought when you took to using your brains and getting up physical science, that you must get beyond what satisfied you as a soldier. Now, have the two, science and religion, never clashed, or have you kept them apart?’

‘They’ve worked in together,’ said Jock.

‘You don’t say so because you ought, and think it good for me?’

‘As if I could, lying here. “All Thy works praise Thee, O God, and Thy saints give thanks unto Thee.”’

Bobus was not sure whether this were a conscious reply, or only wandering, and his mother here came in, wakened by the murmur of voices.

The brothers could not bear to lose sight of one another, though Jock was too much exhausted by this conversation, and by the sickness

that followed any endeavour to take food, to speak much again. Thus when the Rector came, Bobus asked whether he must be sent out of the room, Jock made an earnest sign to the contrary, and he stayed.

There was of course nothing to concern him, especially in the brief reading and prayer, but his mother looking up, saw that he was finding out the passage in the little Greek Testament.

Janet's lay on a little table close by the bedside. The two copies had met again. The work of one was done. Was the work of the other doing at last?

However that might be, nothing could be gentler, tenderer, or more considerate towards his mother than was Bobus, and her kind friends felt much relieved of their fears for her, since she had such a son to take care of her.

Towards the evening, the negro servant knocked at the door, and Bobus took from him a telegram envelope. His mother opened it and read.

'Friar Brownlow to Mrs. Brownlow. I embark to-day.'

A smile shone out on Jock's white weary face, and he said, 'Good old Monk! If I can but hold out till he comes, I shall get home again yet. I should like to do him credit.'

'ASHTON VINEYARD,
'October 12th.

'MY DEAREST CHILD,—You know the main fact by telegram, and now I can write, I must tell you all in more order. We thought our darkest hour was over when the dear John's telegram came, and the hope helped us up a little while. With Jock himself it was like a drowning man clinging to a rope with the more exertion because he knew that a boat was putting off. At least so it was at first, but as his strength faded, his brain could not grasp the notion any longer, and he generally seemed to be fancying himself on the snow with Armine, still however looking for John to come and save them, and sometimes, too, talking about Cecil, and being a true brother in arms, a faithful servant and soldier. The long severe strain of study, work, and all the rest, which he has gone through, body and mind, coming on a heart already not quite sound, throughout the past year, was, John thinks, the real reason of his being unable to rally when the fever had brought him down after the dreadful exertion at Abville. Dear fellow, he never let us guess how much his patience cost him. I think we had looked to John's arrival as if it would act like magic, and it was very sore disappointment when his treatment was producing no change for the better, but the prostration went on day after day. Poor Bobus was in utter despair, and went raging about, declaring that he had been a fool ever to expect anything from Kencroft, and at last he had to be turned out of the sick-room. For I should tell you that the one thing that kept me up was the entire calm grave composure that John preserved throughout, and which gave him the entire

command. He never showed any consternation or dismay, nor uttered an augury, but he went quietly and vigilantly on, in a manner that all along gave me a strange sense of confidence and trust, that all that could be done was being done, and the issue was in higher hands. He would not let any one really help him but Sister Dorothea, with her trained skill as a nurse. I don't think even I should have been suffered in the room, if he had not thought Jock might be more conscious than was apparent, for he had not himself received one token of recognition all those three days. Poor Bobus! the little gleam of light that Jock had let in on him seemed all gone. I do not know what would have become of him but for the good Ashtons. He had been persuaded for a time that what was so real to Jock must be true; but when Jock was no longer conscious, he had nothing to help him, and I am afraid he spoke terrible words when Primrose talked of prayer and faith. I believed he declared that to see one like his brother snatched away when just come to the perfection of his early manhood, with all his capacity, and all his knowledge in vain, convinced him either that this universe was one grim, pitiless machine, grinding down humanity by mere law of necessity, or if they would have it that there was supernatural power, it could only be malevolent; and then Primrose, so strong in faith as to venture what I should have shrunk from as dangerous presumption, dared him to go on in his disbelief, if his brother were given back to prayer.

'She pitied him so much, the sweet bright girl, she had so pitied him all along, that I believe she prayed as much for him as for Jock.

'Of course I did not know all this till afterwards, for all was stillness in that room, except when at times the clergyman came in and prayed.

'The next thing I am sure of, was John's leaning over me, and his low steady voice saying, "The pulse is better, the symptoms are mitigating." Sister Dorothea says they had both seen it for some hours, but he made her a sign not to agitate me till he was secure that the improvement was real. Indeed there was something in that equable firm gentleness of John's that sustained me, and prevented my breaking down. Even then it was another whole day before my darling smiled at me again, and said, "Thanks" to John, but oh! with such a look.

'When Bobus heard his brother was better, he gave a sob, such as I shall never forget, and rushed away into the pine-wood on the hillside, all alone. The next time I saw him he was walking in the garden with Primrose, and with such a quieted, subdued, gentle look upon his face; it put me in mind of the fields when a great storm has swept over them, and they are lying still in the sunshine afterwards.

'Since that day, when John said we might send off that thank-worthy telegram, there has been daily progress. I have had one of my headaches. That monarch John found it out, and turned me

out. I could bear to go, for I knew my boy was safe with him. He made me over to Primrose, who nursed me as tenderly as my Babie could have done, and indeed, I begin to think she will soon be as near and dear to me as my Sydney or Elvira. She has a power over Bobus that no one else ever had, and she is very lovely in expression as well as features, but how will so ardent a Christian as she is receive one still so far off as my poor Robert, though *indeed* I think he has at least come so far as the cry, "Help Thou mine unbelief."

'So now they have let me come back to my Jock, and I see visibly his improvement. He holds out his hand, and he smiles, and he speaks now and then ; the dreadful oppression is gone, and all the dangerous symptoms are abating, and I cannot tell how happy and thankful we are. "Send my love, and tell Sydney she has a blessed Monk," he says, as he wakes, and sees me writing.

'That dear Monk says he will not go home till he can carry home his patient. When that will be I cannot tell, for he cannot sit up in bed yet. Dear Sydney how I thank her. John says it was not his treatment, but, under Divine Providence, youthful nature that had had her rest, and begun to rally her strength. But under that blessing, it was John's steady, faithful strength and care that enabled the restoration to take place.

'My dear child's loving

'MOTHER CAREY.'

CHAPTER XLII.

DISENCHANTED.

'Whatever page we turn,
However much we learn,
Let there be something left to dream of still.'

LONGFELLOW.

It was on a very cold day of the cold spring of 1879 that three ladies descended at the Liverpool station, escorted by a military-looking gentleman. He left them standing while he made inquiries, but his servant had anticipated him.

'The steamer has been signalled, my lord. It will be in about four o'clock.'

'There will be time to go to the hotel and secure rooms,' said one lady.

'Oh, Reeves can do that. Pray let us come down to the docks and see them come in.'

No answer till all four were seated in a fly, rattling through the street, but on the repetition of 'Are we going to the docks?' his lordship, with a resolute twirl of his long, light moustache, replied, 'No, Sydney. If you think I am going to have you making a scene on deck, falling on your husband's breast, and all that sort of thing, you are much mistaken ! I shall lodge you all quietly in the hotel, and you

may wait there, while I go down with Reeves, and receive them like a rational being.'

'Really, Cecil, that's too bad. He let me come on board!'

'Do you think I should have brought you here if I had thought you meant to make yourself ridiculous?'

'It is of no use, Sydney,' said Babie; 'there's no dealing with the stern and staid *père de famille*. I wonder what he would have liked Essie to do if he had had to go and leave her for nearly two months when he had only been married a week?'

'Essie is quite a different thing—I mean she has sense and self-possession.'

'Mamma, won't you speak for us!' implored Sydney. 'I did behave so well when he went! Nobody would have guessed we hadn't been married fifty years.'

'Still I think Cecil is quite right, and that it may be better for them all to manage the landing quietly.'

'Without a pack of women,' said Cecil. 'Here we are! I hope you will find a tolerable room for him, and no stairs.'

As if poor Mrs. Evelyn were not well enough used to choosing rooms for invalids!

Twilight had come, the gas had been turned on, and the three anxious ladies stood in the window gazing vainly at endless vehicles, when the door opened, and they beheld sundry figures entering.

Sydney and Barbara flew, the one to her husband, the other to her mother; and presently all stood round the fire looking at one another. Mrs. Evelyn made a gesture to a very slender and somewhat pale figure to sit down in a large easy chair.

'Thank you, I'm not tired,' he briskly said, standing with a caressing hand on his friend's shoulder. 'Here's Cecil can't quite believe yet that I have the use of my limbs.'

'Yes,' said John, 'no sooner did he come on board, than he made a rush at the poor sailor who had broken his leg and was going to be carried ashore on a hammock. He was on the point of embracing him, red beard and all, when he was forcibly dragged off by Jock himself, whom he nearly knocked down.'

'Well,' said Cecil, as Sydney fairly danced round him in revengeful glee, 'there was the Monk solicitously lifting him on one side, and Mother Carey assisting with a smelling-bottle on the other, so what could I suppose?'

'All for want of us,' said Sydney.

'And think of the cunning of him,' added Babie; 'shutting us up here that he might give way to his feelings undisturbed!'

'I promised to go and speak about that poor fellow at the hospital,' cried John, with sudden recollection.

'You had better let me,' said Jock.

'You will stay where you are.'

'I consider him my patient.'

'If that's the way you two fought over your solitary case all the way home,' said Babie, 'I wonder there's a fragment left of him.'

'It was only three days ago,' said John, 'and Jock has been a new man ever since he picked the poor fellow up on deck; but I'm not going to let him stir to-night.'

'Let me come with you, Johnny,' entreated Sydney; 'it will be so nice! Oh, no, I don't mind the cold!'

'Here,' added her brother, 'take the poor fellow a sovereign.'

'In compensation for the sudden cooling of your affection,' said Jock. 'Well, if it is an excuse for an excursion with Sydney I'll not interfere; but ask him for his sister's address in London, for I promised to tell her about him.'

'Oh,' cried Babie, at the word 'London,' 'then you have heard from Dr. Medicott.'

'I did once,' said John, 'with some very useful suggestions, but that was a month ago or more.'

'I meant,' said Babie, 'a letter he wrote for the chance of Jock's getting it before he sailed. There's the assistant-lectureship vacant, and the Professor would not like any one so much. It is his own appointment, not an election matter; and he meant to keep it open till he could get an answer from Jock.'

'When was this?' asked Jock, flushing with eagerness.

'The 20th. Dr. Medicott came down to Fordham for Sunday to ask if it was worth while to telegraph, or if I thought you would be well enough. It is not much of a salary, but it is a step; and Dr. Medicott knows they would put you on the staff of the hospital, and then you are open to anything.'

Jock drew a long breath and looked at his mother.

'The very thing I've wished,' he said.

'Exactly. Must he answer at once?'

'The Professor would like a telegram, yes or no, at once.'

'Then, you wedded Monk, will you add to your favours by telegraphing for me?'

'Yes. Of course it is "Yes!" How soon should you have to begin, I wonder?'

'Oh, I'm quite cheeky enough for that sort of work. If you'll telegraph I'll write by to-night's post.'

'I'll go and do the telegraphing,' said Cecil; 'I don't trust those two.'

'As if John ever made mistakes,' cried Sydney.

'In fact, I want to send a telegram home.'

'To frighten Essie. She will get a yellow envelope saying you accept a lectureship, and the Professor urgent inquiries after his baby.'

'Sydney is getting too obstreperous, Monk,' said Cecil. 'You had better carry her off. I shall come back by the time you have written your letters, Jock.'

'Those two are too happy to do anything but tease one another,' said Mrs. Evelyn, as the door shut on the three. 'My rival grandmother, as Babie calls her, was really quite glad to get rid of Cecil; she declared he would excite Esther into a fever.'

'He did alarm Her Serenity herself,' said Babie, laughing. 'When she would go on about grand sponsors and ancestral names, he told her that he should carry the baby off to Church and have him christened Jock out of hand, and what a dreadful thing that would be for the peerage. I believe she thought he meant it.'

'The name is to be John,' said Mrs. Evelyn—'John Marmaduke. He has secured his godmother'—laying a hand affectionately on Babie—'but I must not forestall his request to his two earliest and best friends.'

'Dear old fellow!' murmured Jock.

'Everybody is somewhat frantic,' said Barbara. 'Jock's varieties of classes were almost distracted, and besieged the door, till Susan was fain to stick the last bulletins in the window to save answering the bell; then, no sooner did they hear he was better than they began getting up a testimonial. Percy Stagg wrote to me to ask for his crest for some piece of plate, and I wrote back that I was sure Dr. Lucas Brownlow would like it best to go in something for the Mission Church, and if they wanted to give him something for his very own, suppose they got him a brass plate for the door?'

'Bravo, Infanta; that *was* an inspiration!'

'So they are to give an alms-dish, and Ali and Elsie give the rest of the plate. Dr. Medlicott says he never saw anything like the feeling at the hospital, or does not know what the nurses don't mean to get up by way of welcome.'

'My dear Babie, you must let Jock write his letters,' interposed her mother, who had tears in her eyes, and saw him struggling with emotion. 'In spite of your magnificent demonstrations, Jock, you must repair your charms by lying down.'

She followed him into his room, which opened from the sitting-room, and he turned to her, speaking from a full heart. 'Oh, mother! It seems all given to me, the old home, the very post I wished for, and all this kindness, just when I thought I had taken leave of it all.' He sobbed once or twice for very joy.

'You are sure it suits you?'

'If I only can suit it equally well! Oh, I see what you mean. That is over now. I suppose the fever burnt it out of me, for it does not hurt me now to see the dear old Monk beaming on her. I am glad she came, for I can feel sure of myself now. So there's nothing at present to come between me and my Mother Carey. Thanks, mother, I'll just fire off my two notes; and establish myself luxuriously before Cecil comes back! I say, this is the best inn's best room. Poor Mrs. Evelyn must have thought herself providing for Fordham. Oh

yes, I shall gladly lie down when these notes are done, but this is not a chance to be neglected. Now, *Deo gratias*, it will be my own fault if Magnum Bonum is not worked out to the utmost ; yes, much better than if we had never gone to America. Even Bobus owns that all things *have* worked together for good !'

His mother, with another look at the face, so joyous though still so wasted and white, went back to the other room, with an equally happy though scarcely less worn countenance.

'I hope he is resting,' said Mrs. Evelyn. 'Are you quite satisfied about him ?'

'Fully. He may not be strong for a year or two, and must be careful not to overtask himself, but John made him see one of the greatest physicians in New York, to whom Dr. Medlicott had sent letters of introduction—as if they were needed, he said, after Jock's work at Abville. He said, as John did, there was no lasting damage to the heart, and that the attack was the consequence of having been brought so low ; but he will be as strong and healthy as ever if he will only be careful as to exertion for a year or so. This appointment is the very thing to save him. I know his friends will look after him and keep him from doing too much. Dr. ——— was quite grieved that he had no notion how ill Jock had been, or he would have come to Ashton. Any of the faculty would, he said, for one of the "true chivalry of 1878." And he was so excited about the Magnum Bonum.'

'Do you think you and he can bear to crown our great thanksgiving feast ?'

'My dear, my heart is all one thanksgiving !'

'Cecil's rejoicing is quite as much for Jock's sake as over his boy. He told me how they had been pledged as brothers in arms, and traces all that is best in himself to those days at Engelberg.'

'Yes, that night on the mountain was the great starting-point, thanks to dear little Armine.'

'I am writing to him and to Allen,' said Barbara from a corner.

'My love a thousand times, and we will meet at home !'

'Then our joy will not feel incongruous to you ?' said Mrs. Evelyn.

'No, I am too thankful for what I know of my poor Janet. She is mine now as she never was since she was a baby in my arms. I scarcely grieve, for happiness was over for her, and hers was a noble death. They have placed her name in the memorial tablet in Abville Church, to those who laid down their lives for their brethren there. I begged it might be, Janet Hermann, daughter of Joseph Brownlow—for I thank God she died worthy of her father. In all ways I can say of this journey, my children were dead and are alive again, were lost and are found.'

'Ah ! I was sure it must be so, if such a girl as Miss Ashton could accept Robert.'

'I am happier about him than I ever thought to be. I do not say

that his faith is like John's or Armine's, but he is striving back through the mists, and wishing to believe, rather than being proud of disbelieving, and Primrose knows what she is doing, and is aiding him with all her power.'

'As our Esther never could have done,' said Mrs. Evelyn, 'except by her gentle innocence.'

'No. She could only have been to him a pretty white idol of his own setting up,' said Babie.

'Now,' added her mother, 'Primrose is fairly on equal grounds as to force and intellect. She has been all over Europe, read and thought much, and can discuss deep matters, while the depth of her religious principle impresses him. They fought themselves into love, and then she was sorry for him, and so touched by his wretchedness and longing to take hold of the comfort his reason could not accept. I wish you could have seen her. This photograph shows you her fine head; but not the beautiful clear complexion, and the sweetness of those dark grey eyes!'

'I liked her letter,' said Babie; 'and I am glad she was such a daughter to you, mother. Allen says he is thankful she is not a Japanese with black teeth.'

'He wrote very nicely to her, and so did Elfie,' said her mother. 'And Armine wrote a charming little note, which pleased Primrose best of all.'

'Poor Armine has felt all most deeply,' said Babie. 'Do you remember when he thought it his mission to die and do good to Bobus? Well, he was sure that, though as he said his own life then was too shallow and unreal for his death to have done any good, Jock was meant to produce the effect.'

'And he has——'

'Yes, but by life, not death! Army could hardly believe it. You know he was with us at Christmas, and when he found that Bobus was to be led not by sorrow, but by this Primrose path, it was quite funny to see how surprised he was.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Evelyn, 'he went about moralising on the various remedies that are applied to the needs of human nature.'

'It made into a poem at last, such a pretty one,' said Babie. 'And he says he will be wiser all his life for finding things turn out so unlike all his expectations.'

'I have a strange feeling of peace about all my children,' said Caroline. 'I do feel as if my dream had come true, and life, true life, had wakened them all.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Evelyn, 'I think they all in their degree may be said to have learnt or be learning the way to true Magnum Bonum.'

'And oh! how precious it has been to me,' said the mother. 'How the guarding of that secret aided me through the worst of times!'

OLD POLLY CRANE.
AN INDIAN STORY, 1790.

BY F. W. LATIMER.

CHAPTER VII.

'For meek Obedience too is Light,
And following that is finding Him.'

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE next day, Polly, after pondering half the night upon what to do under the circumstances in which she found herself, sought an opportunity of speaking to Monsieur Duchoquet, the Indian trader, who had hitherto carefully avoided both her and the children. She watched him leave his log-hut, which stood conspicuously in the centre of the Indian village, and as he was passing slowly in his half-Indian dress, among the scattered wigwams, and loose dirt heaps of the lodges, she came behind him and pulled the skirt of a deer-skin robe he wore wrapped around him. He turned and looked at her with stern displeasure. Drawing the skirt out of her hand, he motioned to her to keep back, and not to communicate with him. But Polly's heart was too full of her purpose. Had she had any faith in the trader, or in his kindly interest in herself or Lady Harriet's children, she would have obeyed him without question; but Polly resorted to importunity, having no faith in him at all.

'Oh, sir!' she cried, 'have pity on us. I do not mind our troubles for myself; I would as soon be here as back at Mother Morgan's. I have no home. But take some pity on my lady's little children, particularly on the boy. There is so much badness in this wicked place, I am afraid he will give in to it, and will come to no good.'

'You must not speak to me,' said Monsieur Duchoquet, very sternly. 'Do you not see I will have nothing to do with you? Go back to your wigwam, and say your prayers if you will. But do not address another word to me. I shall not speak to you.'

'Oh, sir!' began poor Polly. But the trader, gathering up his robe, stepped into the wigwam of a chief, whither she dared not follow him.

Her next attempt was to speak to Mr. Johnston, whom she saw sitting on a log outside the camp, with a tomahawk in his hand, with which he was idly chipping off bits of bark and splinters of wood. Polly approached him. He had been always kind to her upon their journey, and as she had often been very serviceable to him and his companions, she thought that he would listen to her in her trouble. But Johnston seemed almost as unwilling to converse with her as M. Duchoquet. He was indeed full of anxiety about himself, for he had reason to dread lest Chickatommoo, and his party of Indians—who had

not yet departed either to their own lodges in the Miami, or to their old plundering ground on the Ohio River—might repent having taken ransom for him, and might seek to reclaim him as they had done once before from the Wyandotte. But he was a kindly man, and, if influenced only by anxieties of his own, he would not have turned coldly as he now did from poor Polly.

Almost in the very words of Monsieur Duchoquet, he said—

‘Be a good girl. Go back to your wigwam. Pray to God, if you are anxious about Louis and little Mélanie, and try to keep the boy happy and-amused.’

‘But, Mr. Johnston, do you think that Monsieur Duchoquet will ever do anything about our ransom? He ransomed you.’

‘I don’t know, Polly, and I don’t think Duchoquet himself knows. You must not ask me. But supposing you yourself were ransomed, where could you go? Who would provide for you? You need something more than ransom. Have you any friends? Would any one repay the trader? He cannot do these things from pure benevolence. He did not pay for me with his own money. He has to be repaid, and trusts to me to do so. I shall have to send him the money for my release when I get home.’

Polly was very much surprised by this commercial view of the situation. After a few more words she said—

‘There were rings, and a sparkling bright thing that seemed made of bits of ice, that my lady and I hid yonder near the Ohio River. I think I could find them. They are worth a great deal of money I am sure.’

‘No, Polly, no,’ said Johnston. ‘Never mention those things again, not even to Duchoquet. They are not yours. You have no right at all to dispose of them, nor to dig them up, nor to make any use of them. Years hence, perhaps, when we know that the true owners are dead, you can do as you choose. But you must be guided by circumstances. Your only duties now, my little girl, are to keep good watch over your children, and to pray.’

But Polly was not satisfied with this advice. She had done so much that she wanted to do more; something that seemed like doing. She did not ‘hope and quietly wait for the salvation of God,’ which was ‘the duty that lay nearest to her’ at that time.

As she made her way slowly back to her own part of the village, a white man who had been reared by the Wyandotte Indians, and who served as a sort of clerk to Monsieur Duchoquet, came up behind and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

‘Come with me girl,’ he said. ‘I want to talk with you.’

She followed him into some bushes near the outskirts of the village.

‘Where are those rings and shining beads the white lady has hidden in *cache* near the Ohio River?’ he asked suddenly.

‘Let me go,’ said Polly, for he had caught her tight in his strong grasp. ‘I shall not tell you. I will tell M. Duchoquet!’

'If you do—you get nothing! Tell me, and I help you. [See here, Polly—how old's you?'

'I am almost fourteen.'

'Well, Indian girl by that age all betrothed to husband. Girl live still in lodge with father, but pay visit to wigwams of husband's old squaw till time come when husband, who has right, takes his girl squaw home to him. I take you, Polly, for my wife. You live another year with my oldest squaw. I take care she acts good to you, and you may keep white squaw child. Shall neither want for nothing in my tent. Great chief—good squaw—plenty meat. See Polly—I place two fore-fingers close aside each other, and they look like one. Look me in the face. Let me see you smile. That all one as you say *yes* to me. I take good care of you, and little white girl. Marry her too may be some day; and for the boy, I will redeem him. Buy him back from Indians with one hundred dollar. But first you must show me how find those rings and beads. They shall be mine, Polly; no marry—no redeem, no meat, no bread. Boy be carried off to Little Miami. Polly and little squaw girl live here in old squaw's tent, and starve when winter time.'

What a prospect! Yet to her in her perplexity and distress it opened unexpectedly a road to seeming safety. To marry that half-barbarous white man would be dreadful, but to marry a full-blooded Indian would be worse. What better could Polly Crane expect in marriage? What could she do if she returned to civilisation, but go back to her slavery at Mother Morgan's? And what would Mother Morgan say if she came back encumbered by her lady's children? Better stay with the Indians than do that. Better accept the offered protection of the only white man in their lodges, and remain with them in a position of comfort and consideration. So far as the marriage proposal went, Polly, in her childish ignorance (accustomed as she was to rough rude men), felt no such shuddering repugnance as to us seems natural. She only hesitated about the *price*. Johnston had distinctly told her that she must not touch the treasure; that the jewels were not hers, especially while the parents of the children lived.

'How did you know about those rings and beads?' she asked her suitor.

'Wasabajinga lay behind a log yonder after warning young white man,' he replied, 'and was waiting to see what he would do about it. I heard you tell him.'

Polly buried her face in her hands. She tried to do as Duchoquet and Johnston had both told her—*pray*. The Lord's Prayer arose slowly to her trembling lips, and she paused as she uttered the words, 'Lead us not into temptation.'

'Perhaps this is my temptation,' she said in her heart. 'I will ask him to give me time. Perhaps I may see Selim.'

'Wasabajinga (or Little Black Bear),' she resumed at length, 'I must think over your words to me.'

'Good. But first promise me you no tell no one else about the beads and rings in *cache*.'

'I will tell no one,' said Polly. 'In three days we will meet here and talk again.'

'Will you speak of Wasabajinga to white man?'

'To no white man unless I see old Selim.'

'Good,' said Wasabajinga. 'The Good Spirit is with Selim. The Shawnees hold him for great medicine.' So saying he withdrew.

But, alas! Polly found the next day pass without any probability of seeing Selim. She was closely watched, and it was quite impossible that she should leave the village. Instead of consulting Selim, all she could do was to consult her own imperfect sense of what was right and wrong. But this task proved too hard for her. She was driven by it to her true refuge—prayer. '*Lead me not into temptation, deliver me safely out of evil,*' was the cry of her soul in her distress. Her true help was her simple wish to see the right and do it when it was seen. The Holy Spirit responded to that wish, and helped her. She prayed very earnestly, and those who 'watch and pray' will not fall by reason of temptation.

By the second night she had made up her mind what she would do. Yet had she had more faith, she would have still waited till He, who had her in His keeping, made her way plain before her face. She would have known by faith (as she knew afterwards by experience), that when we come under trial and temptation, *by no fault of our own*, God always helps us to escape from it. Had she waited and hoped patiently in this case, she and her children would soon have been delivered.

That night, however, a resolution to escape was taken. It was precipitated by a conversation she overheard between two squaws in the wigwam. She could make out a little Indian talk by that time, and was sure the women said that Chickatommo was making ready to carry Louis off the next day to a town in the Miami. Polly had long felt certain that Chickatommo and Tom Lewis had been contending for little Louis. Terror and despondency seized upon her. What should she do if he were to be taken from her, and consigned to the care and education of strange Indians?

At last the woman slept, the village slept, and everything was silent. Polly carefully got up from the deer-skin robe on which she lay. Her first motion was to kneel down, and clasping her hands, pray fervently. She knew that one of her great difficulties might be that of inducing Louis to accompany her, and she was praying to Him in Whose hand all hearts are as '*rivers of water, which He turneth whithersoever He will,*' to make the boy willing to do what she wished, without noise or opposition. Then she took up little Mélanie, who was sleeping that

sleep of a 'weaned child,' which Scripture, with its nice observation of nature, tells us is more placid than the restless sleep of earlier infancy. She also took up a little bag of pounded corn which she had remarked in one corner of the wigwam. Then she bent over Louis, and waked him with a kiss. As he opened his beautiful dark eyes, she whispered—

'We are going to look for your papa.' Then she put her finger on her lips. He understood her at once. To meet his papa had been the hope held out to him for two years by his mother, Lady Harriet. He got up without a word, and cautiously followed her.

They stepped over the sleepers without noise or accident, and got out of the lodge. Some of the Indian dogs ran up, but Louis, while playing about the camp, had made friends with them. They did not growl or bark, though for some little distance beyond the village several watched their steps and followed them.

Then Polly directed their course towards the Sandusky. They crossed it on a log. Polly in the middle, sitting astride, and paddling with all her might, little Mélanie before her, and Louis behind, paddling also with his legs, while he held fast to her.

Soon after crossing they heard the sound of a bell such as was often worn by Indian horses. Leaving the children under some bushes, Polly crept cautiously towards the spot, and found a horse grazing. She and Louis took off the bell, and with a knife that Polly had secreted in her dress they turned the leathern band, from which dangled the bell, into a kind of bridle. They then mounted the horse and proceeded through the woods. But the night was very dark, the undergrowth was very thick, their progress very slow, and full of perplexity.

Polly's purpose was to proceed southward, and try to strike the new settlements in Kentucky. Several times they thought they blundered upon Indian villages or encampments from which they were warned by the barking of dogs. At last Polly stopped under a high rock in a close thicket. She lifted down the weary children—peevish with fright and cold—and turned the horse loose, while Louis and his little sister cowered at her side. They fell asleep at last, and then in the grey early dawn their young protectress for a few moments left them.

As she advanced to the edge of the wood to get a sight of the surrounding country, a beautiful view of the Scioto River broke upon her. She was standing upon a steep hill, almost a cliff, which sloped without trees down to the water. A canoe, containing two white men and an Indian, was slowly ascending the silvery windings of the river.

As Polly gazed, she heard a loud, wild, savage whoop that seem to have been uttered close behind her. She understood at once that the Indians had pursued them, had come upon their trail, and had recaptured the children.

What could she do? Could she let the possible protectors she saw near her pass by in such an emergency? Would any effort she might make attract their notice? With eager feet, and waving her old white sunbonnet above her head, she rushed down the steep rising ground which lay between her and the river.

The men in the canoe had heard the war-whoop, and ceased paddling. They looked at her as she ran screaming down the hillside, and endeavoured to understand the situation.

They naturally thought that Polly was a fugitive, and after a few moments of deliberation, began to paddle towards her. Breathless she called to them for help. She screamed that Indians were murdering, or would murder, her two children.

'Your children,' cried the first man, who stepped out of the canoe; the noblest looking man Polly had ever seen. 'You are a child yourself. That story is not probable.'

'Not mine—my lady's children—the French children!' she panted, out of breath. 'My Louis—my Mélanie! They have taken them prisoners!'

With a low cry uttered through his teeth, the gentleman sprang forward.

'Where? where?' he exclaimed, seizing his rifle. 'Show me where, my girl! Follow me quick! *My* children! *My* children!'

They all charged up the hill. To Polly's astonishment on reaching the place where she had left her charge, they found two parties of Indians scuffling together; Chickatommoo headed one party, Tom Lewis and three Wyandottes comprised the other.

'Help this side,' cried Polly to the relief party she had brought up, pointing to Tom Lewis and his followers.

They did not stay to question, but rushed in. Chickatommoo and his braves were overpowered. Louis, with open eyes, sat up, watching the fight, and holding his little sister in his arms, till suddenly he screamed—

'Papa! Papa!'

It was indeed Monsieur de la Sablonnière sent for by Monsieur Duchoquet, and coming up to ransom his children.

As soon as the situation could be explained to M. de la Sablonnière and his companion (a friend of Monsieur Duchoquet's, an experienced Indian trader), Polly began to perceive she had been all night travelling in a circle round and round a camp made by Tom Lewis and his friends, who were out on a hunting expedition. They had missed a horse belonging to them in the early morning, and had easily traced him to the spot where Polly had turned him loose when she had done with him. They then searched further, and came upon the sleeping children at about the same moment that Chickatommoo, who was also on the trail, came up with some of his warriors. Both leaders had claimed Louis, and were engaged in fierce contention for

the prize, when Polly's relief party arrived, and threw its weight into the scale of Tom Lewis.

Almost breathless with excitement, Polly told the trader, Mr. Burns, and he told Tom Lewis, that Chickatommo had laid a plot to carry off the boy that very day to the Miami River. As they were talking, Monsieur Duchoquet came up, also desirous to save the children. Great talking ensued. M. de la Sablonière made liberal offers to Chickatommo if he would resign his prize without any further contention. The white men had the children in possession, and the offers were accepted. But to Tom Lewis both the traders spoke apart, and promised him a reward that would make him great and rich among his people, if he would accompany the trader, Polly, and the children, back to the town in which M. de la Sablonière dwelt upon the Mississippi.

'You will go with *me*,' he said, turning to Duchoquet, 'in search of my dear wife if she be yet living.'

Here Polly burst into tears.

'God grant,' continued M. de la Sablonière, 'that she be still living! We have heard frightful reports within a few days of prisoners tortured on the Little Miami.'

Tom Lewis caught a few words of what they were speaking, and hastened to assure them that Lady Harriet was still alive. He had fallen in the day before with the three Cherokees who had her in charge, but he said she was not like what she was when she had been parted from her children; her emaciated form and dejected countenance little resembled the brave and beautiful lady she had been when taken on the Ohio.

'Let us go on then—and at once,' said M. de la Sablonière, and joining his force to that of Tom Lewis, with Monsieur Duchoquet, Wasabajingo, Polly and the children, the party pressed forward.

Here Polly paused.

'And so ended,' she said, 'my great temptation. God led me safely out of it; but I did not get off without some punishment.'

'Why, Polly,' we exclaimed, 'how can you blame yourself, and talk of punishment? You seem to have done your very best most bravely for the children; and as to temptation, you resisted it.'

'There were two temptations,' said Polly. 'I resisted that of touching Lady Harriet's jewels; but I did not quietly trust God. "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength," you know. I have had eighty-seven years to think upon it. I ought not to have been so rashly eager to take God's work on my own shoulders. I ought to have made ready for my flight, then to have prayed and waited till God pointed out what He would have me do. Wait upon Him, and as you come to each point in your life, He will be sure to send some providence to mark your road for you. God was doing

His own work. While I supposed that Monsieur Duchoquet, and everybody else, neglected me and had forgotten me, Monsieur Duchoquet had done his part, but would not let me know of it, for fear it might come to the knowledge of the Shawnees or Chickatomm. He had sent off a trusty messenger to the children's father, and was expecting his arrival at our village. Let me tell you what I learned. I learned that when God Himself has placed us in a situation of temptation, He Himself, if we are faithful in prayer and watching, will lead us out of it without loss or damage. When we put ourselves into temptation, through our "sins, negligences, or ignorances," and yet look up to Him in it, He will make a way for us to escape, but not without loss or damage. God deals in the same way with sin. He pardons it for His dear Son's sake—fully and freely pardons it—and pardoned sin does not even separate us from God, yet every sin must bear its earthly consequences, and leave its earthly trace behind upon our lives. In the lives of the saints of the Old Testament, fully forgiven as they were, we can see how the earthly consequences of transgression followed a natural law of natural succession on the commission of every sin. After sin comes sorrow, Master Charles,' she added. 'As I was speaking about our ransom, and was using the very word that Wasabajinga used, "redeemed," I wondered if it might not be reminding you of the nature of redemption—that buying back from slavery for which our dear Lord paid the price—not only paying the purchase-money of our redemption, but providing for us afterwards. Do you remember that verse in the Psalms and in the Epistle to the Hebrews which says He not only "led captivity captive," but he "received gifts for men"? He not only buys His people back, but provides for them thenceforward through Time and through Eternity.'

CHAPTER VIII.

'The danger's great, my Father! Many a doubt
And fear and peril compass me about,
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand
Or go alone. O Father, take my hand
And through the throng
Lead safe along
Thy child!'

'Danger *seems* great, my child! but at thy side
Thy Father walks; then be not terrified,
For I am with thee—will thy foes command
To let thee freely pass—will take thy hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along,
My child!'

The Changed Cross. New York, 1872.

THE party, consisting of M. de la Sablonière, Lady Harriet's French husband, his children, Polly Crane, Mr. Burns the Mississippi trader, M. Duchoquet the Indian merchant at Sandusky, Tom Lewis, three

Cherokees, and a friendly Indian named Hashea, who had accompanied the French gentleman from Mississippi, pushed on as fast as possible through the great 'forest primeval,' on a line parallel with the course of the Scioto River.

The ground was hilly and broken, and the path was very faint. The party was hurrying forward at a much more rapid rate than the Indians had travelled from the Ohio, and its leaders soon perceived that Polly and her charge could not keep up with them. They therefore sent back two Indians of Tom Lewis's party to bring up a horse from their encampment. On this they mounted the children, and went forward with all the speed they could, Louis trying to attract his father's notice, who was now becoming terribly anxious and preoccupied.

A little after mid-day, to Polly's great alarm, Wasabajinga, or Little Black Bear, the white man who had been reared among the Wyandottes, came up with them.

Her rescue by white men had made Polly ashamed of the ear she had lent while utterly forlorn to his proposal of marrying him, though at the time it was made it had seemed her only refuge. He had offered her support and protection in the wigwam of his oldest squaw till she was older; and as Polly said herself in her old age—her extreme youth, her up-bringing among rough and cruel men, and her great ignorance, had made her feel far less repugnance to this step than would have been felt by a God-fearing civilised maiden. Her sole concern had been for the protection and safety of the children. That which withheld her from accepting Wasabajinga's proposition was her doubt whether she had any right to seek for and appropriate (even for Louis's ransom) the jewels hidden by Lady Harriet near the junction of the Scioto with the Ohio.

She had decided by the light of honesty that she had no right to dig them up, and by withstanding a temptation, she perceived she escaped a far more terrible temptation, from a knowledge of which her ignorance preserved her. She had done as we should all do in doubtful cases—she had given the negative the benefit of the doubt. 'Be sure that you are right; then go ahead,' is an axiom which should be supplemented by—'If *not sure* you are right, do not go ahead at all; stand still and await the direction of God.' Polly, however, had not been contented to stand wholly still; she had run away from the Indian lodges, had gone through great pains and perils, and had experienced a great deliverance. In the new light of events, and under the shelter of the protection of white men, she felt disgusted with herself for having ever listened with patience to the proposal of Wasabajinga, and she felt alarmed lest Monsieur de la Sablonière should discover she had been so imprudent as to reveal to any one the existence of the *cache* of jewellery. Instead of rejoicing in her deliverance, therefore, her soul was on a troubled sea of anxiety.

On reaching the little party Wasabajinga took a very early opportunity of approaching her, and, laying his two fore-fingers together, looked into her eyes. Polly shook her head resolutely.

'Come, Polly,' said he, 'be my little white squaw. Stay in my wigwam. I am great chief. Plenty of meat, plenty of skins, plenty of rum and whisky. I want white wife, Polly, and you shall grow up for me. I am a white man. Will send away Indian wives when you grow up to live with me.'

'Go away, Wasabajinga,' said Polly; 'I want to stay with these little children and my own people, and with my Lady Harriet, whom I love better than you.'

'Say, Polly,' said Wasabajinga, 'if I help get your white lady will you come into my wigwam? Think I can get her. I do all I can for her and you.'

Here was a bribe indeed! What should poor Polly do? She did what was straightforward, which is always the right thing to be done by one who seeks deliverance by God's help from temptation; for God never holds out a helping hand to enables us to tread with safety and self-will in crooked ways. She cried to Him for help—'Deliver us from evil! Deliver me from making a mistake this time!' Then, without answering Wasabajinga, she conquered her great fear of the tall handsome husband of her lady, and pushed her Indian pony to his side.

Wasabajinga had not expected this movement. He dropped a little behind the rest of the party, if necessary, prepared to fly.

'Sir,' said Polly, boldly, though her heart was in her mouth, 'may I speak to you? This white man who is Indian bred, Wasabajinga, wants me to marry him when I am old enough, and live with him in his wigwam.'

'This is no time for such arrangements, my child,' replied the gentleman; 'I cannot give you my attention at present. And I should think it very ill-advised were you to mate with such a man.'

'Nay, sir; but hear me!' persisted Polly. 'God forbid that I should ever *want* to marry him; for, for all his white blood, he is a heathen and an Indian. I want to do what is right. I want *you*, if you can, to deliver me from evil.'

'If you mean from him it may be quickly done,' interrupted the gentleman. 'Here, Hashea!' to his Mississippi Indian.

'Let me speak a few words more, sir,' said Polly; 'you had better not anger him. He offers if I will have him to do something that he thinks is in his power to deliver my dear lady. What shall I do? If you say marry him, for her sake I could do that—I so dearly love my lady.'

Lady Harriet's husband looked earnestly in the young girl's honest eyes.

'Child,' he murmured, 'you are too young to understand what

would be the extent of such self-sacrifice. A self-sacrifice which would be heroic if you knew what it would cost, but which no Christian could accept from you.'

Then he turned to Duchoquet and whispered a few words. After that both called up Wasabajinga. They questioned him closely as to what he had the power to accomplish, and they promised him wealth and honour among white men if he could influence the release of Lady Harriet.

Wasabajinga was open to their offers, besides might they not lead to his securing Polly Crane? He had cared nothing for the child herself till now, but opposition had excited his fancy. If he established a claim upon the great white chief he might bargain for poor Polly. So he proposed that the party should remain where they were, while he went forward to see if he could secure the assistance of an old Wyandotte chief, who was known to be very fond of money, and who went by the name of King Bear. The Cherokees with their captive were, according to Tom Lewis's statement, encamped near King Bear's town; and Wasabajinga offered to go to him and see what could be done. M. de la Sablonière told him to spare no expense to secure King Bear. Indeed, in his eagerness, he was so lavish in his promises that Monsieur Duchoquet assured him that a too reckless liberality might hinder his wife's deliverance.

The little party halted by a spring in the forest, and Wasabajinga going into King Bear's town, easily got a promise that he would assist in the recovery of the white lady.

Bear went at once to the camp of the Cherokees. He told them their prisoner was the wife of a white man, a friend of his, and desired as a favour they would make him a present of her, as he wished to restore her to her husband.

The Cherokees naturally declined to comply with this request, and very probably did not believe him.

Then, after smoking with them at the fire before their wigwam, he proposed to purchase her. But the Cherokees, who were already irritated against him, declined his offers with great bitterness, saying that he was 'no better than the white people,' and that he was 'as mean as dirt,' a particularly insulting expression amongst them. By this time King Bear was in too great a rage to be a fit negotiator. He went back to his town, shouting aloud his intentions to take the white squaw by force from those who held her. His chief men and Wasabajinga urged the dangers of any violence, and the probability that it might provoke a war between the Cherokees and his own nation.

Meantime who shall tell with what anguish and uneasiness those in the little party in ambush waited the result of this protracted negotiation? Utterly powerless themselves to deliver Lady Harriet (for the two traders would not in *any* cause fight their Indian customers, nor would Tom Lewis and his three Cherokee companions take part in a

quarrel with warriors of their own nation), there remained only M. de la Sablonière and the Mississippi Indian, Hashea, to undertake a deliverance by violence, which, if it miscarried, would result in utter ruin.

Lady Harriet's husband sat, therefore, with his face hidden in his hands. Polly believed he was wrestling in prayer. She herself prayed, and made little Louis pray—'Deliver her—deliver us from evil.'

'Yes,' said the Mississippi trader, who heard her praying thus. 'I heard a good old man say once that that meant "deliver us from the power of the evil one." You may well pray deliver her from those Indian devils!'

Where 'two or three are gathered together,' in heart as well as in space, the promise says, 'there am I.' Here there was not any outward gathering, but there was communion of prayer—each heart was praying the same wish, doubtless even the same words—'Deliver us from evil!' And Lady Harriet, in her forlorn captivity, was trying to say too (for she had long been accustomed to use the twenty-third Psalm as a prayer), 'Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, let me fear no evil. Be Thou with me;' for she felt the shadows of death gathering fast around. Utterly alone, for she knew not that husband and children were so near her, nor, indeed, if they were still living, she was leaning with firm faith and confidence upon the arm that could not fail her.

'They can do nothing but that which is His will, and what His will is I accept,' cried her heart. 'Thy will be done—only, if it be possible, deliver us from evil.'

From the Evil One she was delivered. His snares were powerless to catch her feet—his power over her in the Valley of Death was gone. He might prevail to kill her body but he could not triumph over her soul. She felt it—she rejoiced in it—she praised and blessed her Saviour for that deliverance. Already she was delivered from the worst of evils, and, if further earthly sorrow were in store for her, she accepted it as her dear Father's will. She tried to form no hopes in her extremity; she tried passively to take whatever lay before her—to 'rejoice evermore,' as the Christian is told to do, whether in happiness or sorrow. She was upheld by that same Spirit that supported the earliest saints when tortured and 'delivered over unto the will of their enemies,' 'at midnight they prayed and sang praises to God.'

As the little party by the spring sat praying and watching—'agonising in prayer'—said old Polly, as she told the tale, a heavy foot was heard stepping hurriedly over crackling leaves and fallen branches. It was Wasabajinga, with the tidings that King Bear's rapacity and anger had made matters worse, and that no deliverance for Lady Harriet by peaceful means was to be expected.

'But go home,' said he to Monsieur Duchoquet, 'and get six hundred silver brooches. King Bear thinks if he has ransom for the woman he may do something still.'

Instantly the trader and his man, taking the horse, started for their Indian village. The children lay asleep, and Polly and Lady Harriet's husband again betook themselves to silent prayer.

'This is dreadful,' said the French gentleman at length. 'It does not seem like loving her to stand by and afford her no help in her great extremity.'

It is hard, hard for a man, harder than for a woman, to wait—to trust for deliverance to God. He wants to be up and doing, and yet he has to learn to wait, and say 'Deliver us from evil,' and 'Thy will be done.'

'Sir,' exclaimed Polly, timidly, 'you *have* done all you can do; you seem to have left nothing undone.'

'Yes,' he replied. 'I remember my dear wife saying that to have done all we could was like Abel or Elijah laying the wood and sacrifice upon their altars. When they had done all that men could do, their part was to wait patiently, watching for fires from heaven.'

Thus they fell into discourse together about Lady Harriet. The handsome and accomplished gentleman, who had been bred in courts, felt his heart softened and drawn out with sympathy towards this friendless and ignorant child. He told her anecdotes of his wife's goodness; she told him all the story of their captivity and escape; about the jewels hidden near the junction of the Ohio and Scioto; about Lady Harriet's holy teachings, and her brave and tender words.

Before night was half over the trader, and Wasabajinga returned, bearing the silver in a coarse linen bag. Wasabajinga then proposed to return to King Bear's town, and expressed a wish that Polly should accompany him. To this M. de la Sablonière demurred, but Duchoquet approved of it, Wasabajinga having confided to him more than he had told the rest, of Lady Harriet's situation. He knew that preparations had been made the instant that King Bear left the encampment, for her death by fire and pain. That preliminary to this it was the Indian custom to strip their prisoners of all clothing, and enough of the white man remained in him to be sure that Polly's presence would be comfortable to the white lady. So Polly, at a sign from Monsieur Duchoquet, wrapped her blanket round her, joined Wasabajinga, and went on her errand of mercy.

They travelled in silence. It was but two miles and a half to the town of King Bear. They found that potentate waiting for them, surrounded by his young braves, and as soon as they appeared the whole party marched out to the camp of the Cherokees. There all lay fast asleep.

'But oh!' cried Polly, as in her hundred and first year she told us the sad story, 'think of my delicate, dear, sweet lady! There she was, with only one thin robe to cover her, close fastened to a stake painted all black, with two cross pieces bound to it, to one of which her small white feet were tied, and to the other her arms, waiting

for death by torture at sunrise. It is not the Indian custom to dishonour their female captives, but every other indignity they could practise had been heaped upon her.'

King Bear took his scalping-knife from the belt of his shirt and gave it to Polly, picking up at the same time Lady Harriet's clothes, of which she had been deprived the night before when her captors made ready for her execution. He put them into Polly's arms, and motioned her to go forward and cut the cords that bound her. In the faint light Lady Harriet knew not friend from foe. As Polly came weeping near her she heard her sweet voice saying—

'Deliver me! oh, deliver me! bring me safe, O Lord, through this great peril! And deliver my dear husband and my children from all evil, my Father and my God!'

Polly threw herself down at her feet and kissed them.

'Oh! my lady, my lady!' she cried, 'He has delivered us—He is going to deliver you!'

Then, cutting the cords and helping her to dress, they were ready before Lady Harriet had recovered from her bewilderment and surprise.

The moment that King Bear beheld her dressed, he surrounded her with his young warriors, and then they shouted to rouse up the Cherokees.

He sneered at them for keeping such poor watch. He told them that their captive was now his. They sprang forward at his taunts, but found themselves out-numbered four to one.

At this moment Wasabajinga, who for trade's sake desired peace, threw down the silver brooches.

'Why should our red brothers quarrel,' he exclaimed, 'about a squaw? These white men send for her a white man's ransom. Let them pick it up where it lies, and cheer the hearts of their own wives in their wigwams.'

The sight of so large a force intimidated the Cherokees. Indians will not attack their enemies at too great odds. They determined not to resist; and King Bear and the Little Black Bear bore off the trembling lady. She did not yet understand what was to be done with her; she only saw herself in the hands of another party of the Indians. Polly whispered that the children were both safe, and her brave, trustful spirit hoped in God.

King Bear next delivered her to Wasabajinga, who in less than an hour placed her in the arms of her husband.

Who shall tell the raptures of husband and faithful wife as they embraced each other? Who shall imagine the exultant thankfulness with which, in the excitement of their re-union and happiness, their voices and their hearts alike were lifted up in praise of Him who had heard them out of what the Prophet Jonah calls the 'pit of hell,' and Who had wrought in their behalf a sure deliverance from the worst of earthly evils?

CHAPTER IX.

'Holy and innocent were all her ways,
Sweet, temperate, unstained;
Her life was prayer—her very breath was praise,
While breath to her remained.

'To God of all the centre and the source
Be power and glory given!
Who sways the mighty world through all its course
From the bright throne in Heaven.'

Breviary. Lyra Catholica.

As soon as the first transports of reunion had subsided, the traders urged the immediate departure of the whole party from the vicinity of King Bear's village and the neighbourhood of the Cherokees.

Lady Harriet and the children were seated on the horse, and Polly was about to trudge beside them, when Wasabajinga put in his claim to her, proposing to leave her under the protection of King Bear. In vain M. Duchoquet appealed to him to wait, and let his claim be settled in the village.

Wasabajinga thought he saw his opportunity, and insisted Polly was his lawful prize.

'See, Wasabajinga,' cried M. de la Sablonière, at last, taking off his watch, and holding out his rifle, 'that watch was given me in my boyhood, by my king; take it, and take my rifle. I bought the rifle in New Orleans. It has been inlaid with silver by the Mexicans. There is not another rifle like it in these woods. Take these, and give up Polly.'

Wasabajinga hesitated.

'Let the girl go, Whitaker,' said Monsieur Duchoquet, addressing him by his white name, 'Squaws are plenty. You may get a better white girl by joining the next war party to the Ohio, but such a watch and such a gun I never saw.'

Thus influenced, Wasabajinga accepted the change, and gave up Polly. Carrying the rifle in his hand, and with the watch and chain hanging outside his greasy hunting shirt, he stalked back sulkily to King Bear, with promises of great rewards to be paid them both by Duchoquet.

Alas! for the ultimate destiny of our most valued things! That watch and chain had been hung round its late owner's neck in the king's bedchamber at Versailles, by the hand of the unhappy prince then waiting his deliverance in the Temple—that deliverance by the blade of the guillotine, which changed the ignominies he suffered into honours, his unpopularity into reverence, his crown of thorns into the martyr's diadem!

As swiftly as possible the little party made its way to Monsieur Duchoquet's house, in the village on the head waters of the Sandusky. A couple of hours after, the three Cherokees came in, blustering and

indignant, stalking about the town, and threatening they would have the life of some white person in revenge for the abduction of their prisoner.

They painted themselves in their war-paint, and they walked about till nightfall in great anger. The party in Monsieur Duchoquet's log-house kept watch and ward all day and the next night with loaded weapons.

Early the following morning, however, another party reached the village. It consisted of Miaketa's husband, herself, and several Cherokee braves, mounted on fine horse that they had stolen from white settlers on the frontiers of Virginia. Miaketa approached the trader's lodge soon after they came in, and asked to speak with Lady Harriet. She remained long by the white lady's bed, hearing the true story of all that had occurred, and doubtless receiving from her good advice and spiritual consolation.

'You see, Miaketa,' Lady Harriet said at parting, 'God *does* deliver the people of His kingdom from peril; you see His powerful kingship can accomplish this, just as the mighty power of the great white government should be—and will soon be—the protection of its people. Ah! Miaketa, you were made one of us by baptism; will you not remember *that* some day, and come back into our Father's kingdom! All things in His kingdom will be set right for His people in due season. His cause must triumph in the end over devilry and wickedness; and meantime, the people of His kingdom always find help from their great Chief and Father, as I have done.'

Miaketa shook her head.

'It may be so. But white men mostly bad. They not do their Chief's will—only hinder His kingdom.'

'Miaketa,' said Lady Harriet, 'we are going to live near a French settlement on the Mississippi. There my husband has bought an island, and there we hope to make our home. Come there and join us, if your heart is ever touched, and turns back to civilisation and to holy things. Be sure I shall always welcome you; and I trust our island may be such as will show you a little how the world might go on if governed in the fear of God, and with the wish that His will may be done on earth as it is done in heaven.'

A few years after, Miaketa made her appearance in Lady Harriet's Island. Her husband was dead. She had always been childless. The Shawnees had removed from their old hunting grounds. Under the shelter of the Cross the little remnant of her life was passed in peace, and her last words as she lay dying were, 'Thy kingdom, Lord—has come.'

To return to the anxious party at Monsieur Duchoquet's. The arrival of the Shawnees created a diversion in the village. Miaketa, too, representing that Lady Harriet and her husband were a Frenchman and Englishwoman, not Americans, inclined the chiefs of her

people in their favour. The angry Cherokees were persuaded to give up their hostile intentions, and went off with the Shawnee war party towards their more distant villages, on horses they had purchased with part of Lady Harriet's ransom.

Without further loss of time, Mr. Burns and M. de la Sablonière decided to move forward, but first Lady Harriet and her husband were anxious to go down the Scioto River to its junction with the Ohio, and see if they could find the jewels secreted on the first night of her captivity.

Polly was frightened at her own temerity in ever having thought that she might dare to meddle with the jewels, when she found out how very great their value was.

The party hired three canoes, in which they embarked in the head waters of the Scioto, which ran south to its junction with the Ohio. Tom Lewis, his two Cherokee friends, Mr. Burns, Lady Harriet, her husband, Polly, the two children, and Hashea made up the party. They floated quietly down the stream from day to day. It was in early spring; the banks were a glory of wild flowers and of greenness; the lovely varieties of tender foliage, and the infinity of the fashions of the leaves were the themes of continual admiration—the calm loveliness of everything, the holy peace, the heavenly happiness, were to Polly a sort of foretaste of the kingdom of heaven.

As she and Lady Harriet sat together, she often told her lady about Selim, and they questioned Tom Lewis concerning him. Tom said he was 'great medicine' among the Shawnees, who would never molest him, nor suffer him to want, so long as he was contented to remain among them. They charged Tom with an invitation to the Algerine to visit them in their island, assuring him of welcome should he ever desire to come to them. They also told Tom that if Selim needed protection to reach his friends in the Virginia settlements he must afford it him, and look to them for his reward.

Selim, however, never visited the island. A few months later they heard that his negro friend, at some peril to himself, had seen him safely back to comparative civilisation. Not long after this, in the plantation of one of his kind friends, he was taken very ill. His reason, which had been greatly impaired for some months before his illness, was then restored to him. He continued perfectly sensible till his last moments, his only eccentricity being his unwillingness to be brought into the mansion; so that a bed was made up for him in a detached shed. There, while he lay sick, the family tended him with great tenderness, for which he expressed the utmost gratitude. At his earnest request, no one at night sat up with him; and one morning he was found dead, having evidently prepared himself for his decease with great composure. He lay stretched out on his bed, his hands crossed over his breast, and his whole body in the proper position to be laid in his coffin. His picture, by Peale, might have been seen before

the war between the North and the Confederacy, in the library of Mr. Robert Saunders of Williamsburg.

'He can if He will, and He will if He can,' was a favourite expression of his when speaking of the power of God to bless His people. 'You would not like your father to give what would only do you harm?' he said to a young woman in trouble, during his last illness. 'He would be giving you a snake which he knew was not a trout, and when you asked a loaf, be giving you a rock—if He granted all your wish to you.'

The lady on whose place he died wrote this to Lady Harriet, when, on hearing of poor Selim's death, she sent to make inquiries.

At last the canoes floated to the junction of the Scioto and Ohio. Then M. de la Sablonière, Lady Harriet, Hashea and Polly Crane took one of them and went about ten miles up the Ohio, to the point where the boat, at the opening of this narrative, had been captured by the Indians. They found her scuttled and deserted, lying close beside the bank and fatal oak-tree. The log was soon found beside which Lady Harriet, her children, and Polly had rested that first night near the fire of the Indians, but just as they were stooping down to search under the moss and leaves, a little Indian dog which had formed an attachment to Louis, and to please him had been brought with the party from the Indian village, uttered a low growl, and looked fiercely into the brushwood.

M. de la Sablonière and his Indian follower sprang to their feet. They saw eyes and gleaming gun barrels in the thicket. Instantly they dashed into the brushwood. M. de la Sablonière was an experienced swordsman, and always wore his weapon. It was King Bear and Wasabajinga! Before they had time to fire or resist they were made prisoners.

Had not Polly frankly confessed her fault in putting Wasabajinga on the track of the hidden jewellery, her lady's husband would not have been upon his guard, and would probably have been fired upon while stooping over the *cache*.

As it was, King Bear and his companion were discovered in time. Bound, disarmed, and guarded by Hashea, they stood sullenly apart, while the rest, guided by Lady Harriet, dug up the rings and diamonds.

Still round Wasabajinga's neck hung the watch so prized by its former owner.

'*Mon ami*, you will spare these men?' said Lady Harriet, softly.

'Most certainly, my love.'

'But you will take *that*?' she said, timidly, pointing to the watch and chain, which she knew had been to him the most precious of his possessions.

'No,' he replied; 'I gave them freely for a service done, which nothing that has passed has cancelled. I cannot take away what I

have given in payment of true service. *Noblesse oblige*. I cannot take advantage of the savagery of a savage. They have but done according to their instincts, for even the white man's Indian training is stronger in him now than his white blood. They lay in wait here, watching for our coming, feeling sure we should arrive and point out to them the spot where you had left our treasure. Had they been of the party who captured you, they would probably have found the *cache* before our coming. We will treat them honourably. Perhaps according as we deal with them, they will form their idea of Christian justice and generosity.'

So saying, he drew the charges from their guns, and, after carrying them some distance up the bank, he returned, placed Lady Harriet and Polly in the canoe, and then, with Hashea, he proceeded to cut the bonds of the two prisoners.

'Whitaker,' he said, preferring to address Wasabajinga as a white man, 'till we get out of range you must not touch your rifles. When we are in mid-stream you may pick them up again. If you have meant harm to me I forgive you. I suppose you came hither to get these rings and beads; but believe me, even for Indians, honesty is the best policy. What you will receive from Monsieur Duchoquet (and what you could not have received had you stolen my property) will be worth more to you than these jewels, for you could not have sold them in this wilderness. Adieu. I am only sorry that I cannot thoroughly esteem the man who deserves so much from me.'

Polly had had some dread about returning to the neighbourhood of the Ohio River, fearing lest anything should again place her in the power of Mother Morgan, but M. de la Sablonière and his wife assured her they should ever be her protectors, and would never part with her.

They kept their words, but the day came when she parted from *them*. For many years they lived upon their island, near one of the French settlements on the Mississippi. There, too, came out to them an English clergyman, the cousin of Lady Harriet, who devoted himself to Indian missions. Lady Harriet's diamonds had made them rich, and they surrounded themselves with rural refinements, as poor Blennerhasset and his Irish wife did afterwards, in possible imitation of their example, on another island in the Ohio River.

Polly was loved, and taught, and cherished as one of themselves. Up to the point to which our narrative has brought her, her lessons in practical Christianity had only grounded her in the Fatherhood of God. Soon, under Lady Harriet's teaching, she learned to know *how* God is our Father when we become united with His dear Son; and how the Father and Son together, having bestowed on us forgiveness, have added to our pardon that other great gift, by which all Christian life within us is maintained—even the gift of the Holy Spirit, our Helper, Comforter—God with us in our present day life—our ever present God.

Mélanie grew up in her bright home a lovely woman, and Louis, becoming at once tractable under the authority of his parents, was ever the brave boy he had shown himself in his captivity.

'At last,' said Polly, as she told her tale, 'a young man rose in France, who they said had altered everything, and made it possible for those who loved their country to go back there once more. His name was Buonaparte. The Marquis de la Sablonière and Lady Harriet decided to return and reclaim their property. They wanted me to go with them, but I had met my old man by that time, not that he was old then; he was a lusty, handsome fellow, only two and twenty. The marquis and Lady Harriet saw us married, and gave me for my "dot" this handsome farm, and other lands that have been cut off from it since my children grew up and had to be provided for. I have had four children; they are all dead. My grandsons are old men; this girl is my great-granddaughter. Of course my sweet lady, and the good marquis, brave Louis, and my beautiful Miss Mélanie are dead long ago. The Marquis Louis rose to be very distinguished—an ambassador, or something of that kind, in foreign lands. Not many years ago his grandson came to Washington on an errand for his government, and came out here to see me.

'They send me caps and dresses every year. I like to get French caps *pour mes étrennes* as they call it, but I have almost forgotten their language. After my husband died (and he was considered an old man) they made me come out to France and visit them. That was in King Louis Philippe's time, the old king in a wig, whose head looked like a pear. I did not much like France; there was no quiet on Sundays. There was good preaching there, however, in the English chapel, and more pious people than you would imagine in such a city.

'I think that this is all my story, unless you would like to hear what became of Johnston and Skyles!'

'Please tell us, Mrs. Crane.'

'Well, Johnston, early in June, set out with Monsieur Duchoquet for Detroit, where all the traders used to meet each other. Thence he went on from post to post among the English forts on the frontier. At Niagara, where the great falls lay lonely in the woods, though their roar could be heard miles away, he met, at a fort about a mile distant from them, an English lady and her son who wanted to go to Albany. He joined them in hiring a small boat, and they went down Lake Ontario, up the Oneida, and down the Mohawk, all wild and lonely then, save for a few Dutch farms, and where small bands of Indians, partly civilised and very friendly, might be met roaming through the country. At last he took sloop for New York at Albany. In Washington, President Washington sent for him, and asked him many questions about the Indians and their country. General Washington was then making things ready for the expedition which, a few months later, was sent against the Indians of the Wabush and the Miami. It was

deplorably unsuccessful, though it consisted of over 1,400 men. But in 1793 Mad Anthony Wayne laid waste the Indian country between the Ohio and Miami, and brought the Indians in the end to sue for peace. During the early part of his journey with Monsieur Duchoquet, Mr. Johnston passed through an Indian village where dwelt the Wyandotte widow whom he was to have married; she was pointed out to him, and he found her old, squalid, and repulsive.

'Poor Skyles was taken, after his separation from Johnston, to one of the towns on the Miami of the Lakes; about thirty miles, I believe, from the site of the present great city of Cincinnati. There he was forced to run the gauntlet, as all prisoners had to do on entering these Miami villages. By this was meant passing at any speed a prisoner chose though a double file of all the women and boys of the village, who, armed with sticks and clubs, were permitted to do him all practicable bodily injury.

'The same cruel keeper to whose charge he had been committed from the first still had him in custody; but his Indian wife was disposed to show kindness to the captive, who assisted her labours by cutting wood and drawing water. One evening news came into the village that a white man, captured in our boat, had been put to death at the stake two days before, in a neighbouring town; and the friendly squaw told Skyles that preparations would be made that night for his execution. Most happily, his keeper and the men who usually slept round him in the lodge were that night absent, being probably engaged in preparing for the fiendish work of the next day. When the women were asleep Skyles stole out of the hut, and at once pushed his way to the Miami of the Lake, which he swam over. His intention was to try to reach the settlements on the Kentucky, but his knowledge of woodcraft was so small, that he wandered northward. At last, worn out by famine and fatigue, he neared an Indian village. He blackened his skin with charcoal, and waited till the village was asleep, when he proceeded cautiously to the log-hut of a trader, which stood in the centre of the town; the Indian wigwams, being built of bark, the trader's stores and dwellings were always distinguishable.

'Having obtained speech of the trader, Skyles told him his sad story. The man replied he dared not shelter him, for the Indians were greatly exasperated by his flight. A party had been into the town that very day in search of him; but he would bring him food, and when he should have eaten it, he advised him to take a canoe that he would find moored to the bank of the Miami of the Lake, and endeavour, before morning, to overtake a party of traders on their way to Detroit, who had passed up the day before, and would probably lie by after nightfall.

'Skyles took this advice, and came up with the party near the entrance to Lake Erie. They were so far from the towns of his

captors by this time, that they readily acceded to his request, and conveyed him to the nearest British post. While he was still there, however, his enemies appeared in search of him. Of course he was concealed, protected, and assisted on his way back to Virginia. Eventually he became a settler in Kentucky, where, when he died, he left his family in comfort and independence. Johnston, forty years after, wrote a narrative of his adventures among the Indians. If you want to know more about the other people I have mentioned, you can look into his little volume.'

I did so, though it is out of print and hard to find, and this is what I found there :—

'Very soon after my return to Virginia, I remitted to Monsieur Duchoquet the sum he had paid to relieve me from captivity. I found he had in many instances, besides mine, rescued citizens of the United States from the hands of the Indians, by paying ransom for them, but that he had not been fortunate enough to obtain repayment from all. I drew up a petition to Congress, which was presented by Mr. Giles, who advocated his application so warmly and successfully, that Monsieur Duchoquet was authorised to draw from the public treasury the amount he asked, on no other evidence than his own statements, and the fact of his having redeemed me from my captors.

'Chickatommo was killed in a battle with the forces of General Wayne.

'Messhawa was one of the followers of Tecumthe. He either fell in battle or went west beyond the Mississippi.

'Whitaker, or Wasabajinga, fought against the Americans, when General Wayne defeated the Indians at the rapids of the Miami of the Lake.

'King Bear took the same part at the same time. But in the war of 1813 he fought for the Americans under General Scott, at the battle of the Thames.'

TWO MORNINGS IN SHOREDITCH.

HAVE any of the readers of the *Monthly Packet* ever passed along the Kingsland Road on their way to or from Dalston Junction? If so, they may have been surprised to find so wide a thoroughfare leading through crowded Shoreditch, and wondered if this could be the neighbourhood of the miserable garret where they had become acquainted with *Froggy and his Little Brother*, not guessing the squalid poverty in narrow courts and lanes lying immediately behind it. They will probably not have noticed the low archways leading into some of these, almost concealed by rugs, coats, blankets, &c., hanging outside the

shop doors ; but few can fail to see the large pile of red-brick buildings in Early English style, standing close to the Shoreditch Workhouse, and about half-way between the Haggerston and Shoreditch stations of the North London Railway. It consists of the east end of the Church of S. Columba, with its lofty, unfinished tower, a vicarage or clergy-house, and between the two a parish room, under which a small archway leads to a quadrangle beyond, whose sides are formed by the north side of the church and the schools, the entrance to the former being through the Baptistry at the further end, away from the intrusion of irreverent passers-by, and always open. The church is not built according to the old adage 'in the middle of the parish,' but at one corner of it, the district belonging to it stretching city-wards between the Kingsland Road and Hoxton High Street ; and in an area of about half a square mile, or even less, inclosing some 8,000 inhabitants, exclusive of the 2,000 in the workhouse and infirmary, also within its bounds. Having attended one of the services in this grandly-proportioned, though bare and unfinished church, and being struck by the reverence of even the poorest of the congregation, especially some bonnetless and ragged children, I was anxious to learn something of the people, and of the work carried on amongst them, that I might, if possible, assist in it, and was very grateful for the kind permission from one of the Sisters to come and see what they were doing any morning about 10.30 A.M., when they were always to be found in the parish room.

On the next Thursday, punctual to the appointed hour, I stood at the entrance of the archway in the Kingsland Road reading the list of services on the church notice-board, and considerably perplexed how to find my way to the parish room above. Not long, however, for two or three poor women passed me carrying bundles, and following them up a badly-lighted spiral staircase, I found myself in a lofty room with a tiled floor and many substantial cupboards, brightened by sacred pictures and texts on the dark red walls. Some thirty women and children sat on forms near the door, and beyond, two Sisters were engaged receiving and giving out needlework at a table. They welcomed me cordially, offering to give me any information I desired, and I took my place beside them to assist in folding up and marking the garments that were brought in. The women had a careworn and haggard look, and the gratitude with which each received the shilling for her work showed that a shilling was of very real value, as plainly as did the regret expressed in the faces of those, who were kindly told by the Sister that some one else must have work this week, as she had not funds to supply more than a certain number. To some a shilling meant a fire, and the power to boil a kettle ; to others, a day's bread for little ones crying with hunger ; to all present it was the eking out of scanty wages, and represented some actual necessary of life. A few of the poorest were allowed to have two bundles of work in the

week, and widows were thus enabled to keep out of the workhouse who must otherwise have broken up their homes and been separated from their children. Some of the work was nicely done, and the Sisters are very glad to have orders for plain needlework, which is not only an assistance to their means of helping the poor, but, when the ladies are kind enough to send it ready cut out, a great saving of their time. The preparation of some six hundred bundles of work during the winter six months is a considerable tax on time fully occupied in other ways, how fully may be conjectured when only two or three Sisters are working amongst these 8,000 poor. The clothing made by this 'Industrial Society,' as it is called, is sold a little above the cost of the materials at the 'Mothers' Meetings' held on Monday afternoons and Tuesday evenings in the same parish-room, or to the poor at any time, and a widow who keeps a little shop in one of the worst streets is allowed to sell it also, the commission of one penny in the shilling being a considerable help to her. The great object seems to be to help the poor without pauperising them, enabling them to *earn* instead of receiving alms; the deserving are glad to do so, fully appreciating the distinction, so that the work forms a sort of labour test to discriminate between the industrious and the idle.

At twelve o'clock the workers had disappeared, and all our energies were directed to preparing the room for 'the sickly children's dinner,' rather a mysterious process at first to the uninitiated, but not an elaborate one. Some long forms were turned on their sides, so as to form low seats of a suitable height for other wider forms to be used as tables; on the latter strips of damask were laid, cut from some old tablecloths sent to be used as rag, then on one 'table' some very rough-looking spoons, on the other, some strangely crooked knives and forks, as varied in shape and size, as were the plates in form and colour, which were warming by the fire. I learned afterwards that both had been the parting gift of an old widow forced at last, through the unkind neglect of her children, to leave her much-loved church and quiet room, and go to end her days in the Workhouse Infirmary. A most substantial slice of bread to each child's place finished the preparations, and the door was unlocked. A troop of sickly-looking children came in quietly, greeting the Sisters with a pleasant smile and taking their accustomed places, apparently bright and happy, though sorrow and suffering beyond their years was plainly marked on each. Then came a large joint of roast beef, cooked at the vicarage, potatoes were turned out of a saucepan I had noticed mysteriously cooking on a small gas tripod in the corner; grace was sung, and soon each little one was served with a portion of meat and vegetable larger than I supposed could be consumed at one meal, though I was assured a second would probably follow. Hot dinners were also given from the same joint for the sick, carried off, tied up in basins, by women and children, the latter casting wistful glances at their apparently more

fortunate companions. Each child's dinner cost about fourpence, and the money was chiefly given by the children of rich and luxurious homes, who found it difficult to understand that these, their poorer brothers and sisters, had never tasted roast meat from a joint, and did not know the name of a leg of mutton!

While the children were enjoying their meal, one of the Sisters kindly offered to show me some of the district, and introduce me to a few of the sick people in their homes, to which I gladly assented. Carrying a jar of beef-tea and some roast meat and pudding in a basket, we started through the quadrangle where I noticed a considerable space between the schools and vicarage, and learned that the Sisters hoped some day funds may be given to build a house for them there; at present (their Mother House, S. Peter's Home, Kilburn, being too far distant) they live at a Mission House adjoining S. Saviour's, Hoxton, in which parish Sisters of the same community also work; but they find the coming backwards and forwards even the ten minutes' walk a difficulty, both to themselves and to the people who cannot feel they are always at hand as if they lived amongst them. Passing by the entrance to the girls' school, the Sister unlocked a wooden gate leading into a narrow street bearing the important title of 'King's Road,' but more appropriately styled by the inhabitants 'dirty lane.' There was no pathway, so we had to pick our steps through very deep mud and pools of water; along a blank wall lay various refuse from costermonger's carts; heaps of mouldy oranges, cabbage-leaves, decaying fish, interspersed with dead cats, old boots and hats, the *débris* of discarded flock-beds, &c., &c. A narrow turning took us into a more open space, and the fronts of the costermongers' premises were less repulsive than the rear. 'Reeves' Place' consists chiefly of two- or four-roomed cottages, with strips of garden before them, which are often nicely kept, and look green and bright in the summer time; quite an oasis in the Shoreditch desert of smoke-grimed bricks and mortar.

The Sister entered a neglected-looking cottage, with broken and paper-patched windows, and I tried, rather tremblingly, to follow her up a crooked, broken, and perfectly dark staircase; then waited till she had groped her way to the top and opened a door, affording me light enough to climb to the room above. Here a whole family was assembled; in a corner a little girl of about nine or ten years old was endeavouring to wash the baby and two or three of her youngest brothers, who, in every stage of *deshabille*, vociferously resented a process seeming only too necessary, and on our entrance took refuge with an older boy lying before the fire. At a table in the window, an older girl, dirty, ragged, with uncombed hair, stood lazily washing up a collection of tin cans, broken mugs, and cracked teacups and saucers, called by courtesy breakfast things. On one side of the fireplace, surveying the scene with troubled expression, but too ill to

speak much, lay the mother of the family in acute rheumatic fever, unable to turn herself in bed, or move a hand without pain; and on the other side, lying in a sort of crib formed by three broken chairs, was a little boy crippled by hip disease, looking so bluey-white and emaciated, it seemed impossible he could live many weeks. The poor woman brightened up at the Sister's approach, thanked her warmly for the blanket in which she was wrapped, and which relieved her pain in some degree, and for beef-tea and milk, the only food she could touch; then while I tried to comfort the little cripple with a scrapbook and the pudding from the Sister's basket, the poor invalid was gently moved into a more comfortable position, her pillows arranged as only a skilled nurse can arrange them, and a few words of hope and comfort spoken to help the sufferer to cast her heavy burden where alone she could gain strength to bear it.

Passing on we entered Hoxton Street. Such a busy scene! though not the busiest time of the day; the dinners had been bought, and women were carrying home fish, vegetables, 'pieces' (of coarse-looking butcher's meat), tripe, &c., in baskets and aprons, while the vendors who stand at stalls in the streets were beginning to pack up their wares, feathers, flowers, crockery, clothes, as well as food, to return in the evening with fresh energy, and make a very Babel of varied cries with all the added attractions of flaring gas. I was soon guided down a narrow court, so narrow that the passage was concealed by the gorgeous rugs hanging outside a pawnbroker's on one side, and strings of hats on the other. Again we mounted a dark and rickety staircase, much more dirty than before, this time to see a woman in the last stage of consumption, propped up by old clothes and grimy pillows in a bed covered with every variety of rags; so dilapidated was the house that the water dripped on the bed every time it rained. The husband, who had formerly earned good wages as a hand-loom fringe weaver, was thrown out of work by change of machinery and change of fashion, and the poor wife had come down from comfort and respectability to live with him and four children, and now to die, in one attic with little air or light, incessant noise of rude children, playing or fighting in the narrow court below, and worst still—which troubled her most of all—the constantly hearing the profane language of drunken neighbours. The Sisters had done what they could for her, and she spoke most gratefully of them, said she had all she needed, and looked as well as spoke entire content.

We went in and out through several more courts and streets, and saw many forms of sickness and suffering, and also various trades quite new to me; men were 'riveting' or 'finishing' boots and shoes, polishing chairs, carving sofas, &c.; women and girls were sewing seal-skin and other furs, making the uppers of boots by machine, or 'paste-fitting' them, that is, fastening the various parts together with stiff rye paste ready for the machinists. One woman was making pretty

chocolate boxes, with little drawers in them, at three shillings and tenpence for twelve dozen, and two cases to pack them in; another, in a very dirty room, was covering delicately-coloured silk buttons with a network made with a needle, for which she was to be paid *sixpence* a gross! In a small back kitchen a woman was trying to support an invalid husband by making artificial flowers, and a little girl of six was assisting her, daintily making daisies with her small hands, earning a few pence between school hours for a widowed mother suffering from rheumatism.

As we passed through a wider street, which, not being a thoroughfare is evidently a favourite playground, there was a whispered, 'Here's Sister!' and immediately she was surrounded, and her hand and habit seized by tiny fingers, while many voices half-shyly claimed her attention. 'Mary Ann is so happy, Sister, where you sent her, and she's coming to see us on Sunday.' 'Mother's had a letter from Kate; won't you come in and read it?' 'Baby's bad to-day, Sister.' 'Me's tomin' to 'ednesday Bible tass now, Sis'r.' It was not easy to answer all at once and move on without hurting their feelings; but 'Sister' evidently was looked on as a friend by all, and a word from her considered a privilege.

I must not linger over the experiences of my first morning in Shoreditch; since then I have seen and learned much more of the Sisters' work, the constant visiting of the sick; Bible classes for the children, who are divided into those under and over ten years of age; a children's guild, as an encouragement and help to the good ones; instructions for women; and on Sunday for girls who are at work all the week, endeavouring, as far as it lies in their province, to assist the spiritual work of the clergy, directly, by teaching as well as indirectly, by relieving them of the burden of attending to the temporal wants of the people, for all the relief passes through their hands.

The second morning visit to S. Columba's about which I want to write, and which is the cause of my writing at all, took place at the end of last September. As usual the Sisters were in their parish room, and, knowing that it was not yet the time of year to begin regular relief for any but the sick, I was surprised to find some of my old friends bringing in bundles of needlework. I soon learned that trade had been worse during the summer than any one could remember, and apparently no prospect of improvement. Skilled artizans who had scarcely known what it was to be out of work before, were beginning to want bread for their children. The Sisters said it was the same tale of distress in one house after another; men discharged from large city warehouses because 'there is no work doing,' little or no sale of stock, apparently no export trade; and, once discharged, it is impossible to get other situations. A most respectable-looking woman, whose husband had been employed at Wilcox and Gibbs's, and discharged simply because there was nothing for him to do, told us that he had walked

over twenty miles the day before seeking employment, and had met with the unvarying answer, 'We have more hands than we can find work for.' A widow who had been able to support three children by working button-holes in boots ever since her husband's death, had only earned two shillings that week, and three shillings was the largest sum paid to her for some time past. Fortunately her eldest son is now able to earn 5s. 6d., a week, but this will not pay 3s. 6d. a week rent, and supply food and clothing for four persons. For the first time since her widowhood her youngest boy had cried for bread, and she had none to give him, so went to the relieving-officer and got a loaf, but no promise of regular relief from the parish; she 'might come into the workhouse if she liked;' this would mean separation from her children, and leaving her eldest boy, only thirteen, and delicate, alone among the temptations and trials of London working life.

We went to see a great favourite of mine, formerly an engineer on board a large steamer, but so injured by an accident as to be unable to follow his own trade. He has for some years supported his family by riveting children's boots, and has always had enough to do in the summer to put by for 'slack time' in the winter; this year he has barely earned enough to buy bread and pay the rent. Last week he had only three dozen of boots to do, representing barely 7s. 6d.; his rent for a small two-roomed cottage is raised to six shillings a week, and how is his family, a wife and four children, to be supported? The small tradespeople who usually employ a charwoman to clear up once a week, are doing the work themselves, unable to afford the expense of labour, and so a great source of employment to the poorest is closed. A woman who had supported a paralysed husband in that way and kept a tidy home for him, is unable to earn now; and of four sons, who had each allowed the old people one shilling a week, three are also thrown out of employment by the failure of their master. Hence, after forty-five years of married life, thirty-five of which have been spent in their present cottage, there seems little hope of anything left for a most devoted, industrious, and religious couple, but separation in the workhouse.

These are but a few cases out of many similar ones. If the Sisters had the funds to do so, they are ready to begin giving out a larger quantity of needlework at once; but, owing to the poverty of the people, there has been less sale, and a larger stock than usual remains on hand. They long to re-commence dinners for pale, half-starved children, but only one little girl has yet written to say that she has a few shillings in her collecting-box.

The offertory for so poor a congregation as S. Columba's is small; help is sadly needed for the industrious who cannot get work; for the sick who have struggled bravely on until want of proper nourishment has laid them low; for the children, innocent sufferers in some instances

for parents' faults, in others, sharing all too soon the burden of their parents' misfortunes. In each case the numbers requiring assistance are more than doubled since my first visit, and the distress the Sisters showed at witnessing such suffering, without adequate means to relieve it, must plead my excuse to them for making their work in any degree public. Nothing comes amiss to them for their poor; they mend and alter the oldest clothes, are grateful for odds and ends for patchwork quilts or old blankets to line them, old linen, old curtains or blinds, pieces of carpet however faded; old boots and shoes are much valued; even old letters, rags, and clothing unsuitable for giving away, can find a ready sale in Hoxton or Shoreditch.

Any letters or parcels should be addressed to the Sisters at S. Columba's Vicarage, Kingsland Road, E., as the parish room is only open at certain hours; but any one who is sufficiently interested in the work to care to verify what has been said, or, still better, to offer personal sympathy and help, will find a Sister there any morning from 10.30 to 11.30 A.M., only too glad to tell anything about the poor and their many needs to those who may be able to help them.

MONT S. MICHEL, AU PÉRIL DE LA MER; PALACE, MONASTERY, AND PRISON.

(THE CHATEAU AND ABBEY.)

BY A. F. T.

CHAPTER IV.

CONCLUSION.

Yes, we had arrived at the very summit of the abbey, where, in old times, the great gilded image of the Archangel turned with the wind, and flashed its glittering sword in the sun. At this time there was nothing on the small platform but a flag-staff, the old semaphore having been removed when the electric telegraph came in. But what a view! Happily the air was wonderfully clear, and the eye ranged over the great triangular bay, of which the far-away sea formed the base, taking in, here, the lone island of Tombelaine—there, the distant heights of Avranches. On the one hand, Mount Dol, clearly once an island; on the other, the dark headland of Carolles; again the broken and indented Norman coast, fringed to the water's edge with wood and verdure; and, on the opposite side of the bay, the bold cliffs of Cancale, in Brittany, marked by a fleet of fishing-boats, whose sails gleamed white in the sun.

I stood enchanted, marking each spot as the rays of the sun fell on it, or a cloud overshadowed it; but little was I prepared for the sudden change which came over the face of the landscape! In a

moment—literally, in the twinkling of an eye—while I gazed, a light, white, fleecy vapour seemed to roll down from the environing heights, and gradually, but very swiftly, obscured the whole scene. In a few minutes one beheld nothing below one but a shifting mass of vapour, which hid even the abbey and château from our sight.

‘Ah!’ said Martin, ‘*le brouillard*!’ It won’t last long. I will tell you what a trick it served a *detenu*. I was up here, just where you are standing, with a party of visitors, when the sea fog came up exactly as you have seen it to-day, only five times thicker—so thick that we could scarcely see our hands, to say nothing of each other. I told my people that it would be safer for them to stop where they were for a time, as the descent might be awkward, and so we kept our places. I must tell you that, just three days before, two of our *detenus* had slipped away, in just such a fog, from the quarry where they had been working. One was caught next morning by the *gendarmes*, but the other seemed to have got clear off. I was leaning over the very rail where you are standing, thinking of this fellow, when lo! in a moment, the fog lifted a little, and I saw a man in a blue blouse walking *past* the château, towards Genêts. I thought it odd, but the longer I looked at the man the more I was sure that I knew his walk, for he had a peculiar slouching way of getting along, just as you see a rustic does who is accustomed to walk over ploughed land. The longer I looked, the more certain I became that it *was* he—the run-away *detenu*, I mean. I took my resolution in a moment. Without a word to my party, who must have thought I was mad, I dashed down the tower at the risk of breaking my neck, right away to the Gros Piliers, and then to the entrance where the sentinel would hardly let me pass. I took hold of him by the collar, and hurled him away ten paces, and was down the grand stairs before he had picked himself up. I thought he would have fired on me, but I didn’t stop for that, but rushed into the town at top speed, where luckily I ran full tilt against big Pierre, the guide whom you know of who was leading a horse he was about to put into a carriage. I tore the halter away from Pierre, jumped on the horse just as he was, and with the traces and harness all clattering about us, down we went on to the sands. Happily the fog was clearing every moment, and the tide was out. “Old Slouch,” as I shall call him, turned his head, and saw me coming after him; he set off to run. I knew that if he got to Tombelaine before me that it was all over with me, for the sands there are very quick, and certain death to a man on horseback. What a race it was! The poor horse, frightened to death, galloped like mad. Slouch ran, literally, for life or death, and I thought he would have beaten me, when, all of a sudden, *he* disappeared, and the horse stopping dead short, shot *me* over its head. When I got up, I saw a head and shoulders just out of the sand. Five minutes more, and Slouch would have been swallowed up in the “lise,” as they call the quicksands here. The horse stood

stock still, foaming and trembling all over, so that I easily got to it, and leading it gently on, I got within some ten feet of Slouch. He was all but gone. I took the reins, undid them in a twinkling, and threw them to him. Slouch got hold of them, and then I knotted them to the horse's crupper, and turning his head homewards, he wanted no persuasion, but drew Slouch out of the "lise," and along the sand at such a rate that the poor wretch was near blinded by the sand in his eyes. At last, however, Slouch let go, and I ran up and collared him; the horse tore off to his stable, nearly killing Pierre, who tried to stop him. I never laughed so much in my life. However, I had got my prisoner, and saved his life into the bargain, and for that half-hour's work—it didn't take more—I got my promotion, and so did poor Slouch, only in a different way. He never got over the fright, and became so nervous and miserable that, at last, they sent him to the mad-house at Pontorson, where, I believe, he ended his days, never daring to take a step along the garden-path without sounding it first with a long stick they gave him. "Is it safe?" he used to say. "Does it move?" It was pitiable.'

'Have there been many escapes?' asked I.

'Many have tried to escape, and some have succeeded,' was the answer. 'When we have got down again, and seen the Salle des Chevaliers and Montgomeries, I'll tell you all about a very curious escape. Are you ready?'

We made our descent cautiously, for though the mist was rolling away, everything around us was still very obscure, uncertain, and, as it were, blotted out of sight.

When we arrived, as I judged, about half-way down the winding stair, Martin suddenly opened a door, and said—

'Walk round a little way, and you will see *them*.'

As I stepped out of the gloomy staircase, half filled with fog, into the bright light of the now returning sun, my eyes were quite dazzled, and, at first, I did not see clearly where we were.

'A little further,' urged Martin, and then I perceived that we were in the clerestory of the Church.

Directly below us were the Altar and choir—but, farther on, all down the nave, sat row after row of white-clothed *détenus*, each with a bowl of soup and a hunch of bread before him. White-capped cooks came hastening in and out of the kitchen, and warders strode up and down on the flanks of this half-starved army of convicts, who, had they but known their strength, and the power of union, might have risen from their miserable repast, and massacred every soul about them.

'We shall have plenty of time to see the Salle des Chevaliers while *they* are eating,' said Martin, 'for they take them from dinner in gangs to walk on the *plateforme* before the Church.'

What a scene! Poor Martin, with all his quasi-religion, seemed to

think little of this profanation of the Abbey Church by a host of abandoned criminals; still less of the terrible fact that here—full in view of God's Altar, before which or above which hung the pyx wherein was what these wretched men, if they retained any relics of their old faith, must have deemed the very body of their Lord and Saviour under the form of a wafer—material bread was being grudgingly doled out to those who utterly ignored or recked nothing of the 'bread which came down from Heaven.' As I gazed on this sad and strange spectacle, I could not help remembering the feeding of the multitude in the wilderness—where, as these men, they sat down 'by ranks'—trusting that there were some, if not many, penitent hearts among the number, and hoping, as I leaned over the bartizan, all unseen by them, that their bread, for His sake in Whose more immediate presence they might deem themselves to be, would be the 'bread of life' to them; but Martin gave me scant time for rêverie.

"Come," said he, 'let us descend;' and down the winding stair again we went, to emerge into the lower church, Les Gros Piliers.

Here, of course, the assassin-tinker, with the rats, was no longer; so, as I passed through this wonderful crypt, I took a longer and a closer look at the substructure, and then, following Martin up and down many steps, came into that most majestic, yet beautiful, Salle des Chevaliers.

Imagine a hall eighty feet long by sixty broad, the stone roof of which is supported by three rows of cylindrical pillars, from the capitals whereof spring grandly worked diagonal ribs, with carved bosses at their intersection. These pillars rest on octagonal bases, while their capitals are circular, the foliage surrounding them being of the stiff early pointed type—the oak, the acanthus, the trefoil, all worked in granite. The hall is lighted by twelve windows of varying shapes, which surmount twenty other smaller windows of admirable form and proportion.

Two enormous chimneys, with stone hoods, engaged to the side walls and roof with the boldest, yet most successful art, give a special character to the hall. These chimneys, in lieu of being an awkward eyesore where so much is so beautiful, positively enhance the grandeur of the hall, by breaking up what would otherwise prove monotonous in the long line of windows. Within each of them twenty men could stand easily in line, and when in use they must have held, literally, cart-loads of wood.

Down this vast hall, now, for the moment, silent and echoing, Martin and I slowly paced. The brown looms that well-nigh filled it were idle, and the well-worn benches in front of them bore tokens of use by many a generation of *détenus*. There was something sad and depressing in the thought that here, in the very centre of chivalry, the hall of knightly revel was degraded to become the place for weaving sacks and rugs by the lowest and most abandoned of men—as the

good knights would have held and said, '*véritable canaille!*' It was a sermon in stone on the old, old thought of Hamlet: 'To what base uses may we not return?'

Still, truth to tell, oddly enough, knightly chapters, rites, and revels, only intervened here between two kinds of labour—the one free, the other forced; for the Salle was never built for, or in any way intended for, the Chevaliers of Mont S. Michel, any more than for the Chevaliers d'Industrie who occupied it when we were there. Those who know anything of the great order of the Benedictine monks, know that their days were occupied in no vain labour. '*Qui laborat, orat*' was their motto, and this vast hall proves that they carried out the precept in spirit and in fact, for there is little doubt that this room was really the Scriptorium of the abbey, wherein MSS. in every tongue were compiled, copied, and illuminated, the originals being carefully laid up in the chartulary, which is found in one corner of the hall at a higher level than the rest of the building, and is now used as a kind of museum for relics of all kinds connected with the Abbey; but in 1469, when Louis XI. created the order of the Knights of Mont S. Michel, MSS. had ceased to be copied to any great extent, and so this great hall was used by him for the chapter of the order, but only for a very short time, because the access to the mount being found very inconvenient, the king founded, in 1476, a chapel in honour of S. Michel in his palace at Paris for the use of the order of the Knights of S. Michel, two chapters only of the order having been held at the mount.

As we retraced our steps, Martin pointed to a door in an angle of the hall. 'Come!' said he, 'let us now visit the Montgomeries, and there I will tell you, at leisure, for I am detailed off for you to-day, the story of the strange escape I mentioned to you. As to the Montgomeries, some say they were the knights' stables; others that they were only cellars; now they are dormitories.'

We descended a little way, and I was ushered into one of the most sternly grand rooms I ever saw, exactly of the same size as the Salle des Chevaliers, but completely devoid of anything to attract the eye or soften the idea of the simplest and most direct utility. *Here* were no carved capitals, no interlacing ribs of stone, no pendant bosses—nothing but hard, plain vaulting, resting on massy square piers; a fit abode for the miserable beings who were congregated therein, and for the awful scenes that had taken place there during the sad war of the Ligue, when the Huguenots did their best to get possession of the abbey.

At the risk of being tedious, I here transcribe the narrative of an eye witness to the hideous massacre which took place in this stern room.

I must premise that at the fifth window, towards the west, were anciently established what were called '*les poulins*,' or 'pulleys,' consisting of a powerful rope eighty *brasses* long (480 feet), which was wound round a huge 'drum,' or wheel, which served to haul up

supplies for the victualling and defence of the abbey; for under the pavement of this vast cellar are grottos, hewn out of the rock, where the good wine was stored after being laboriously hoisted up from below. It is just possible that a horse or two was kept here to help to turn the wheel. Hence the idea that the Knights of S. Michel stabled their steeds in this hall.

Close to the pulleys, a fortified staircase, the remains of which are still visible, descended to the Fontaine S. Aubert, and it was by this way that Montgomery, the Huguenot leader, attempted, in 1591, to penetrate, by treachery, into the abbey-fortress. I now give the story of his failure, abridged from the account of an eye-witness, written in quaint old French :—

‘The sinner goes almost always from bad to worse. This is so common that there is no need to bring forward any other proof than that which follows, which concerns a wicked and abominable criminal called Goupigny, who for his execrable deeds was condemned to death in the town of Caen, where he was a prisoner, but by I know not what new trick, found means to escape; and for greater safety withdrew to this château with M. de Beausuzay, who was then governor, thinking himself happy to find a refuge for his miserable life; but scarcely had he passed some months, when, forgetting the death he had avoided, he commenced to work the greatest wickedness, betraying the place which had just saved him from the gibbet; and to this end he plotted with M. de Sourdeval, a heretic, for a certain sum of money (200 crowns in gold, says Dom Huynes) to deliver over to him the place, appointing a day and hour to execute this horrible treason in the following manner. The said Goupigny was to draw up the said Sourdeval and his people, on the side of the great halls, by means of a large wheel and cordage which were ordinarily used to hoist up the more serious provisions of the monastery; but God did not permit the thing to go thus, for the traitor having received the money from the Sieur de Sourdeval, himself disclosed to M. de Beausuzay and all the garrison of the château, what was passing, with a view to curry favour; for thus do men without souls steer themselves, turning right and left.

‘However, the appointed day arrives. The Sieurs of Sourdeval and De Montgomery present themselves with more than 200 men at the hour fixed, on the feast of S. Michael, in the September of the year 1591, about eight o’clock in the evening, with the intent of putting everything to fire and sword. M. de Beausuzay had given orders on his side that the traitor Goupigny should be at the said wheel, whence he should cry to them that there was nothing to fear, and that they might mount as fast as they liked. You should have seen how the enemy hooked themselves on to the cord two or three at a time in emulation of one another, and how the fellow drew them up, giving them a great welcome—then suddenly leading them to the guard-house, where the governor had them stabbed.

'Meantime, the said Goupigny continued to draw up others, one after the other, to the number of seventy-eight, whom the soldiers of the château covered with sword cuts, heaping up the bodies one on the other (a terrible thing to tell) as they do the logs of wood and faggots in the wood-house, thinking to catch the Sieurs Sourdeval and Montgomery, and to put them too, with the others, in the highest place !

'But *they* began to be distrustful, seeing that not one of their own people spoke to them ; wherefore they demanded of the said Goupigny that he should cast to the bottom, on to the rocks, one of the monks, as a sign that their own people were masters of the place, and forthwith the governor caused one of the dead bodies to be clothed in the habit of a monk, which was cast down. Then the Sieur de Sourdeval cried cheerfully—

"Come, Montgomery, all is well ; see how the monks fly !" and suddenly they approached to mount, as did the others ; but the Count of Montgomery, wiser and more prudent, persuaded them not to mount until a certain Rablotière, one of their most trusty men, should have spoken to them.

'They (the garrison) made this man mount purposely, not intending to kill him ; and M. de Beausuzay promised him his life if he would cry to M. de Sourdeval, his master, that he might mount in safety, and that there was nothing to fear ; but he was so faithful to his master that he would do nothing thereof, but disguising his voice, made him comprehend the treason, which faithful act so penetrated the heart of the governor that he gave him his life ; and the Sieurs Sourdeval and Montgomery, with the men who remained to them, departed quicker than they came.'

The traitor Gaupigny did not long enjoy the fruit of his double treason ; he was killed at Tombelaine, and, as one eye-witness adds, 'went thence to give an account to the Sovran Judge of all his abominable misdeeds.'

In such a place, the scene of such awful and cold-blooded treachery, Martin began *his* story—we too sitting down leisurely on the miserable board-beds of the poor convicts.

'I must tell you,' said he, 'that it is almost always the political prisoners who show the most pluck and daring. The man whose escape I am going to relate was such a one—a regular barricade-maker ; Parisian to the back-bone.

'At the time of his escape, the chancel of the Abbey Church here was divided into workshops, where the prisoners occupied themselves with plaiting straw for hats and bonnets. Whether by the carelessness or, as is not improbable, the ill-will of a *detenu*, a fire broke out, which, from the nature of the heaped-up material, spread most rapidly. When the alarm was given, the political prisoners, much to their honour, placed themselves at the disposition of the authorities. Free, in the midst of fright and disorder, one saw them rushing wherever a

danger was to be met. When the fire was got under, they re-entered their cells without even having been asked to do so by the warders. This mishap, however, stood one of them—Colombat—in good stead, for he obtained an instrument which aided him much in recovering his liberty. This was a nail about eight inches long. Colombat, who was an artist by profession, occupied—together with two others, Lepage and Blondeau—a room separated from a dark closet by a partition, the said closet being bounded by the exterior wall of the château. This closet, about three feet square, contained a tub for the use of the *détenus*. Colombat having managed to take up and cut away the planks on which the tub stood, found beneath a soil consisting of a mass of pebbles. He reflected that if it was not difficult to remove these stones, still it was very difficult to get rid of them without provoking the attention of the *gardiens*.

‘After using many means to this end, and positively digging down to a depth of fourteen feet, he thought of piercing the partition wall in order to discover if it were not possible to deposit the rubbish in the room below his own, which he knew to be uninhabited.

‘After many days’ work, he got through the wall. There was, indeed, below, a void place, but whether it was a room or a precipice he could not, in the darkness, make out. He fetched a candle and a cord, and descended into what might have been an abyss. It turned out to be one of those hideous *in pace*,* the existence of which in the château was always suspected, but never, up to this moment, proved. The bones which covered the soil revealed to him only too eloquently, its fearful purpose. He had scant time to meditate on the miserable fate of the unhappy ones who had found their tomb in its icy and foul darkness, for the atmosphere was deadly—so much so, that the light of his candle grew pale and began to vacillate. Colombat had, however, obtained the end of his researches. He knew that he could throw down the rubbish *there* without fear of detection; and continuing his work with fresh courage, soon attained the rock on which the château is founded. He then so worked on the external wall as only to leave a crust of a few inches thick which he could pierce in a few minutes.

‘This done, he carefully replaced, every day, the planks and the tub, and patiently awaited the day of escape.

‘A night in June appeared propitious. The tide fitted, there was no moon, and the sky was cloudy and rainy; the wind, which had been feeble all day, began to blow a kind of hurricane. Colombat made up his mind; he vainly attempted to persuade Blondeau to accompany him. Lepage was asleep.

* *In pace*, short for *abi in pace*, the sentence which condemned to a miserable death the poor wretches who fell under the power of the ecclesiastical tribunals. They, the condemned, went to their *place* truly ‘in peace,’ but not so their judges—
‘There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.’

'Bidding Blondeau farewell, Colombat descended into his hole with a skein of cord about a hundred feet long. A quarter of an hour sufficed for piercing the wall. By means of the cord tied to a bar of wood across the opening Colombat descended to the *chemin de ronde*, or path around the château. But when he came to the end of his cord his feet did not touch the ground! The noise of people approaching proved to him that the patrol was coming. He waited a moment for the sentry's challenge to the guard, "Who goes there?" and then let himself drop. Most wonderfully, his fall was not heard; and as he lay along close to the foot of the rock, the officer on duty passed close to him without ever seeing him. Emboldened by this success, he managed to scramble over the outer wall, and then over those of several gardens. Here he found himself in a narrow street where lived the surgeon of the prison. Thence he gained the ramparts, and discovered a pulley which was attached to a timber projecting from the walls wherewith they used to hoist goods into the town. He fixed a portion of his cord to this pulley and slid down. The same difficulty that he had had to encounter in getting out of the château menaced him here. At the end of his cord he was still separated from the ground by a distance which frightened him. It was a peril he could not avoid, so he faced it. His fall, on some gravel, was violent, but providentially he received no severe wound. He walked boldly across the sands in the full confidence of deserved success, and thus, in spite of the quicksands he had to pass or avoid—in spite of the growling voice of the sea, whose boiling sheet of foam was spreading with fearful speed over the waste of sand—Colombat flew towards the Breton coast, where he found a refuge. A few weeks afterwards he landed in Jersey.'

Such was Martin's last story. 'And now,' said he, 'I hope you think I've done my best to show you everything worth seeing, and told you much worth hearing!'

'Certainly,' said I, putting my hand in my pocket for his well-deserved *pour-boire*.

'No, no,' said Martin, 'none of *that*; put it in the *tronc* for the warders, at the door; we all share alike:' and so saying, he rose and led the way to the entrance.

I was as loath to part with Martin, as clearly he was with me; for after I had deposited my offering he still lingered.

'They do say,' whispered he, 'that the mount is to be a prison no longer, and that we shall all be removed. I shall never leave it;' and he looked curiously at me.

'Courage!' said I, 'Martin!'

The man shook my hand warmly, and turned away without a word. Months after the prisoners were removed, but poor Martin was found hanging in the Chapel of Saint Etienne.

Here I come to the end of these reminiscences of a wonderful place, too little known, and far less studied, by the mass of tourists and

travellers. I have endeavoured, as far as in me lies, to touch as lightly as possible on the archæology of the mount, and to confine myself to human interests. I hope not wholly without result. Some day I may put forth a sequel as to many spots on the coasts of Normandy and Brittany, curiously concerned with certain phases of our English History.

SHAKSPERE TALKS WITH UNCRITICAL PEOPLE.

VIII.—HENRY THE SIXTH, SECOND AND THIRD PARTS.

(Published 1623, supposed date, 1592-4.)

IN our former consideration of the Second Part of Henry VI., we noticed that it was principally concerned with two subjects, viz., the death of the Duke of Gloucester, including the causes and consequences of that event, and the outbreak of the Yorkist rebellion, preceded by that of Cade. According to this division, the first scene of the fourth act should have been considered with the earlier section, if space had permitted, as it shows the punishment for Gloucester's death coming on the murderer Suffolk. It is one of the very Marlowesque passages, marked by strange exaggerations, of which the opening lines afford a good example. Could we fancy one of Shakspeare's sea-captains talking about 'the gaudy, blabbing and remorseful day' &c. ? Then Suffolk's intolerable conceit and ranting quite destroys any admiration we might feel for his courage in facing death ; for when a man has the impudence to put himself into the same category as Tully, Julius Cæsar and Pompey, we can only feel obliged to Walter Whitmore or anybody else, for putting him out of the way.

Now we come to the second subject, Jack Cade's disturbance, the prelude to the greater rebellion which is soon to convulse all England. It is a curious fact that though this part of the play so much resembles some of Shakspeare's own comedy writing, these scenes are less altered from the *Contention* than any others, so that there is some ground for the idea that he may perhaps have had some hand in the original writing of these passages, and consequently did not alter them afterwards. Be that as it may, Jack Cade stands out before us distinct and clear, unlike most of the other characters. He is a true type of certain popular agitators ; a reckless and perfectly unscrupulous man, possessing unbounded self-confidence and audacity, a system of political economy of a charming simplicity, a glib tongue, and infinite courage to back up the whole. The dramatists have drawn freely on their imaginations in expanding this man's character from the hints of the chroniclers who narrate his actions ; but probably the picture does no injustice to the wild leader of the Commons of Kent. Think what a state of disorder and confusion the whole nation was in, repressed discontent working throughout—just the condition of things to bring a Cade to the front. In spite of his extravagant pretensions and ridiculous projects, we can fancy that

he might seem a true deliverer to many who groaned in ignorance, oppression, and misery. Such an enterprising leader is almost sure to succeed at first when opposed only by a feeble king and his half-hearted nobles, though ultimate failure is equally probable from the nature of his following. Whoever first imagined Cade and his company, must have been well acquainted with the ways of ignorant mobs, able to judge them fairly, and to make fun of them without unkindness. Shakspeare certainly had this power; he is always good-humouredly laughing at the mass of the people, at their fickleness and prejudice; but he keeps his terrible scorn for the better informed leaders who *mis-lead* and abuse their influence over their followers. On this occasion Cade and his men are far more real and interesting than any of the intriguing, plotting courtiers; here at least, if we do not always get truth, we get plain speaking. There is no sort of ambiguity in this sturdy reformer's programme, he promises nothing but palpable advantages; no fine-spun theories go down with him; hence his success with the people.

His proposed measures for the regeneration of England are irresistibly comic in their unreason, and yet are there not a good many, even in our enlightened age, who nourish a secret conviction that if the Queen or Parliament 'did something' the three-hooped pot might have ten hoops, and seven halfpenny loaves be sold for a penny? This ludicrous side of prejudiced ignorance was never better displayed than in this Cade, with his political economy, and his horror of lawyers, parchments, and 'people who commonly talk of nouns and verbs.'

Another curious point in Cade's story is the effect which his monstrous pretensions to royal descent, and so forth, have in the minds of his followers, who seem to believe and disbelieve in them at the same time, half-jeering at them, (as in Dick and Smith's comical asides to Cade's speech (Act iv. sc. 2).) and yet swayed by them to some extent. That this is true to the ways of such a crowd will readily be admitted by those who remember (to take a very modern example) the great excitement of our lower classes at the time of the Tichborne trial, when just the same feeling showed itself, and the Claimant was spoken of as 'not to be done out of his rights, if he was a poor man's son.'

The poor Clerk of Chatham suffers from coming into collision with this demagogue; poor honest Clerk with his modest pride in being able to write his own name. It is easy enough to fancy these Blackheath scenes, they so vividly put before us the wild crowd and the stately nobles who come to parley with them. At first the noble lords do not at all realize the power of the rioters, and think to frighten them into submission, but between Henry's weakness and Cade's energy, the rebellion sweeps furiously forward to the very heart of London, scattering king, queen, and courtiers all before it. There is something chivalrous in old Lord Say's refusal to accompany the court to Killingworth, lest his unpopularity might put the king in danger. We feel it hard that this bit of loyalty costs the old man his life. The scene of his mock trial

before Cade (Act iv. sc. 7) is wonderfully life-like; as in a moving picture we see the rugged figures of the rioters, their leader full blown in his insolent pretension, and the aged lord in the midst of them, making a forcible appeal for his life, unable to refrain from his scholarly little allusions even before such an audience. Then, if we want scenery, what is more picturesque as a back-ground than the irregular mediæval houses of old London, lighted by the blaze of the rioters' destructive fires! There is the strangest mixture of wild humour and grim reality in the whole scene, as for instance in Jack Cade's charges against Lord Say—

'Thou has most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas before, our forefathers had no other books than the score and the tally, thou has caused *printing* to be used (this slight anachronism is not in the *Contention*), and, contrary to the king, his crown, and his dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill!' and all this jumbled up with the cession of Maine and Normandy to the French. Lord Say maintains his innocence so well that even Cade is moved, but nothing avails to save the old statesman's life, and his ghastly head is paraded through the streets.

Now, however, Cade's power is touching its limits, and the next scene (Act iv. sc. 8) illustrates one of Shakspeare's favourite subjects, the inconstancy of a crowd. Down comes Clifford to the rioters, knowing well how to play on their strong feeling of pride in Henry V. and his French conquests; and the cunning orator draws the men's hearts away with him. Cade's stormy appeal makes them waver again, but once more Clifford strikes the chord 'Henry V. and victory over the French,' and then Cade gives his followers up in despair. *He* is not going to give up, however; it is entirely characteristic of the man that he bursts through the 'very midst' of the cowardly ranks and disappears, to be finally slain by Iden in Kent, dying, as he has lived, equally brave and boastful. The storm he has raised has hardly calmed down when the real rebellion breaks out, and the Duke of York re-appears from Ireland with his army. Here the dramatists have taken licence to compress events and skip several years, so as to make the play wind up with York's victory at St. Albans. The duke throws off the last disguise in his indignation at being deceived about Somerset, his rival, and now we are plunged into the desperate struggle between the two Houses, which occupies the whole of the next Part. Some of the characters who are prominent in the next play are introduced in the end of this, as York's two sons Edward and Richard, and young Clifford; the latter apparently brought on here, that his vow of vengeance over his dead father may explain that personal hatred to the house of York which provokes him to the murder of little Rutland in the next Part. A great liberty has been taken with the facts by the representation of Richard of York as saving old Salisbury's life at St. Albans, as he was really only a child at the time. In the play he is persistently made a man, while Rutland, really older than both Richard

and George, is kept as a child to heighten the pathos of his violent death.

After the vivid Cade scenes, the conclusion of this Part seems hazy and confused; through the last scenes, we know that a battle is going on certainly, but the characters just pop in and out, in pairs, and either kill each other or get killed, till we gather that York is getting the best of it, and at length he enters to announce his victory. We might wonder that advantage was not taken of the incidents of this battle, so quaintly told by Hollinshed, when the insurgents try to make peace with the king before the battle by writing to explain to him the justice of their demands, and their extreme regret at being forced to take up arms against their Sovereign, and then proceed in a strain of exasperating piety to pray that the blessed St. Alban may give the king wisdom to change his mind and grant their requests. Upon which, Henry, apparently objecting to be prayed at, and losing sight of logic in his wrath, writes back that he means 'to slay them, every mother's son, and hang, draw, and quarter the remainder!' After this remarkable declaration, the Yorkists think farther argument useless, and take to fighting instead. Again, a picturesque scene might have been taken from the description in the chronicle of the gradual disappearance of Henry's attendants, till he is left alone, and has to take refuge 'in a meane man's house,' to shelter himself from the arrows 'which flewe aboute him as thicke as snowe.' To this poor retreat comes the victorious York in search of the king, whom he certainly treats admirably, and they go to London together in the most friendly manner possible. Somehow or other, York lets the fruits of his victory escape him this time, and between the events of the end of the Second Part and those of the opening of the Third, about four years really elapsed, filled with intrigues, hollow truces, and promises broken as soon as made.

As we come to look into this Third Part, we have to compare it with the *True Tragedy* which it so closely resembles. It has been much less altered and recast than the Second, greatly to its disadvantage, as the people are even more confused and faintly defined. Then it has no character to be compared either in force or interest with the Gloucester or Cade in the Second Part, which might redeem the general indistinctness. All the attraction is to lie in the mere story, not in the persons represented. It covers a period of some sixteen years, taking us through the history in a series of kangaroo-like bounds, pausing on special points here and there, and ignoring the rest.

The first act is but slightly altered from the *True Tragedy*, though some lines are added and others revised and touched up. The first scene in it is made very unreal by the representation of Henry as at liberty and coming into the Parliament, not expecting to find his enemies there, as if that was likely! And then the fierce wrangle which ensues is a libel on the sense of decorum in these princes and nobles. They might fight and cut each other's throats, but we cannot believe that they would

a cake ! Why didn't Shakspeare revise for us the traditional scene—York coming up to the vacant throne, and watching the faces round for a sign to invite him to take his place on it, then the Archbishop of Canterbury advancing to him with courteous greeting to ask if he would not visit the king, then a prisoner in the palace? and getting the proud answer that York owned no king in that place. How grandly Shakspeare might have reproduced York's great oration to the Parliament, setting forth his rights, after which the whole assembly sat astonished and bewildered, 'as if their mouths were sewn up.' It was only after long deliberation that they decided on the compromise which left Henry the sovereignty for his life. But the scene in the play is very violent and forced, just a mere unseemly wrangle, only ended by Henry's proposal to disinherit his son. This always seems out of keeping with his character; he is weak enough to yield to such a plan, when forced by his enemies, but we should not expect him to propose it, or to grasp at the power which he found so burdensome.

Then Margaret bursts upon the scene in a whirlwind of rage and indignation. She has undergone a transformation since we saw her in the Second Part; her passionate nature is thoroughly aroused; a fiery energy drives her on, and all her desires are concentrated on one object—the welfare of her son. Throughout this play she appears as devoid of all softness and tenderness except as regards him; it seems as if the Suffolk catastrophe has crushed the rest of her womanliness out of her, leaving her a tigress woman, loving even her offspring in a fierce and stormy fashion, and caring nothing for any other creature. She utterly disregards Henry's bargain with his enemies, and from henceforward she is the real leader of the Lancastrian party, supported by Clifford against York and his son, backed by Warwick, while Henry is the helpless instrument of either party whenever it can get hold of him. As we watch the struggle between the rivals, we feel quite oppressed with the poverty of all the characters, their grasping selfishness, the small personal motives of the whole crew. Personal ambition, personal revenge, is all; not a single high principle appears anywhere, nor a thought for the desolation of the country, except in poor Henry, who is powerless to help or mend matters. It may be a true indication of what was the state of things at that period, but it is an ignoble picture of an ignoble time.

The play brings together various scenes in the shifting fortunes of the two parties, and the principal incidents gather round a few main points—the two battles of Wakefield and Towton, King Edward's marriage and subsequent fall from power, and his final triumph at the battle of Barnet.

Margaret's turn of victory comes first, and the scenes which describe it (Act i. sc. 3 and 4) are very little changed from the *True Tragedy*. They have a sort of horrible force about them, in spite of being very unnatural; for no boy would have talked like poor little Rutland, and no man with death staring him in the face would have harangued like York;

rough audience. Everything here is in extreme—no subtleties of feeling to confuse one's sympathies—all in strong lights and deep shadows. First Rutland's pathetic helplessness intensifies the sense of Clifford's avenging fury, as he flings away from the little corpse with the wild call, 'Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!' Then York, all alone, defeated and ruined, cheering himself with the recollection of the gallant deeds of his sons in that day's battle. (By the way, does not Nelson's famous 'Westminster Abbey or victory!' sound like the re-echo of Richard's rallying shout at Wakefield—'A crown, or else a glorious tomb!') This proud remembrance is York's last gleam of comfort, for now Margaret and her followers burst upon the scene, wild with victory and triumph, and burning for vengeance on the defeated duke. If Margaret's personal enemy had written the succeeding passages he could hardly have made her appear more repulsive than in this hideous scene. She is no longer a woman—she is a fiend as she stands gloating over her victim, piling up insults and tortures till even hard-hearted Northumberland melts to pity. The furies of the French Revolution—*les lécheuses de la guillotine*—are the only creatures with whom we can compare this figure of Margaret at Wakefield; she, a mother, actually rejoicing in adding another pang to York's misery by the knowledge of his little son's death! Bah! it is too horrible altogether. With all her faults, Margaret was a woman, and it is satisfactory to know that she was not really present at York's execution. He is not drawn in these plays as anything heroic up to this time, but he suffers so terribly, and is so unconquerably defiant even in his extremity, that we can forgive him for a good deal. There is something in this picture of the man, alone and powerless among his deadly enemies, broken-hearted for his boy's cruel death, yet still flinging back his scornful, biting words on the ignoble victors, which makes us feel the heroic element in him after all. His speech is unnatural and stiff, maybe, but the feeling is fine which is trying to get expressed. Why, even Margaret might have shrunk and cowered at the solemn denunciation which forms the climax of York's speech. Then, as the daggers clash in his side, how touching is his dying prayer—

'Open Thy gate of mercy, gracious God;
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee.'

Through all this series of historical plays runs the one idea of 'wrong avenged by wrong,' crime bringing crime, often innocent and guilty suffering together, till at last scarcely one of the contending families remains, so sweeping is the destruction. York being thus disposed of, his sons come more into notice; we have them hearing the news of their father's death, taking up his cause, bearding Henry and Margaret at York, and altogether doing a good deal; but still their characters remain curiously undefined. Richard now and then indicates the intense determination which marks him later on; indeed we are inclined to like him at this stage, with his wild courage and passionate feeling for his father, yet even he prosed terribly at times, and gets shadowy.

Then the classical allusions are so aggravating in this play, making everything sound affected ; and we feel disposed to wish that Marlowe (assuming that he wrote the *True Tragedy*) had never heard of the classics, if he could not keep himself from making these blunt Englishmen talk about Helen and Agamemnon ('the sisters three and such other branches of learning,' as Launcelot Gobbo says) and Phaëthon and Olympian games, and so on, at all sorts of unlikely times—as the very crisis of a battle, or when the speaker is actually dying.

The next point of interest is the Yorkist victory of Towton (Act ii. sc. 5), which changes all the fortune of the war, and, which is perhaps more interesting to us, gives Shakspeare a chance to introduce King Henry's well-known soliloquy on the shepherd's life, as he waits for news from the field. Here almost all the speech is new, and unless we deny Shakspeare any hand in the play at all, we must surely recognise his work here, painting the scenery he loved so well. After the savagery of the foregoing scenes, is it not a welcome change to follow the poor King's gentle musings and pastoral dreams, though they are tinged with the deep sadness of his mind ? This release from the misery of the time is only momentary, however. This battle of Towton was distinguished for the unusual vindictiveness shown on both sides, even when near relations encountered each other ; so there is some foundation for the painful incidents which break upon Henry's meditations. The dialogue is considerably changed from the corresponding scene in the *True Tragedy*, and although three men alternately soliloquising must always seem slightly absurd, there is real pathos in Henry's broken-hearted cry—

'Oh that my life would stay these ruthless deeds :
Oh pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity.'

Another scene which is greatly altered is that (Act iii. sc. 2) in which Henry comes back disguised to England and is taken by the two keepers in the forest. Certainly the talk of the matter-of-fact keepers, and Henry's mournful reflections, have a Shaksperian ring about them ; in the lines beginning 'From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,' we catch a sort of echo of one of Richard II.'s passionate outbursts (*Richard II.* Act iv. sc. 1).—'Now mark me, how I will undo myself.' The same train of ideas follows, only varied according to the characters of the two men, for Henry's prevailing sadness is utterly different from Richard's wild gusts of anger and despair. This strange return of Henry to England, when he had no chance of doing anything for his cause there, was thought so unaccountable at the time that it was set down to one of his fits of insanity ; but Shakspeare assigns the more poetic motive of pure love for England, a craving of home-sickness in short, to which it is easy to fancy a man like Henry might be subject.

Now we reach an incident which does not seem to signify very much when it first occurs, but which is all the same, one of the turning points of the story—the love scene (Act iii. sc. 2) between the new-made King Edward and the widowed Lady Grey. We must notice the peculiarity of the dialogue, the sharp little sentences answering each other, pro-

ducing a curious effect, as if the speakers were fencing—a form of conversation which Shakspeare introduced freely into *Richard III.*, but which requires to be read out aloud to be fully effective. After all the fighting and tumult this scene makes a pretty picture, if we fancy the handsome young king, still but a boy in years, cajoling and courting the beautiful widow, whose golden hair streams from under her hood, as the chronicles describe her, while in the background stand the royal brothers, bitterly sneering at Edward's sudden caprice.

From this point Richard's character begins to assume more distinctness, and we begin to see what he is going to be. Shakspeare so completely adopted the idea of him as shown in the *True Tragedy*, when he was writing *Richard III.*, that the Gloucester of the one play is developed into the Gloucester and King Richard of the other, without any discrepancy between them. As yet Richard is steadily supporting Edward, because it is not time to come forward on his own behalf; and such weak-minded vacillation as Clarence indulges in is quite out of his line of action. Edward soon needs his brother's help, as the marriage with Lady Grey raises all the storm again, mortally affronts the King of France, and sends Warwick, in his personal vexation, over to Margaret's side. How the dramatists do make us dislike that man, with his sudden changes and his carelessness of anything but his own ambition and craving for power! Clarence is even worse—altogether petty and fickle; nevertheless, he and Warwick carry success with them at first when they renew the war. In the *True Tragedy* the scene of Edward's capture is tame and awkward, but here (Act iv. sc. 3) Shakspeare has touched it up into an animated one, in which we hear the natural careless talk of the sentinels, and watch the swift and silent manœuvre by which the young king is taken prisoner. After this comes a series of scrappy little scenes, showing the Lancastrians in their last flash of good fortune, and, at the same time, Edward working with unconquered energy to regain what he has lost. One of these little scenes introduces young Richmond (Act iv. sc. 6), and so helps to link this play with *Richard III.*

We must confess to a liking for the following scene under the walls of York, for the grey old 'bar' makes such a picturesque setting for Edward's gallant figure as he rides up with his handful of men to claim his dukedom. And then the good, puzzled old mayor, in such a difficulty between the two claimants on his allegiance, and yet afraid to refuse his keys to this brilliant young warrior, we can quite realise him. Then there is something delightfully straightforward too in Montgomery's blunt, 'I came to serve a king, and not a duke,' which forces the said duke to take a decided course at once. Edward's utter coolness in breaking his oath not to claim the crown, is quite in keeping with his unscrupulous character, but it is comprehensible that people looked upon this perjury at York as the cause of his own early death and the ruin of his family. Unchecked by any such feelings, however, he makes his way on. Soon Henry is back in the Tower, and the fight of Barnet replaces Edward on the throne, with no one to oppose him, for Warwick is dead,

Clarence has promptly rejoined the winning side, and the deaths of Henry and his son Edward speedily follow, to secure the Yorkist succession. Both scenes of death are striking, though in different ways. In Prince Edward's case (Act v. sc. 5), we must admire the fearless boy standing up for his father's rights in the midst of his enemies, cool and undaunted, like a true Plantagenet, and grandson of Henry V. ; nothing redeems his death from being a cowardly murder. Here at last Margaret regains our sympathies ; we cannot remember her faults when we see the desolate woman breaking her heart over her murdered boy, and crying wildly in her agony—

'You have no children, butchers ; if you had
The thought of them would have stirred up remorse.'

We may compare this with Macduff's words on hearing of the death of his 'pretty ones' (*Macbeth*, Act iv. sc. 3).

The other death-scene (Act v. sc. 5) is quite in another strain, in as far as Henry's mournful resignation differs from his young son's defiant courage. Yet there is nothing craven about the old king ; his drooping figure rises into dignity as he meets his death, not flinging himself upon it in an outburst of passion like Richard II. in similar circumstances, but calmly facing it. Life has not been so sweet to Henry that he can wish it prolonged, or stoop to ask for mercy from the Gloucester he so thoroughly despises, so neither his own helplessness nor Gloucester's power keep him from speaking home truths to his assassin. In answer to Gloucester's brutal—

'Thy son I killed for his presumption.'

Henry makes the last assertion of the Lancastrian cause—

'Hadst thou been killed when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.'

And then pours out the terrible prophecy of all the harms to spring from Gloucester's life, till the murderer breaks in with—

'I'll hear no more ; die, prophet, in thy speech.'

And the gentle king expires with the characteristic prayer—

'Oh God, forgive my sins, and *pardon thee*.'

Very little Gloucester thinks of pardon now ! His soliloquy over the corpse shows us the outlines of that character which we are afterwards to know so well in *Richard III.*—a hard and heartless nature, soured by the accidents of ugliness and deformity, without links of affection to any human being. He is fiercely determined to wring some compensation out of his adverse circumstances ; he will have success and power to make up for love and beauty, cost him what they may. What is it to him who suffers, so that he succeeds ? He loves no one, as he fears no one, so there is nothing to hinder him in the struggle into which he is now plunging—pitting himself, solitary, deformed, and unlovely, against the world, confiding in his own matchless audacity and skill to win the fight in the end.

There is always a drawback to these soliloquies of villany ; they seem so unlike what a real man would say, even to himself ; as here we can hardly imagine the real Gloucester wasting time in discoursing to himself over Henry's body ; but something must be allowed for dramatic necessities. Any way, the monologue serves the purpose of exciting our interest in Gloucester's designs, and leading us on to the next play ; so much so, that the last scene, representing Edward's triumphant return to London, seems almost an interruption. Gloucester has become the most interesting personage, and we do not want to be called off from his history. This concluding scene is entirely taken from the *True Tragedy*, and is not remarkable in any way, except that the gathering together of the whole York family, now victorious and triumphant, makes a stately picture with which to close the stormy drama.

So we take leave of the *Henry VI.* series, with their extraordinary inequalities of merit, and all their puzzling questions of authorship, and style, and so forth. We do not pretend for a minute that they have the fascinations of a *real* Shakspeare play ; they are full of faults which even Shakspeare could not amend, but for all that they are worth studying and comparing with the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* (if that be practicable to the student), as nothing shows better what Shakspeare's models were, and how far he differed from the best of his contemporaries.

CONSTANCE O'BRIEN.

A NEPAULESE WEDDING.

KATMANDOO, NEPAUL, *July 8th, 1857.*

MY DEAR—,—Having had a very gay life for two days lately, I have a good deal to tell you, and if I delay it longer I may forget some of the details. This gaiety consisted in our seeing the public part of a native wedding. The marriage was on the 25th June ; the bridegroom was the King's eldest son, aged nine years, and the bride was Jung Bahadoor's eldest unmarried daughter, aged six years ! A native wedding always lasts two days, and throughout those two days a great deal of rejoicing and feasting takes place. On the first day the bridegroom goes to the house of his bride, where all the religious part of the ceremony takes place, and on the second day he returns to his home, taking with him his bride. She generally remains with him for a few days and then returns to her father's house until she is about thirteen or fourteen years old, when she rejoins her husband for good. In Nepaul, as well as in England, the marriage of the heir apparent to the throne is a rare and therefore a very grand event. We, of course, only saw the public part of the

- what we did see is more than any English ladies have ever been allowed to see before, and we enjoyed it immensely.

The Resident and his suite (Captain B—— and H——) had to go both days officially and to form part of the procession, but Mrs. B—— and I could not go officially, and should therefore not have seen anything of it had it not been for the kindness of Jung Bahadoor, who invited us to his house, from there to witness, on the first day, the arrival of the bridegroom, and on the second day the departure of both bride and bridegroom. From the fact of our accepting such an invitation, and we two ladies spending three or four hours at Jung's house, without any Englishman being within three miles of us, and at such a time as the present, shows how safe we feel ourselves up here, and what confidence we have in the Nepaulese Government. . . .

About five o'clock in the afternoon of June 25th, 1857, a very handsome English-built close carriage (with a large gilt sun on it by way of coat-of-arms), came to the Residency for Mrs. B—— and myself, another carriage for the three gentlemen, and three or four elephants for the office people, to take them all to the Durbar. Jung very politely sent a native officer who spoke English to accompany Mrs. B—— and me, and to act as interpreter. We drove off in grand style, with two or three outriders, straight to Thappatully, Jung's house, and on arriving there were met on the steps by Jung himself, who helped us out of the carriage, and giving each a hand, led us up stairs to a very large, handsome room, built after his return from England, and therefore quite English in its appearance; the whole of the furniture was beautiful, the carpet was a very handsome English one, and in the centre of the room stood an immense candelabrum that nearly reached to the ceiling; there were plenty of chiffoniers, with large mirrors behind them, and two superb grand pianos, one an Erard, the other a Broadwood. Jung led us up to the end of this room and seated us on a very nice sofa, seating himself by us and talking to us through his interpreter. After we had rested a few minutes Jung asked us to come into an adjoining room, where some fruit was prepared for us. This room, which is on a lower level than the larger one, we descended into by *carriage steps*, which is rather a shaky mode of communication. The whole table set out, was quite dazzling to look at; it was so completely covered with very handsome plate of all kinds—the Holy Communion Service plate (of course Jung does not know what it is), racing-cups, and all manner of beautiful vases mixed up together. There were about six little glass dishes containing different fruits spread for each of us, and Jung also brought us with his own hands, not permitting a servant to wait on us, a little silver tube of iced mangoes, with which he filled our cups several times. After we had finished he took us again to the same large room, and then asked us if we would allow him to introduce his wives to us, for as there was no gentleman with us he had no objection to their being seen. We were only too happy to make their acquaintance, and he went and brought out four of them (who

were evidently waiting). He led them up one by one and introduced them to each of us separately, making them shake hands with us and telling us what king's daughter each was. His favourite, who was also much the best looking, is the Coorg Rajah's daughter, whose sister has become a Christian and is living in England. He then told the Maharanee, or principal wife, to lead Mrs. B—— by the hand, and the Coorg one to lead me to the pianos. Mons. C——, who teaches them music, then made his appearance, and the two Ranees (queens) began to play some polkas and waltzes for us, sometimes both pianos at once, and sometimes separately. Jung placed us on chairs between his wives, so that while they were playing we had a good look at their dress. The skirts were a kind of brown net, so completely covered with gilt lace flowers that only a thread or two of net could be seen. The bodies were of tight-fitting velvet, of a dark red or purple colour, covered with gold lace, and thrown over them, in the native fashion, a kind of thin gauze veil, also covered with gilt sprays. Their head-dresses were most costly. Their hair was drawn tightly off their faces and hung down their backs in one long, thick plait. The Coorg Ranee wore a most lovely tiara of diamonds and emeralds in the form of a large bunch of flowers, very like those belonging to the Queen of Spain in the Exhibition of 1851, but much more splendid. They all wore necklaces and bracelets of most beautiful diamonds, emeralds, and pearls, as well as their rings, worn one on each finger *outside* a pair of white thread gloves, so when they played on the piano each took off ten superb rings and a pair of *washed white thread* gloves! Jung himself was very plainly dressed. . . .

After his ladies had played for us they had to depart, as the bride required their attendance. Jung then took us round the rooms and showed us all the pictures of himself, his wives, and brothers, and two likenesses of our Queen and Prince Albert, which were sent as a present to the Nepaulese King, but which Jung has managed to get for himself. In an adjoining room was a beautiful bed (the wooden part of it had been carved by a Nepaulese), covered with velvet, and on each side and overhead were immense mirrors, reaching from the top to the bottom. There was also a lovely little ivory wash-stand, with two solid silver ewers and basins, and in a kind of recess some of Jung's coats were hanging, which he showed us with pleasure. . . .

At last the procession began to arrive. It was past eight o'clock and quite dark. The first detachment consisted principally of men carrying something like tables with paper ornaments and lights, accompanied by a great noise of native music, and some dancers, who, we were told, were about to perform a tragedy and comedy, which consisted in their standing all in a row and sending their arms first to one side and then to the other in a most ridiculous and awkward manner. Then came the band, really playing very well, then a crowd of female attendants from the Durbar singing, and in the midst of them was carried a sacred symbol. Immediately behind them was the little bridegroom

in a beautiful gilt palanquin. Then came the elephants, the first with the King and his father * on it : the trappings of the elephant were beautiful, and he was an immense animal. Directly behind them came the elephants with the British Resident, Major R——, Captain B——, and H—— ; then a number of other elephants, with native officers, etc. When the elephants knelt for the British officers to dismount Jung gave the signal and the band played ' God Save the Queen.' Then he asked us if we would allow him to go down and receive the King, the bridegroom, and the English gentleman, whom he soon brought back to us, while the little bridegroom was carried off to the private apartments for the religious part of the ceremony. It was most amusing to see the three Englishmen dressed in native *Kingcob* caps with shawls wrapped round them, presents from the King, which, however, they are not allowed to keep. After some fireworks we returned home, passing on our way about 12,000 troops drawn up on the parade-ground, who fired a great deal, only stopping to let us pass. . . .

On the following day, the 26th of June, about 4.30 P.M., the same handsome English-built close carriage, and native officer to interpret, came for Mrs. B—— and me, and another for the three gentlemen.

On arriving at Thappattuly, Jung met us on the steps, and said in a most emphatic manner, ' How do you do ! ' that being nearly all the English he knows. He gave us each a hand and led us up stairs to the large room we were in the day before. Before long the three gentlemen arrived, and after talking with them for a short time, Jung asked us if we would like to go on an elephant with the procession, and he would accompany us. We were only too glad to do so, and while we were waiting for the elephant to be got ready for us, the band was playing very nicely on the balcony, and Jung introduced us to a number of different officers of rank, who were all dressed most richly, their tunics being of either dark blue or green velvet covered with gold lace, and in their caps and on their belts most beautiful ornaments of diamonds and emeralds, the size of bird's-eggs ! Jung, himself, was very plainly dressed, as he had no official or public part to perform, it not being ' etiquette ' for the father of the bride to take any part in the ceremony ; so he placed himself at *our* disposal for the whole time. His dress was a simple white tunic, and no ornament at all about him, with the exception of a very pretty light green velvet cap covered with gold lace, and round his neck a necklace of emeralds of the size of *pigeon's eggs* ; but tied with a nasty old bit of blue cord ! The mixtures of some of the officers' dresses were very queer, many of them wore *old white or black thread gloves*, and one of them had on *galoshes* with no shoes under them ; anything to be a little like the English ! Jung has beautiful little feet, and always wears very neat little high-heeled boots with elastic sides, and *ladies' size* ! He now took us down to the courtyard to mount the elephant waiting

* The King's father was old, and had abdicated in favour of his son.

for us there. He was a splendid animal, with very handsome trappings on him.

The procession was now ready to start, and as we did not form part of it, we went first of all. The palanquin, with the little bride in it, came first, surrounded by a crowd of female attendants, who were singing, and in the centre of whom was carried the sacred symbol. They were followed by the palanquin containing the bridegroom; and he again by his brother in another palanquin. Behind these came the elephants, the first with the king and his father on it, the next with Major R—— and a native officer, then one with Captain B—— and an officer, and another with H—— and a third native officer, and behind them several more. The *howdar* we were on was a kind of small platform with brass rails round it; we had to sit down with our legs straight out before us; Jung sat at the end by my feet, and the interpreter sat at Mrs. B——'s feet, and we sometimes headed the procession, sometimes went in and out of it, which enabled us to get a good view of it behind us. When we passed the parade ground on which were twelve thousand troops drawn up, they *all* gave us a military salute, and Jung ordered the band to play 'God Save the Queen' for us two ladies; very polite of him, was it not? He told us we might feel ourselves quite safe up here, as *he* would take care of us, in fact he considered *himself the life guard of the ladies*, so now Mrs. B—— always speaks of him as our 'life guard.' He talked a great deal to us, and was quite merry. At last the officer translated to us, in a very grave manner, that Jung said 'he was of opinion that England was famed for its beauty;' this was meant as a compliment to Mrs. B—— and me; next he said he thought 'the English were very clean,' and he went on to tell us of weddings he had seen in England, and all manner of other things, so that we enjoyed our trip on the elephant with him very much indeed.

When we arrived at the Durbar (the court where the king and bridegroom live), we dismounted, and Jung seated us in a kind of veranda, so that we might see the rest of the procession arrive. In the meantime he was most active in keeping off the crowd, pushing and hitting them with his own hands, and then taking a quiet smoke at his large gold pipe, that was carried after him. The prince, the king's brother, came and asked us after our health, through the officer who spoke English, while we were waiting for the procession to arrive. The crowd in the city and everywhere was tremendous, and the noise of the native music was something deafening; even Jung put his hands to his ears and laughed. After waiting some ten minutes or so, the procession came in sight. First of all the palanquins of the bride and bridegroom, who went into the house; then came the elephants, first the king's, then the three English gentlemen's; and when they dismounted, the band again played 'God Save the Queen.'

Jung then took us up one by one to the king and his father, and presented us to them. The king is completely under Jung's thumb, and

is a weak, imbecile-looking man, though still quite young. His father, the former king, looked quite *daft*, and was dressed in a long white petticoat, which gave him very much the appearance of an old nurse. Jung *made* them each shake hands with us, which they did not much like; at all events, it was the first time in their lives they had ever shaken hands with English ladies! We then had to hold out our pocket-handkerchiefs to the king, and he put a little ottar of rose on them, that always being part of the ceremony of introduction or departure. Jung then led Mrs. B—— and myself inside the Durbar, where were the palanquins of the bride and bridegroom. He took us first to the bride, and told her to shake hands with us; she was such a pretty little girl, only six years old, but magnificently dressed, and covered with diamonds and 'jewels of all kinds, but as a finish to this costly dress, she had on a little pair of *white thread gloves*, and wore a ring, either diamond or emerald, on each finger and thumb, *outside* the horrid old gloves! Then we went in to see the bridegroom; he was a nice-looking little boy of nine years, and put out his hand to us and smiled at us; he also was very handsomely dressed, and wore on his head a kind of mitre of diamonds.

We then returned to where the two kings and the three English gentlemen were standing, and were again led up to them to wish them good-bye. They again put some ottar of rose on our handkerchiefs, and gave us each a little bundle of leaves called a 'pawm,' rolled up and pinned with a thorn. This bundle contains a betel nut, and is considered to be very valuable by them; but the old king, who looked quite wild, put the nut for me at the extreme end of my handkerchief, and it rolled on to the floor; however, I took no notice, and was only very glad that it did fall off, for betel nuts are nasty things to carry, and dirty your gloves. We were then handed to our carriages by Jung, and returned home, amidst a great deal of firing, as on the preceding evening; this was about eight o'clock.

We are the first English ladies who have ever been allowed to witness a native wedding, shake hands with Jung's ladies, or be introduced to the king and his father; this last honour, which was by far the greatest, we liked the least, for they are such a couple of imbecile-looking men, and both under Jung's thumb. He (Jung) is now Prime Minister again; last year he vacated that office, and became a Maharajah or Great King of some little provinces, in favour of his brother, who, however, died the other day; so Jung again came into office, and leaves the poor weak king nothing but his title. I like Jung very much indeed; he is such a complete gentleman, and has no forced politeness about him, it is all quite natural. He does not know any English excepting a few sentences, such as, 'How do you do!' 'Come here!' 'Shake hands!' 'Sit down!' and I know no Hindostanee that I can speak to him, as superiors are addressed in quite a different way to inferiors, and my little knowledge is merely confined to giving a few orders to the servants at present.

Spider Subjects.

COLLECT SIX PASSAGES OF POETRY, EACH NOT MORE THAN FOURTEEN LINES
LONG AT THE OUTSIDE, IN PRAISE OF TRUTH.

Of the six passages on Truth, Arachne likes Karshish's selection best ; Anemone's is also very good ; Sewing Machine's extract from Young was too long ; Rafela, Bat, a good choice ; also Fossil ; A Bee's conversation did not elucidate ; L. M. T., Bruce's Spider, Sintram, Bubbles, the Muffin Man, Nightingale, Smut, Meg, Waikatu, also have been received. Some of these seem to have merely taken the passages in which the word occurs.

I have tried to arrange the passages I have chosen so as to give in order different aspects of Truth. First the highest aspect of all—that of God Himself as the Truth, then its aspect as a heavenly virtue, then showing how the Eternal Truth was made visible to, and attainable by man, in the Incarnate Life of our Lord ; and then giving the reflection of this in man ; truth to a man's best self ; truth pervading his words, thoughts, and actions ; and this crowned by truth or loyalty to God.

'All things suffer change, save God the Truth.'

A Death in the Desert, ROBERT BROWNING.

'His seat is Truth, to which the faithful trust,
From whence proceed her beams so pure and bright,
That all about Him sheddeth glorious light—
Light far exceeding that bright blazing spark :
Which darted is from Titan's flaming head.
But that immortal Light which there doth shine
Is many thousand times more bright, more clear,
More excellent, more glorious, more divine,
Through which to God all mortal actions here,
And even the thoughts of men do plain appear ;
For from the Eternal Truth it doth proceed,
Through heavenly virtue which her beams do breed—
With the great glory of that wondrous light
His throne is all encompassed around.'

Hymn of Heavenly Beauty, SPENSER.

'Tho' truths in manhood darkly join,
Deep-seated in our mystic frame,
We yield all blessing to the name
Of Him that made them current coin ;

'For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers,
Where truth in closest words shall fail,
When truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors.

'And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought.'

In Memoriam, TENNYSON.

'This above all—to thine ownself be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.'

Hamlet.

'His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.'

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

'Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both :

Dare to be true—nothing can need a lie ;
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.'

The Temple, GEORGE HERBERT.

KARSHISH.

The question about the cats and rats has been best worked by Bath Brick and Bog Oak, the latter of whom observes that as a fact, it would break down, as cats do not understand division of labour. The Muffin Man, Tarantula, K. R., Antiquity. Answered by Bubbles, Philderida, Fossil, Wakatu, Tarantula, Little Willie, and several others, received too late.—Nightingale makes it 100 cats, having forgotten that all the cats are at work at once.

Money Spinner's cats and rats are here given.

Lady Betty, Inez received too late.

IF SIX CATS KILL SIX RATS IN SIX MINUTES, HOW MANY CATS WILL IT TAKE TO KILL ONE HUNDRED RATS IN FIFTY MINUTES?

Various shots were made, but, as Julia said, 'the thing was to work it out on paper in a way that would have satisfied Humpty Dumpty,' and the party set to work with pencils and paper, premising that Arthur was to look through the papers and give marks. Shy little Charlotte Lester had said twelve at once, and stuck to it, though the only reason she could give was 'it must be,' and she incurred Julia's contempt by declining to work it out because she 'never could do sums.' Silence for a few minutes, then a remark from Julia. 'I've done it in two different ways and they come out different, so it must depend on which way they eat them.'

Tony. Of course. You would kill a rat much quicker the right way than the wrong. I make it $2\frac{7}{5}$.

Arthur. Hullo! Fewer to kill 100 than 6!

Tony. They improved as they went on.

Julia. No, it's all right. Inverse, you know. Isn't that what you call it? Double one and halve the other. No, that was my other paper.

Arthur, shaking his head. Quite too deep for me! Time up. Now, silence! (*Reads.*)

Number of cats occupied in destroying 6 rats in 6 min.	= 6
" " " " 1	= 1
" " " " 100	= 100
" " " " "	$1 = 100 \times 6 = 600$
" " " " "	$50 = \frac{600}{10} = 12$

Ans. = 12

Bravo, Herbert! You'll do if you always send up papers like that.

Julia. One cat takes six minutes to kill a rat!

Arthur. Order! Here's another neat paper.

$$\left. \begin{array}{l} 2 \\ 50 : 100 \\ 50 : 6 \end{array} \right\} : : 6 : \text{ans.} \mid 2 \times 6 = \text{ans.} = 12.$$

Julia (*contemptuously*). Compound proportion! Anybody can do that! It's either Floss or Polly. They always do things in the most school-girlish way.

Arthur. Can anybody? As it happens Floss and Polly have both done it so, and it would be advantageous if some other people had too (*reads again*).

6 cats kill 6 rats in 6 min.

\therefore 1 cat kills 1 rat in 6 min.

\therefore 100 rats are killed in 6 min. by $\frac{100}{6}$ cats = $16\frac{2}{3}$

\therefore 100 rats are killed in 1 min. by $\frac{16\frac{2}{3}}{6}$ cats = $2\frac{7}{9}$

I say, Tony! how long is it to the examination?

Herbert and Mary (*chuckling*). When General Restryfe has to provision a fortress he'll divide the number of men by the time it has to hold out, and lay in food accordingly.

Arthur. When? I fear her Majesty will lose a valuable officer by these examinations! and he hasn't finished his paper either, so it does not count at all. Here's another curious specimen (*reads*).

It takes as many cats as rats to do it in the same time.

\therefore It takes twice as many to do it in half the time.

\therefore Answer = $100 \times 2 = 200$.

Shouts of laughter. *Julia* (*in a tone of injured innocence*). Well! Isn't that good reasoning?

Arthur. Sound reasoning on false premises.

Julia. What do you mean?

Herbert. If 6 cats eat six rats in 6 minutes, 5 would eat 5 in 5 minutes?

Julia. Of course.

Tony. Then 200 would take 200 minutes!

Mary. Even the future Commander-in-Chief can see that! (*Dodges to avoid a pen-wiper thrown at her.*)

Florence. Take care, Poll! You'll have the lamp over.

Tony. And then it would take 7 maids with 7 mops 7 months at least to get the oil out of the table-cloth.

Arthur. Unless it goes on the carpet as well, and then $\frac{7}{2}$ maids would do the two.

Herbert. Would 14 maids take 14 months, Ju?

Julia. Of course. But you have not read my other.

Arthur. It is a pity it should be lost to posterity (*reads*).

6 cats eat 6 rats in 6 minutes.

\therefore 1 cat eats 1 rat in 1 minute.

\therefore 100 rats are eaten in 50 min. by $\frac{100}{50}$ cats = 2

Tony. There! That's nearly the same as mine.

Julia. Yours! Do you think I don't know the difference between multiplying and dividing?

Herbert. We haven't heard Arthur's own.

Arthur. Mine won't bear comparison with all these ingenious methods (*reads*).

2
 x cats eat ~~100~~ rats in ~~50~~ min.
 6 " ~~6~~ " ~~6~~ "
 strike out factors
 then $6 \times 2 = 12$ cats = answer.

Julia. How can it possibly take 1 cat as long as 6 to eat a rat?

Arthur. It doesn't. She eats 1 while 6 eat 6.

Herbert. She thinks they all politely wait for each other.

(*Julia screws up her eyes and considers.*)

Arthur. Here's one more paper, Charlie's (*reads*).

If 6 cats eat 6 rats in 6 min.

1 cat eats 1 rat in 6 min.

∴ 1 cat eats $\frac{50}{6}$ in 50 min.

$100 \div 8\frac{1}{3} = 12 = \text{answer.}$

Good!

Mary. Not so lucid as yours and Herbert's. Who is to have most marks?

Arthur. Oh, let me see! Charlotte, I think, because she saw the rights of it at once.

General exclamation. Oh, I say! That was only a guess.

Charlotte. Indeed, I was not trying.

Arthur. No; and which would be most use on an emergency! To see a thing straight off without trying, or to work it out elaborately on paper?

Julia. It's only instinct to see it like that. I'm sure great minds always want to know the reason. It's no good seeing a thing if you can't explain, is it, mother?

Mrs. Restryfe. Great good sometimes at the moment; but it is as well to be able to explain, especially if your subordinates happen to have great minds.

Mary. Anyhow if you do set up to explain you may as well begin at the right end.

Julia. Don't you talk! How much can you explain of your compound proportion?

Arthur. Come, we don't want the Kilkenny cats! Herbert shall have the marks, and Floss is going to play a waltz, because she sees without reasoning that a change is desirable. That's better than reasoning for a woman. Move the table, Herbert. (*Calculations evaporate in a general twirl.*)

MONEY SPINNER AND SIMPLE SUSAN.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

The history of the settlement of Iceland.

Give an account of the forty-eighth Psalm.

HANDWRITING SOCIETY.

The Society will be glad to hear that Melodious Memnon has been received by Hurricane from the Dead Letter Office.

Write a page of an account-book of household expenses of twelve lines.

Notices to Correspondents.

ANSWERS.

Mrs. Reginald Bray wishes to say that a book of hers just published, entitled *Silver Linings*, was in the publisher's hands before last Christmas, as she does not wish it to be supposed that she took the idea of her story from one of those in the Christmas number entitled 'The Flower.'

Nell.—S. Fridiswid was daughter to Didan, and a nun at Oxford. A chief named Alfgin tried to seize her and marry her. She hid in a pig-stye at Abingdon. Alfgin pursuing was struck blind. She lived safely in her convent afterwards, and died 735.

Helen.—Webster's English Dictionary, Bell and Daldy.

A. M. A.—It is held by some astronomers that Alcyone, one of the Pleiades is the central sun or star round which all others in our universe revolve.

The answer to 'Sir Hilary,' is *Good Night*. It is of no use to put in the description of a pictorial charade.

Fin.—*Ezekiel*, and other Poems are by a lady, but it would be a breach of confidence to give the name.

Theologica Germanica was published by Messrs. Longman, who would be able to tell *G. G.* whether a copy can still be procured.—*Adelaide*.

E. C.—Vigils are kept in remembrance of the martyrdom which came before the bliss in Paradise. Saints' Days falling during the greater festivities have no vigils, to avoid the fast at those times, S.S. Philip and James fall within the great forty days. S. Luke has no vigil, either because he was not martyred, or because the feast of S. Etheldreda is on the previous day. The collect is for the eve, not the vigil.

Nobody—The prize story in the last Christmas number was *Dry Soil*.

Louise von Müller.—*Shams* ought never to be employed in decorating a church, nor is fruit a pleasant or suitable idea inside a church.

CHARITIES.

Miss S., Alexander House, Cosham. wants a Home for a girl aged twelve, with spine and hip disease, not yet incurable. A small sum can be paid weekly.

Votes requested for an out-patient for the British Home for Incurables, Clapham Rise. The case is a very sad one, the candidate having become completely disabled by paralysis of the right side. The case is strongly recommended, and full particulars will be given by *A. G.*, 4, *Inverness Gardens*.

Miss M. Mossett, 41, *Upper Leeson Street, Dublin*, would be grateful for contributions in money or work for a Christmas Tree in a Dublin hospital, filled mostly by the very poorest class of all denominations. Illustrated papers, sent regularly, would be a great boon.

To *M. S. H.*—*Lily Gresley Meriden Lodge*, has had some months experience in the Children's Hospital, Rhyl, North Wales, and would recommend any lady to go there for training. It is comfortable, and the inmates are like one large, happy family. Refer to *Miss Vizard*,

Children's Hospital, North Wales, Lady Superintendent. Also recommended by C. B.

St. Andrew's Cottage, Clewer.—The appeal made in the August number of the *Monthly Packet* on behalf of the funds of the 'Cottagers' Friendly Society,' has been kindly and warmly answered. Among other gifts, a lady has offered 10*l.* a year towards a 'Monthly Packet Cottagers' Annuity,' provided two others will give 5*l.* a year each, so as to make 20*l.* per annum. Another offer comes from E. M. H., who promises 5*l.* a year for four years, if three others will give the same. Are there not five warm hearts in England, who, for the Love of Christ, will undertake to give, or guarantee to collect 5*l.* a year each, to meet these kind promises? Fresh cases are daily discovered, for whose sore need help sometimes comes too late.—*Miss E. C. Sterky, St. Andrew's Cottage, Clewer, Windsor,* is the treasurer.

BOG-OAK.

QUESTIONS.

C. B., wants accounts of Flower Services and Sermons, and especially of the distribution of the flowers afterwards in Children's Hospitals.

Is the line in Act iii. scene 6th of Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orleans*—

'Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens'

—original, or whence quoted?—A. C. K. V.

Where can I get a few hints on colouring photographs?—A *Ritualist*.

QUOTATIONS ANSWERED.

A. G. W.—The lines beginning

'And for the rest in weariness,'

are the seventh and last verse of a poem, 'To a Friend Entering the Ministry,' by Archbishop Trench. *Poems*, 26 and 27.—K. L.

'Then were the nations,' &c.

is to be found in Rogers's poem, *Italy*, under the head of 'Amalfi.' I give the context:—

'The time has been,
When on the quays along the Syrian coast,
'Twas asked and eagerly at break of dawn,
What ships are from Amalfi? when her coins,
Silver and gold, circled from clime to clime;
From Alexandria southward to Sennaar,
And eastward through Damascus and Cabul
And Samarcand to thy great wall Cathay.
Then were the nations by her wisdom sway'd;
And every crime on every sea was judged
According to her judgments.'

A M. E.

Miss Macdonald's quotations are—

'There is a place where spirits blend,
Where friend holds intercourse with friend.'

This is the third verse of a hymn by Stowell, to be found in the *Hymnal Companion*, and many other Collections. It begins—

'From every stormy wind that blows.'

If *Miss R. M.* will send her address to the *Monthly Packet*, *Bathbrick* will gladly copy the hymn for her should she wish it.

The third quotation occurs in one of Faber's hymns, and runs thus :—

'Be docile to thine unseen Guide,
Love Him as He loves thee ;
Time and obedience are enough,
And thou a saint shall be.'

F. M. S.—

'Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase !—
Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace,
And saw, amid the moonlight in his room
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom
An angel—writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the vision in the room he said—
"What writest thou ?" The vision raised its head,
And with a voice made of all sweet accord
Replied—"The names of them that love, the Lord."
"And is mine one ?" said Abou : "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel.—Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still, and said : "I pray thee then
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night,
He came again with a great wakening light ;
He showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.'

Leigh Hunt.

Answered also by *Bretwalda, Adelaide, Another F. M. S., Catherine R., E. C. S.*

The quotation is from a poem called 'My Psalm,' by John Greenleaf Whittier, to be found in *Poems of the Inner Life*, published by S. Low. The verse mentioned should run thus :—

'The west winds blow, and singing low,
I hear the glad streams run ;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.'

E. C.

Answered also by *A. H. Chambers.*

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

Vixen.—

'And do the hours slip fast or slow,
And are ye sad or gay ?
And is your heart with your liege lord
Or is it far away ?

'The lady raised her calm proud head,
Though her tears fell one by one ;
"Life counts not hours by joys or pangs
But just by duties done.

"And when I lie in the green kirkyard,
With the mould upon my breast,
Say not that 'she did well or ill,'
Only, 'She did her best.'"

'The same, the same, yet not the same,
Ah ! never, never more.'

'A face of joy and a heart of woe,
Beauty above and death below.'